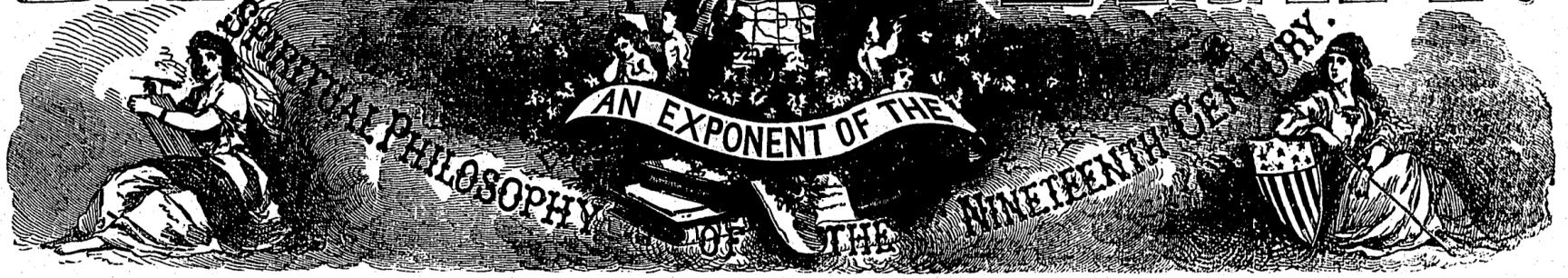


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 23.

The Lecture Room.

The Spiritualism of Europe and Asia.
A LECTURE BY JAMES M. PEEBLES,
In Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, March 20, 1871.
Reported for the Banner of Light.

In introducing his subject, the lecturer remarked that upon his asking, on the Saturday evening previous, "What shall I lecture upon?" a friend present said: "Give us some history of your travels, and the spiritual manifestations you have seen in the Old World." So he proposed to give a brief outline of his journeyings.

If the English are proud of their poet laureate, Americans are equally proud of their own distinguished poets; and one of them, Longfellow, has wisely written:

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal."

Not only is life real and earnest, but it has also been compared to a long-winding and rugged thoroughfare, overarched by smiles and tears, shadow and sun, with jagged rocks to pierce the wanderer's feet. But when once the sandals are buckled upon the feet, when once the pilgrim's staff is taken up, there is no rest for an earnest, thinking man this side the grave.

THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE

has been distinguished as a race of wanderers over the face of the earth; and if I read the page of history correctly, there have been three distinct movements or waves of civilization from the East whose effects are to be still traced. The first was that of a branch of the Aryan race, whose remnants may be found among the Pyrenean mountains in Spain; the second, the Celts, whose remaining characteristics are found in the southern part of Ireland; the third, the Indo-European or Teutonic branch of the Anglo-Saxon family, still found in Germany. The descendants of this people, the speaker said, had mapped out the continents with their footsteps, and left their labors engraved over the principal portion of the known world. They had inspected the furs of Alaska and the mines of California; had examined the Palu of the Sandwich Islands and the Bonzoin of Sumatra; and their work was still going on in the Old World and the New, to increase the sum of human knowledge.

THE VOYAGE.

The great use of travel is that it gives us an actual knowledge of things and men and countries that are, of which we may have read without due consideration or conception of their reality. All knowledge comes to us through the avenues of the senses, in conjunction with intuition and consciousness. It was very pleasant, said Mr. Peebles, after being ocean-tossed for some eight or ten days, to at length lift the glass and see the south-west coast of Ireland above the sea, dotted here and there with one of those old Round towers, or by the ruins of some feudal castle, telling that the spot had long been the abode of civilized men. Liverpool, with its six miles of solid stone docks, evidently "built to stay," next occupied the attention of the speaker. It was clearly to be perceived, by the thoroughness in which everything English was constructed, that he was in some country other than his native land.

AARON NITE.

Reaching Liverpool, he did not hasten to London, but desiring to more fully satisfy himself concerning a spiritual manifestation of some eleven years ago, he applied himself to working up the case. The facts were as follows: Some eleven years since, Prof. I. G. Stearns visited Battle Creek, Mich., to give exhibitions of his skill as a mesmerist. At one of these lectures a wild, rude young man, named E. C. Dunn, went upon the platform as a volunteer subject for the psychologic art. Stearns took hold of his hand, placing his finger on the ulna nerve, and he was soon completely at the will of the operator, and saw Indians, fish and all the usual sights requested by the Professor; but when he left him, and commenced with the others, it was observed that young Dunn did not come to his consciousness. The Professor's "all right" could not bring him out of the state into which he had been thrown. His hand began to move about in a curious manner, and a medium present in the audience called for paper and pencil to be given him, saying he would write. He proceeded, after preliminary movements, to write out the following message: "I was killed this morning on the Grand Trunk Railroad. I was engaged in the fur trade. My name was John Morgan." This paper was exhibited, and the message found thereon—but what of it? Why, when the Detroit morning papers arrived, they announced the railroad accident by which the man was killed, and the evening papers fully verified the despatch through Dunn, by giving the deceased man's name. Here was a case where no one present could possibly have known of Morgan's death. On the same evening, the spirit wrote the name of Aaron Nite, and directed Mr. Peebles to invite the young man to visit his library-room on the following day, and he would entrance him. Although the promised visit was not without its unpleasant side, the lecturer said he cheerfully acceded, and the next day at three o'clock the young man came. The spirit immediately took possession, and gave a connected and intelligent account of himself while on earth, saying that he lived in Yorkshire, Eng., about one hundred and seventy years ago; that his brother was a clergyman. The speaker said he did not then know there was a Yorkshire in England. The spirit spelled his name Nite, but said that his brother spelled his Knight. From that time to the lecturer's going to England, (eleven years) that spirit had talked with him at intervals, and he was determined on his arrival to test the truth of the communications. So he went to Manchester, and from there on to York, where he looked for evidence without success, till being recommended by a gentleman to an old antiquarian society concerning legal papers, he was enabled

through the aid of a clerk to find what he desired—the name of James Knight, an English clergyman, the record bearing date of one hundred and seventy-four years back in the past. The family record, as here found, verified the statement of the spirit in this matter of his past life, as did the mending river Ouse and the York Minster (which he had often described to Mr. Peebles while yet in America) his knowledge of the topography of the district in which he had spent that life. The speaker said this communication from Aaron Nite was one of a series of wonderful facts, and he defied any skeptic, examining all of the circumstances, to honestly escape from their logical conclusions.

LONDON SEANCES.

Then down to London—that city of some three and a half millions of inhabitants—rich with the splendor of costly equipages and magnificent palaces, proud of its Museum, and its St. Paul's Cathedral, and yet holding within its embrace nearly two hundred thousand paupers! In London the lecturer found many prominent and earnest Spiritualists. He visited a circle at the Hyde Park Hotel, where he saw manifestations surpassing, in some respects, any he had heretofore witnessed. The circle of six persons—himself included—numbered two English clergymen with their friends, and Mrs. Berry.

The séance was held in a room wholly or partially darkened. The piano was drummed with great earnestness, spirit hands were laid on the heads of persons present—particularly to the fright and discomposure of the ladies. During the evening one of the ladies rushed from the room, leaving the door partially open, and by the increased light that came in from the hall, those remaining were able to see yet more clearly what was going on. The Rev. Dickinson said he felt very strange. The lecturer advised him to keep still and await developments, and by-and-by raps were heard in the room, followed by the raising of a chair without hands, in sight of those present, and the putting of it upon the table. And now came the most remarkable feature of the manifestation—the clergyman was lifted into the air himself, without hands, and put into the chair which now stood on the table. Nobody doubted the genuineness of the feat; nobody thought of accusing either the host or the clergyman of collusion, but the question with some of those present was: "What was the cause of the phenomena?" The Rev. Dickinson was a liberal-minded churchman, who preached regularly in his London church on the morning of Sundays, and often attended the Spiritualist meeting in the evening of the same day. He did not deny the manifestations, but the query he would solve in his mind was: "Is it devil or angel?" He knew of the fact of the existence of these things beyond a doubt, but was afraid it might be a cunning device of demons to drag him down to endless perdition.

But the best organized circle, according to Mr. Peebles, is that of the Everetts. These are church people, but still are ready to inquire into all matters of a spiritual interest in the quiet and orderly way which has characterized their seances. Not a penny is charged at their meetings, nor a present received, lest the outside world should say they are selfish. Night after night they sit, giving gratuitously the knowledge to be obtained by such patient investigations. A chapter of Scripture is read, and a prayer offered, at the opening of each seance; and the spirit voices mingle with the sounds of human ones; music is played, and conversations well sustained by the spirits. Mr. Peebles said he had talked, at this place, for hours, with the spirit of John Watt, on themes of interest, and he knew none could long attend those seances without acknowledging that these phenomena really take place, and are facts, whatever their decision as to the cause of the same. The question, "Is it demon or angel?" so often asked, could be best answered by a consideration and comparison of the fruits of such phenomena. Every reasoning person must admit that if one class of departed spirits can return to earth, the doors are not closed to the other. We must reason, and judge for ourselves.

"A PARIS."

And now, on to France. In Paris I met Leon Favre, the Consul General, and brother of Jules Favre, who, for a greater part of the closing struggle between his country and Germany, played so important a part in the government of France. Mark the moral bravery of this man, Leon Favre: Notwithstanding his position of Consul General, and his large circle of distinguished friends, he is an out-and-out Spiritualist, and boldly proclaims the same. He told me there were doubtless fifty thousand Spiritualists in Paris, and probably ten thousand of a like belief at Lyons. They had no public speakers, however, and could not have while Napoleon sat on the imperial throne, such things being deemed un-Catholic and unlawful under the empire.

FLORENCE.

Passing on to Marselles and Leghorn, the speaker referred to his meeting, at Florence, with Hiram Powers, the remarkable and gifted American sculptor. He was an avowed Spiritualist, and told the lecturer of his having had Home, the celebrated medium, at his house, and of the wonderful phenomena he had witnessed in his presence. Mr. Peebles also called on Baron Kirkup, who is a firm Spiritualist, at whose residence Henry W. Longfellow called when in Florence—but that fact the speaker said the audience must keep to themselves. [Laughter.]

AT THE GRAVE OF THEODORE PARKER.

He who, when he lived in this country, was called an arch-Infidel and deadly enemy of Christianity, now finds a grave beneath Florence's blue sky, his earthly voice hushed in death, but the work he did so much to inaugurate going on, never to end till crowned with victory. And there, beside his grave, pilgrims from America—sectarians and all—come to scatter the fresh flowers of spring; they tread down the green grass around the grave, and say, "There sleeps the

holy of a good and great man—a man who loved the slave, a man who loved humanity; joy to his soul, and peace to his ashes!" [Applause.] Just beyond his grave is that of Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, so full of tender memories.

ROME.

The lecturer then moved on to Rome. It was a proud and strange moment when, in company with Dr. F. L. H. Willis and a German prince, he stood on Pincian Hill, and gained the first glance at the lofty dome of St. Peter. This cathedral—covering, with its grounds, eight English acres, built (so it is said) on the site of Nero's amphitheatre, at a cost, at present, of over seventy million dollars—was glorious at the time of his arrival with the *fetes* of Christmas. The Pope, Plus IX., crowned with that wonderful *tiara* flashing with diamonds, seated in a consecrated chair, upon a scarlet-carpeted platform, and borne aloft on eight men's shoulders, bestowed his apostolic benison on all sides upon the kneeling multitude. Soldiers and priests, cardinals and laymen united in the fervent devotion enkindled by the rare display; as an evidence of which, the repeated kisses bestowed upon the toe of the statue of St. Peter—said by some to have been a heathen statue of Jupiter, saved from the wreck of the ancient temple—have worn that member "as thin as a case-knife." Among the distinguishing features of Italian society, the vast number of beggars was observable. Thirty-nine, on one occasion, were counted around the party's carriage at once.

NAPLES.

In Naples I saw Baron Caprara, a very excellent and worthy man. Here they have very interesting circles—Mrs. Guppy the medium. Mr. Peebles then gave an interesting account of a Congress of "Free-thinkers," who met at the same time with the first convening of the Ecumenical Council at Rome, having been called together by Count Riccardi, a member of the Italian Legislature. Said meeting continued to discuss the issues of the freedom of Church and State, till, on the evening of the second day, its sessions were declared dissolved by the authorities. Amid the excitement which followed the promulgation of this order, Count Riccardi calmly rose, and counseled the members to show themselves obedient to the laws then existing, looking forward to their amelioration in the future, and made a remarkable prophecy—since fulfilled, in part, at least—that Italy should soon have her grand old capital, Rome, and a greater freedom should come to her children. Many members of that Congress were believers in the Spiritualist faith. This Count was strongly inclined to Spiritualism, having seen many things which nearly obliged him to believe.

THE "HOWLING DERVISHES."

In Messina I found a circle of Spiritualists, and two in Constantinople—one a German, and the other French. They are nearly all Re-incarnationists, accepting the ideas of Allan Kardec, which are hardly known in England, and to but a limited extent, on this continent. The speaker then described his visit to witness the peculiar performances of these singular people—the Dervishes—whose feats surpassed anything he had ever beheld, proving them possessed of healing gifts in excess of any witnessed by him in England or America. A party—himself among the number—went over to Santari to visit the Dervishes, and were shown into a large room, in the centre of which was a round space with palms encircling it, within which the dervishes sat on mats. Upon the wall hung scimitars, knives, awls, bits, etc., the use of which did not at first become apparent. By-and-by, the old patriarch or sheik came in, clothed in a long white robe, and bearing in his right hand a sort of sceptre, and in his left a pot of incense. Going into the place set apart for the dervishes, he faced Arabia, bowed down, and commenced to pray. Soon all the dervishes came in and sat down upon their mats, joining their hands, and moving their bodies to and fro while intoning their prayers. Afterward they arose, continuing the "weaving" motion, and began to chant in unmelodious strains, to the discord of which were soon added the notes of a band (not a Boston band), until the place was a perfect Babel of sound. The excitement increased, till they appeared to grow wild and frantic. Mr. Peebles saw one man leap the palms, and, seizing a bit put in his mouth, causing a savage-looking wound in the cheek, from which the blood freely flowed. The old sheik merely touched the wound with his hand, and the hemorrhage ceased; the wound was to all appearances healed. Another man gave himself a ghastly-looking wound in the shoulder, by seizing a knife, in a paroxysm of ecstacy, and thrusting it therein. The gash was fearful, but the old sheik pressed the parts together, and the blood ceased flowing. The lecturer used to think these were only psychological appearances; but now he looked upon these dervishes as powerful mediums for healing. The old sheik to whom he had so often referred was the nearest a living ghost of any object he had seen. He was told that, for two or three weeks before performing these cures, he subsisted on three or four olives and dates per day.

Soon came the whirling movement of their bodies, so often described by travelers. The sick were brought in to be treated, and laid down upon the mats within the enclosure. Removing his stockings from his feet—for in Turkey no man within a mosque is allowed to wear his shoes, the edifice being consecrated—the sheik stood upon the chest of one man till he declared himself cured. The very room seemed filled with strong magnetic power. Many remarkable cures were performed by these people. For the treatment of palsy, they had a brazen glove, which they called "Mahomet's hand," into which they put the fingers of the patient, the instrument being charged by them with healing power. The speaker was favored with a long conversation, through his in-

terpreter, with the sheik, at the close of this exhibition, and found his belief in immortality to be strong, based upon the conviction that he had himself talked with the immortals. He also was assured of the existence of a spirit-world much as we are; but on Mr. Peebles asking him which people were the happiest in that world, the sheik readily replied, "They are the Mahometans, because they keep the law; they pray five times a day, and call on Allah to help them deal justly," thus showing that he had not yet escaped the bias of his creed.

CHUNDER SEN.

In London there are, according to the lecturer, four periodicals published in the interests of Spiritualism. In Paris, before the war, two; in Spain, two, and two or three in Germany. All over the Old World are to be found circles for spiritual manifestations. In fact, the light of this wonderful faith extends in its splendor to the isles of the ocean. Mr. Peebles, accompanied by Mr. James Burns, met in London Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, the distinguished Indian reformer, allied somewhat to the Brahminical school, and he described certain rites known in his country, closely resembling the casting out of demons by Jesus. This Hindoo, who is called a Christian, was more, to the eye of the lecturer, like a radical Unitarian than anything else. He believed in Christ as a good inspired brother in the field of moral progress, but nothing more. He described certain places in his country where those who were obsessed were removed, and where all was calm and quiet, tending to operate magnetically upon the desponding patient, and of the success attending such treatment. He was a knd in England if he believed in evil spirits. He replied, "Do you believe in evil men? If there are good and evil men on earth, they must be so to a certain extent in spirit-life. 'In my Father's house,' said Jesus, 'are many mansions,' and I have had some proof that there are evil, or undeveloped and unhappy spirits. I have, also, proof that there are good ones, and angels even. We must judge for ourselves, by their effect upon us; if they are good and exalted, let us be governed by their inspirations; if angular and inharmonious, let us educate them to better things. For as the good can assist us, so we can assist the undeveloped."

A SPIRIT'S VOICE.

But some one says, "What of these circles and manifestations, if they are all through the world?" To me they are conclusive evidence demonstrating a continued, immortal life—they constitute all the tangible proof I have of a conscious existence beyond the grave. Nature alone does not speak to my full soul. I might say: "Speak out, oh Nature, and tell me if man is immortal! Speak, oh blazing sun, from your fire-zone on high—speak oh stars, and tell me if man's life is immortal!" But they are as silent and cold as the stone-house of Adders, and the Bible, from which Christian teachers profess to draw consolation, is no better. Obadiah wails out, "They shall be as though they had not been." Paul speaks of a class whose end is "destruction." Ecclesiastes takes up the strain, and proclaims, "Man hath no pre-eminence above a beast. * * * All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again." But turn your ear toward the immortal world, and you catch the accents of the sainted loved ones, who have braved the dark stream and triumphed forever over death and the grave! How often do I hear my spirit-guides' voice, so sweet and divine, saying, "What you call death, we call birth!" a knowledge which to me is above all price. Further, spirit-communication not only gives us positive evidence that we exist hereafter, but affords us also the knowledge that as we leave this life we begin the future existence. If you would have a heaven there, live a heaven here. I have had spirits frequently return to me sad and sorrowing for work undone in the mortal. The spirits also unfold to us the most divine method for reforming human souls. The test of any mortal theory is practice: proclaim to a man that he is immortal—teach the lowest that he is a brother, and a child of God—and how, by the law of sympathy, it takes hold of human souls!

WILLIAM PENN AND THE INDIANS.

Mr. Peebles here referred to Bancroft's touching account of Penn's treaty with the Indians on the banks of the Delaware—saying that one could almost see the old Quaker, with his broad-brimmed hat, and the swarthy children of the forest listening to his new doctrine of peace—and quoting from the remarks attributed to Penn as follows: "We have met to-day upon the broad platform of good will. I will not call you children, for parents sometimes chide too severely; I will not call you brothers, for brothers cannot always agree; I cannot compare our friendship to a chain, or to the great and growing tree, for chains will break, and the trees decay; but we shall be as though one man's body was severed in two parts—our life, our feelings, shall be one." And the deeply-moved Indians replied, "We will live in peace with William Penn and his tribe as long as the sun shall shine and the waters roll toward the sea!"

This special influence of kindness and love was proved again by the beautiful experience which L. Maria Child had in visiting an insane asylum. Entering a certain part of the building, she was warned against approaching the cell where a maniac was placed who was particularly dangerous. But she glided along, and sat down by his side, reading the beatitudes: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," etc.; and then she commenced singing that song of John Howard Payne—who never knew a home on earth—"Home, sweet home." And the hum of her voice cast a spell over the furious man, and he became calm as a summer's morning. On her rising to go, he exclaimed, "Come back, woman—come back! Angels have given you that voice. I think of my school-boy days, of my parents and companions in the home of my youth!" She came, day after day, to see him,

and under the influence of her quivering presence he was brought again to sanity and usefulness. Love is the great redemptive power. Angels come to us—because they love us. Why, the mother's love here is but a bud, compared with that which the descending angels bring from the opened skies. St. John says, "I looked, and behold a door was opened in heaven." We have no account that it has ever been closed. No, the light of this gospel—a new discovered liberty—has come to stay, and all the powers of earth and hell (I learned that from Elder Knapp, twenty years ago) cannot prevail against it. [Laughter.]

WHAT HAS SPIRITUALISM DONE FOR YOU? And now let me ask this solid question, What has Spiritualism done for you? I mean spiritual manifestations, with the practical philosophy. I love the word Spiritualism—it sounds grand. It means something. What has it done for you? Has it taken you thorn from the pathway of life, and left a blooming rose there? Are you happier and better from knowing of its life giving power? I trust you are. If it has done this for you, dear friends, it will do the same for your neighbors and the world. And if it has done so much for you, what are you doing for it? Are you acting it, living it in all your deeds? Are you conducting life as if your every movement, every thought was open to the eye of God's holy angels?

THE ONLY JUDGMENT.

Mr. Peebles desired to know if the work which the new philosophy and science of life was bringing to pass in each individual soul was such as would lead not only to progress, but to a contented and happy frame of thought, when beyond the border-land of death the spirit should meet with the self-remembrance of earth. This self-remembrance and self-condemnation or approval, would be the soul's only judgment. Memory was the recording angel. If the glorious knowledge of spirit-communication were taken from the speaker, life would be a riddle, the future a blank, and earth grow cold and dark. Only a few weeks since, while he was fulfilling an engagement at Troy, N. Y., a Unitarian gentleman came to his room, asking him what he knew about the spirit-world, saying, with a trembling voice, that he had recently lost his companion by death—they had lived happily together for thirty years—a child that his daughter had passed away last week, leaving his home utterly desolate, and his heart cold as the tomb where he had laid his loved ones. He asked the lecturer to give him light and consolation in this great trial—what did he know of the spirit-land? had he ever heard a spirit voice? And the speaker told him that he frequently heard the voices, and felt the shivering hands upon his forehead, of those who had forded the shadowy river; that they told him life in the immortal world was what we made it here; that the fact of their daily presence was to him not a faith, but a blessed knowledge. For two hours this unrecalled Christian remained talking upon the subject, and finally left him, promising to investigate the matter thoroughly and prayerfully for himself.

DUTY OF THE BOSTON SPIRITUALISTS.

Now you, as Spiritualists, have this knowledge above all others; and what are you in Boston doing for this great truth—the ministry of angels? Let me tell you a secret about this hall and your Sunday meetings. The influence of these gatherings reaches out over the whole continent—to the western slopes of the Pacific, and even to lands beyond the Atlantic. In England I heard of the Music Hall Spiritualist meetings—the place where Theodore Parker used to preach. If you could realize the fact of the widespread influence of these meetings, you would never for a moment think of their discontinuance. The speaker was of the opinion that if this hall were given up, Spiritualists ought to build another as good or better for the advancement and promulgation of the cause. [Applause.]

A PSYCHOLOGICAL IMPRESSION.

The lecturer said he had a vision of the future. Some ten solid and noble men of Boston would give ten thousand dollars each to build a hall—cushioned and finely furnished, with an organ and other appurtenances—and spoke of the glorious effects that would flow from the donations. Fifty years in the world of spirits pass away, and those noble men return earthward to see the effect, the resplendent light that flowed from their works on earth. They rest from their labors, but "their works do follow them." This testimony was borne by all returning spirits: that the deeds, good or bad, performed by them on earth were the first to meet them in the spirit-world. The first seen by Isaac T. Hopper, after meeting his wife in the soul-land, were the spirits of the poor and oppressed whom he had assisted to freedom and happiness.

Let us labor, then—let us consecrate our lives to the momentous work of educating and redeeming humanity. In the desert, beneath the shadow of Egypt's gigantic pyramids, Napoleon exclaimed: "Soldiers of France, from these high monuments three thousand years look down upon your deeds. And the eyes of Europe are upon you." And cheered by the proud assurance, his army conquered in the tremendous strife. And I say to you, Spiritualists of Boston, the ascended look down from the heights in the Summer-Land upon your deeds, and the eyes of this and other countries are upon you. Sustain these meetings for the good of your spiritual health and the benefit of the cause elsewhere, and you "shall in no wise lose your reward." May the kind care of God's angels be with you, and their loving counsels guide you in every good word and work, forevermore!

Some minds slowly, painfully think out the mighty ideas; analyze, justly, formulate them. Others have instinctive living perception of the profounder truths, and with their faith and consciousness take the place of evidence and demonstrations.

He that would reprove the world must be one that the world cannot reprove.

Free Thought.

JESUS THE "CHIEF CORNER-STONE."

MEANS, ERRORS—I see that, in answer to questions in your issue of January 25th, 1871, the controlling spirit says we are to pass through in spirit-life similar to the death of the physical body, and that the ties of affection rent there the same as here. Is this not saying too much? Whose heart is made glad by such an announcement? What have we to do with such knowledge? Supposing it to be true; ought we to know it? God has wisely hid all our sorrows behind the veil of the future. How frightful it would be to know beforehand everything that is going to happen! As beautiful as Spiritualism has heretofore appeared to me, this statement casts a gloom over it all. Such an idea is as repulsive to me as that of re-incarnation. The voice of the Great Eternal has sounded down through the spheres, long ages ago, "There shall be no more death, no more parting; tears shall be wiped from all faces." It is no more parting; tears shall be wiped from all faces. It is this eternal vision which charms our hearts with all the melody of spring, to hear what the floor of our stern climate imposes upon us. How few can contemplate calmly the change called physical death! To discuss the eternal laws of spirit-life, while so very few have had one glance beyond, seems to me fanciful indeed. What we want, for a long time yet, is solid matter. How is life spent in spirit-land? What engages the attention of its inhabitants? What are their duties? How may I best spend my time here, so as to enter at once upon an endless life of felicity? These are the great subjects which should engage the thoughtful mind.

Again: I have been forced to labor in this spiritual temple nearly forty years—sometimes against my will; and often it has caused me to feel that I was alone in the world—separated in society from those I loved best by influences that were like a band of iron. I have seen and conversed with those who have long been gone. I have beheld the spirit-world; and future events of any magnitude have always been conveyed to me for thirty-eight years, and often by a being whose great bearing and commanding aspect won my admiration. And throughout my experience, I have had an increasing regard for the Bible. As George Filer says, "It is a spiritual book," and often have my feelings been wounded by the thrusts of unbelief and unspiritual minds. The writers of that inspired book outline the sun in brightness in the galaxy of the Summer-Land. What there is that is wrong in the Bible has been interpreted by man since first it was written. I do not mean, when I speak of the Bible, to include Jewish history, Hebrew fables, or the wanderings of the Israelites, or what this or that one said; nor do I concern myself about them at all. It is the spirit part of the book that I defend. Throughout that long, dark and dreary day preceding the birth of Christ, spirits from the world beyond spoke to man precisely as they do now, and reached down their loving arms to help their brethren on. What if those ancient seers did not speak so clearly upon geology and science generally as the scientists do to-day? They did the best they could, in their ignorance of all possible knowledge, and spirits did the best they could with such undeveloped mediums; but men, in other days more dark than they, to make the record agree with their own low views, have so rendered these writings as to leave them sometimes void of sense. Take, for instance, Moses' account of creation, where the sun was placed in the firmament during the fourth day. It simply means that, on account of the density of the earth's atmosphere, it did not penetrate the midnight gloom until the fourth period of the world's age. With such views, all is plain. They were mediums to give the first rude idea. It is the glory of this coming age to bring the building to perfection.

Let me pass to a consideration of the life of Jesus Christ. He was the most illustrious personage that ever visited our world—I am mistaken, and so I believe. He is our great Master and Exemplar, and but for him spirit-people would not, to-day, be any higher than it is in China, Japan or Hindostan. He seized the manifestations of the higher ages and showed their origin in the spheres beyond. His revealed and demonstrated the spiritual nature of man. Prepared by this great Master, we of the nineteenth century became ready to receive our returning friends who have passed beyond our natural sight. Sometimes we are told that he uttered inconsistent things; and sometimes we are told that he was a myth. As to this last assertion it is weaker than water! It was but as yesterday that his public ministrations were before the whole Jewish people, and the great Sanhedrin took cognizance of him. The well-known Jewish historian, Josephus, speaks of him as an amiable man—teacher of certain doctrines. Just as his brethren, good Spiritualists, are doing now, he did—healing the sick, and lifting up the down-trodden. One thing I believe, and affirm: that man who speaks and feels lightly concerning Jesus Christ, walks in darkness; he is not illuminated by the emanations from the spirits of the blest. Now for his inconsistencies: What did Jesus teach? He taught that man was a spiritual being, destined to live in various stages of existence. He taught that man was living in the lower apartment of his soul, and was capable of developing his spiritual faculties until he could hold high converse with invisible things, and enter the portals of a heaven which it was his mission to unfold.

But, says one, "Did he not teach more than this?" He said a great many things to demonstrate this and endured more than any medium ever did in so short a space of time. Think what it is to stand alone in the world, trying to demonstrate a priceless principle that shall bless the human race, and then to have a whole people arrayed against you, crying out at every corner of the street: "There goes the impostor, the blasphemer and Holy Sabbath-breaker!" Followed by a few ragged fishermen of no repute, he went his way. Crushed out of physical life by the hand of priestly bigotry, he has had to wait eighteen hundred years for the nations to begin to fathom the depth of his infinite love, and learn to live together like brethren, though differing widely in sentiment. However divergent men may be in their views, at this fountain they must eventually drink. Spiritualism is destined to consume the creeds of men with unquenchable fire. Jesus Christ is its author and founder. But it is asked: "Did not Jesus teach that man's probation ends with the life on earth?" No! never! The statement contradicts his whole teaching. He frequently declared that the eternal laws governing the spirit realm would so try and purify mankind that in the dispensation and fullness of times they would be gathered in him. Such, and such only, is the teaching of the Great Medium between the realms of bliss and this dark world of ours. Peter declares that on the day of his crucifixion he passed into the spirit-world and preached unto those that were once disobedient in the days of Noah. And how often has he been there? The first sphere of spirit-life is continually filled with ungodly men. There, in that desolate region, his vast fields of labor. We here learn that this people had remained in the darkness of their minds sixteen hundred and fifty years. It is sufficient to know that Jesus preached to them. Long before this we hope they have become teachers in the temple of wisdom. How often has that verse been misconstrued and turned aside from its legitimate bearing to make it harmonize with the different views of mankind; but any other construction makes it void of sense.

But says a deluded Spiritualist: "Did not Jesus betray himself on the cross, and virtually renounce the whole theory of his being the son of God, and of his great mission, when he cried: 'Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?'" "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" But Jesus did not say so. This is the Greek version. Common sense teaches us that Jesus must have spoken the Syrian tongue, for the common people did not understand Greek. Take the Syrian version: "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani," or "All, All, lamono sabachthani." "Give me vinegar to assuage my thirst." How reasonable that while life was ebbing away he should call for drink, that which they always gave the dying malefactor. But, again, Jesus was dying. Imagine, if you can, the exciting scene. Thousands were thronging around, shouting, deriding, hooting; his friends—what few remained—were prostrate with fear and grief. Peter, no doubt, was behind the crowd, looking anxiously for angels to come to take his master from the cross. Jesus spoke—no one knew positively what he said. According to the narrative, "Some of them that stood there" said, "This man calleth for Elias." Others understood he wanted vinegar; and so, "straightway one of them ran and took a sponge, and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave him to drink." But listen again. Jesus lifted up his eyes, and cried with a loud voice, "It is finished! It is finished!" The doors of the spirit-world were opened; angels came from their bright abodes; the air, the earth was crowded with spiritual beings. The veil of the temple was rent from top to bottom, exposing to view the holy of holies. An earthquake shook creation. Fear and a mighty awe doubt upon that vast assemblage. Spiritualists, do you doubt the awful and sublime manifestations, of which I have only

named a part, made by the spirit-world on that dread day in the city of Jerusalem? If you do, doubt everything you have ever heard or seen. Jerusalem never saw another such a day—not even when Vespasian and Titus led the Roman legions against her walls!

But, says one, "Did he not utter inconsistent and absurd doctrine? Did he not say to the wretched thief upon the cross with him, 'This day shalt thou be with me in paradise,' or 'the realms of bliss?' Not I, in paradise, as here, a Persian or a Syrian word? and so on, is it a state of bliss? I answer, No—it is not. Our Savior told him plainly: "This day shalt thou be with me in the literal state of the dead." This is just what he told him. The thief believed; just as others did—even the disciples themselves—that Jesus's kingdom was to be a temporal one; and those that thought well of him expected he would come down from the cross with mighty power, and inaugurate his kingdom. The thief wished to be remembered, and not be left there to die. Jesus cut short his hope, as I have said above. Peter tells us that Jesus himself did not enter the mansions of the blest. He went immediately into the first sphere of spirit-life, to preach and to comfort those who were once disobedient in the days of Noah; and as further proof, we read that, some days after, he returned to his disciples, and in their great joy, they went to embrace him. But he said, "Touch me not; for I have not yet ascended to my father"—by which he desired to convey to the minds of his disciples, who were always looking for a temporal victory, the importance of his mission, and that it was a spiritual kingdom which he sought to erect in the hearts of men. "There lives a record that when persecution waxed hot in Rome, and the ingenuity of the bloody Nero to invent torture so crushed the trembling heart of Peter as to cause him to fly from his Master's service once more, as he was passing through the gate by the Appian way, he met, face to face, the spirit of his Master. Raising both hands, he exclaimed, 'Lord! whither goest thou?' 'To Rome,' replied Jesus—'to Rome, to be crucified again.' The vision passed. Peter was alone, with a countenance like marble, and a heart strengthened beyond the power of flames to terrify. He turned back, and suffered his fate.

Now, from what we positively know of his life and teachings, who can for a moment believe that Jesus has spent his time since in sitting upon a gilded throne, walking golden streets, or listening to psalms of praise, like a great general when the campaign is over? It is unreasonable. Observation and experience during these eighteen hundred years prove it is not so. He appeared to Peter; he appeared to Paul above the brightness of the midday sun. He appeared to Constantine, and in mid-heaven he showed him his cross; and if all were to tell when and where they have seen him, it would exceed by far the number of believers in Spiritualism, even if it be computed at eleven millions, with sixty-two thousand mediums. He walks our streets; he visits our hospitals and prisons; he visits the wretched and outcast, and labors for their relief. He is at work in all movements that tend to facilitate his chosen enterprises—the present and future happiness of the human race! Into the halls of human and spirit-life he has gone for this purpose, accompanied by his fellow-spirits, the great souls that have since passed from earth. And thus it will be till death and hell (unhappiness) will be no more.

I must bring this article to a close. But when I consider the subject—when I behold the ancient manuscripts, and see how the friends of Jesus in all ages since his coming have, on account of their own darkness, brought glory upon his name, fashioning a Bible to suit themselves; "rejecting" this writer's testimony, and "sustaining" that; discussing in synods how to render various passages as to meet the beliefs of those in power, my mind is set on fire within me. Despite all the jargon which has been interpolated and fastened upon the record, enough remains to show that Jesus was the great reformer—that he opened the way, and made it possible for all to enjoy the knowledge of other states of existence. And I am persuaded that Spiritualism must receive him as its founder, and Chief Cornerstone. Whoever tries to build a spiritual structure on any other foundation will be broken in pieces. Already I can trace among our ranks the work of the purifying power. Where are they who once started out appealing in broad, large-worded phrases to the lost elevated instincts of man? Their light is gone out in the darkness of the oblivion it so richly merited. And those who, having revolved around the entire circle, are now declaring, as did some in Paul and Peter's day, that the resurrection is past, that there is to be no more communication, or but little, from the spirit world, and that what we now have is produced by odic force, magnetism or electricity permeated and controlled by the great Over-Soul, will, by a proper and judicious management of our great spiritual theory—I believe—explode by their own greatness.

I now invite the attention of "C. B. B." of Baltimore, Md., who replied to George Filer. He says: "A Christian Spiritualist is something akin to a rod of iron." What an expression! What is a Spiritualist but a Christian, in the true acceptance of the term? If you do believe in another life, it is just what Jesus taught; if you are trying to develop a great moral character, that shall adorn your life and bless mankind, you are indeed his brother, and are a Christian Spiritualist. I would like, further, to say a word to Mr. Harvey Blaine, of Lansingburgh, N. Y., who also replied to George Filer. He says he was once an Orthodox minister, and he fears if he believed now as he did then, that God would squeeze him through the gullet of a whale, as he did Jonah; which passage, he says, is not large enough to admit a full-grown rat. Now, if a man can preach twenty-five years, as he said he did, and remain in such darkness respecting the whole, which exists so near him, what may not be his darkness respecting his Creator, the Bible, Jesus Christ, and all the concomitants of the same. Let me, dear brother, enlighten your darkness respecting a whale. I have had every opportunity for experience among whales, and I know of no species whose swallow, or throat, will not admit a barrel; and this is placing the calculation at a low figure. The humpback and finback whales can enclose a shoal of mackerel or moulhaden, and take in several barrels at a time, and the sperm whale is more capacious than they; in fact I know of no fish who cannot swallow all he can hold in his mouth.

A CRITICISM.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

Some years ago we had gatherings in a hall in Bromfield street. They were called "soul growth" meetings. Any one could utter his thoughts there who felt disposed. For the sake of equalizing votes, in the form and out of it, the speakers were limited to five minutes. On one of these occasions the well-known Chauncy Barnes, availing himself of this privilege, came forward, and kneeling before a chair, let off a loud, and—judging by its preliminaries, but for an incident, what would have been—a long evangelical prayer. There was no edification in it to me. I don't think there was to the others; and if I had the assumption of an ordinary priest, I should add, none to Doty, but having no insight in that direction, I will leave that unsaid. I was the acting chairman on this occasion, and watching the clock carefully, as soon as it was five minutes, in the zenith of his outpourings to Jehovah, down came my gavel. He broke his delicate connection at once, said it was the spirits that were using him—I had no doubt of it—and he seemed to expect from me, as chairman, the recognition of their extraordinary privilege. I merely remarked: "If spirits attend and make use of the meetings they are presumed to know the rules, and are expected also to conform to them." Bro. Barnes then shut the rest of his mouth and took his seat.

I always feel as if spirits were human beings, many of them—yes, the larger part of them, of course—superior to us; that is, having higher and better sources of knowledge. Some, however, are far behind the bright lights of earth. One of the best features of the modern Spiritualists, to-day, is the general disposition to try the spirit, holding fast only to what is good. I am aware we may thereby reject truth unawares, as one may, according to the apostle, reject an angel unawares by being forced to entertain strangers. But it is the only safe way.

thinkers, but his remarks are true as holy writ (holy writ, here, means Nature's laws) in relation to some who are within our lines. We are liable often to the charge of attributing or recognizing sources of spiritual light telling us the body and out of it knows that it is not so, and that Doty himself cannot make it so.

The Banner of Light fills a small niche in the world, compared with the banners of darkness—which I mean the whole religious press, and nineteen-twentieths of the secular press, in reference to the essential welfare of man. But this Banner of Light fills a large niche in the field of truth, and to-day is the leading and also Journal of the new dispensation. Long may it wave! and it will. It contains in its columns the profoundest and most important thoughts that bear upon the destiny of man. By the side of it the whole pulpit is pletoric with twaddle, and the time is coming when people looking back upon its rays of to-day will say it had a light, and the world knew it not.

I do not propose to whitewash the Banner; its readers and Spiritualists know it needs no such process. Some persons find fault with its sixth page—"letters from souls deceased." I for one, with many, do not. The fact alone that one person (Mrs. Conant) could write those messages for a dozen years in their variety, would be a proof of something uncommon or superhuman appertaining to her. To me it is of no moment whether the letters give evidences of identity or not. That many of them do, there is no doubt. But the general fact indicates an intelligence using Mrs. Conant, and that it claims to be from the other side; and take it for all in all, to my mind that claim is sustained. Hence good, bad and indifferent, I hope always to see page 6 devoted to that end until the "source" shuts its own door.

I read with good deal of interest the "Questions and Answers" that appear day after day and are printed week after week among the invocations and letters that cover that colored sixth page. In them many points of doubt are explained; much useful information comes to the thoughtful mind through this source. Now and then there is a departure from what is rational—something in conflict with positive knowledge.

O. B. Frothingham, in the essay referred to, and in an article in a late Index, criticizes Prof. Deane's remarks at Tremont Temple on the occasion of the meeting of the Free Religious Association, and I suppose the chief reason is that he sees now and then in this Banner of Light one of these lapses into the irrational, and by it is enabled to forecast evil for its readers and mankind generally, through their imbibing the error, and taking it for truth because it is from a higher source of knowledge; he supposing that a belief in such sources brings to their utterance a semi-divine weight. He evidently consults the Banner as one of the authorities, or Orthodox sources of its era, and it is, except that we know no authority but a man's own conscience. He and others do not know that these communications are printed for what they are worth—superannuated, of course; that much is in their favor, but that the spirits are but men, as Deane said, with their jackets off; and he (O. B. F.) and others forget that the best of reverence and awe and worship to unseen souls or supernatural existences are wholly out of place in the mind of a modern Spiritualist; the whole teaching of our phenomena or spiritual manifestations on the part of the spirits is: "We are as much real human beings as we were when living with you in the form."

Now, with no intention of debating with the spirits, but bringing them to order as I did through Bro. Barnes, and also to show to the O. B. F.'s that there are some who do not swallow nonsense because spiritually endorsed, let me refer to a subject on the sixth page of a recent Banner, among the Questions and Answers:

"Q.—It has been said in the Banner of Light that there are other lands lying north of the North pole. Is this true?—A.—It is so."

In the course of the questions and answers that grow out of the above, it appears that these lands belong to our earth—a part of our earth; that our world is round; that these lands do show in an eclipse, as experiment in astronomical science proves; that people have been round it, truly, from east to west, but never from north to south; that this spirit does not know the diameter of this earth, but only that it is not what it is laid down to be in the record, etc., etc.

Now, this disembodied elucidator of human queries might as well have said two and two were not four as to say there was any land beyond the North pole, or that the diameter of the earth was not known to the sixteenth part of an inch, or as near as we can square the circle; which can be done to an exactness that the sixteenth of an inch in a sphere of twenty-five thousand miles is quite a tangible space.

Now, in reference to some statements, in our ignorance we might say, with Nicodemus, "How can these things be?" but not in demonstrated mathematical knowledge. So, where a spirit—doubtless for some good reason, though I do not see it—tells us two and two are five, the language is good where, at the close, as in the case referred to, he, she or it says, "It would be unwise in you to believe anything that cannot be demonstrated to you. We cannot demonstrate these problems. You bring them up—we give you the answers; but that is all we can give, and we know, at the time we are giving them, that you will not believe them. We do not expect you to, because we have no power to demonstrate them as truths."

The writer is one who is thankful for so much that is complimentary to our minds; and as a spirit, in the body to him out of the body, we feel safe in prophesying that the day of its demonstration will never come. We do not lose sight that once a spirit might have said to a barbarous world that the sun does not rise and set, and an inhabitant might have said, "Seeing is believing," and used my same words, as I have done; but I submit the cases are not parallel.

The poles of this earth are where the ends of a straight wire would protrude if run clear through the centre of it, from end to end. The North pole is where one of the ends of that imaginary wire would stick out. This spot—the exact North pole—is as real as the globe itself: It is an exact point; no two men could stand on it at the same time, or two consecutive cents cover it; one could. A man standing like a statue on the spot constituting the North pole, would turn round as on a pedestal and not know it, once in twenty-four hours; and if without moving his head or eye, but looking straight ahead like a statue, though turning during this revolution to all points in the horizon, if not the compass, would at every single instant of the time be looking due south. If he moved in any direction the sixteenth part of an inch, he would be moving the sixteenth part of an inch south. He is at the extreme north beyond him, and north is straight up, perpendicular. To be any land beyond him, it must be over his head and the side of the north star. And his vision in that direction would be out of the planetary field, there is nothing between our, or rather his outlook from that point and the north star; hence the land, if any beyond the North pole, must be in that star, which is not a part of our earth, and of course to which the spirit has no reference.

If the intelligence had reference to spirit-land, that would have been another affair; but he makes it clear that he does not. After stating that the world is round, he says we have not traveled round the world from north to south, intuitively possibly the world was lemon-shaped instead of orange-shaped; that even would make no difference, the pole would be on the end just the same; but the spirit says it is round so that is settled if we did not know it otherwise; and it is proved also to be practically round, polar wise, in an eclipse, and the world's astronomers will laugh when they are called upon to contradict their demonstrations, if any of them read from this oracle, "That these lands do show in an eclipse, as experiment in astronomical science proves."

This is a matter of no practical importance, but if allowed to pass unchallenged, it might pass as possible truth to unsophisticated minds. If it should ever be referred to as spiritual science, I would like to see in the same valued medium of light that contained that joke, that there is one at least who knows better, and were it not for being longly one, would demonstrate his position, if he has not already sufficiently done so by reference to the world's positive knowledge, which truly is not much, but good on this point.

Spiritual Phenomena.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS IN PRESENCE OF THE SHERMAN BROTHERS.

BY H. SCOTT.

I know this theme is somewhat hackneyed, but I am sure of the superhuman source of many dark circle manifestations I have witnessed, and wish to be heard in defence of their spiritual origin. It is nothing to me that some have doubted the honesty of mediums, and that others have come to the conclusion that they have been deceived. I, too, have doubted, because my mind is one that cannot be satisfied but by the most positive proof; and because this is so, I have taken extraordinary precautions in conducting my investigations. I am quite as well satisfied that many of the "dark room" manifestations I have witnessed were as wholly independent of the will, or of any voluntary contributions from the minds of the mediums, as I am of my personal existence and identity. And I here affirm that one could with as much reason deny the existence of houses, trees, hills and rocks, as to say that the manifestations I am about to speak of were not independent of the mediums through whom they were given, if he had been placed in the relation to them that I was. I rely on the evidence of my material senses to acquaint me with physical facts; and when I think them false to me, I shall say no more of what I know.

The Sherman brothers, of Licking Co., Ohio, with their father, have just been with us during two days. I will speak of three forms of their manifestations only, for the sake of brevity. And first, the

PALOR SEANCES. Not more than six persons were admitted at the same sitting. These, together with the mediums, were seated in a close circle, the chairs in contact with one another, leaving, as will be seen, no more than a small open space in the center, in which were laid, on the carpet, a guitar and a large tin trumpet. The mediums were securely tied, hand and foot, with small cords, the hands being tied behind them, and all bound to the chairs. In addition, each medium was seated between two citizens, who held fast to their hands and persons while the manifestations were taking place. I myself held one of them, and did not relax my hold of his hands and arms till the light was brought in. While all were thus seated, the guitar was lifted and carried round the room, which was a small parlor, of eleven feet ceiling, often striking overhead, and also on the walls and windows at the most remote points from the circle; and all the while giving out sweet sounds, the tin horn accompanying and tapping as it went. We were also gently patted with soft and delicate hands, and with the horn, and body of the guitar. At night, to a fuller audience, was given the

RING TEST. A solid iron ring was brought from a coach-shop by one of our young men. Its diameter was four inches, its breadth one inch, and its thickness one-fourth of an inch. It had been used as a band on the hub of a heavy buggy, or something of the kind. The medium was tied so that a candid committee said to the audience he never could untie himself. Being left in a dark recess, this ring was found on his right arm in less than a minute. The committee reported the knots as they left them, the hands being tied together and secured to the chair behind. The curtain was then dropped, and the ring flew out into the audience-room, which was in full gaslight, within a second of time. The committee returned to the medium and reported the tying undisturbed. We were next favored with the

SACK FEAT. Mr. R. M. Sherman was bound securely, both hands and feet, with the hardest knots, by a competent committee. He was then placed inside of a coarse canvas sack, which was tied above his head, in presence of the audience, and immediately carried to the dark recess and seated, when within a few seconds the guitar was heard gently swaying through the hall, making music, and striking doors, walls and ceiling, while the horn, bell, etc., were also heard. The sounds ceased, and the committee reported the medium as securely sacked as before, which was also seen by the audience. The curtain was again dropped, when a voice through the trumpet closed the scene by thanking the people, etc., and within a few seconds the medium stepped out from the hall into the gaslight, entirely divested of every incumbrance, both the ropes and canvas sack being left behind. During this sack feat, the older Sherman and younger brother were with the audience in the lighted room. I will also state that the committee were requested to look all doors communicating with the hall from every part of the building, after searching the rooms, and to retain the keys till after the scene closed, which they did.

The Sherman family are not extensively known, though they have traveled some. They are plain, honest, working-men, having been brought up to the milling business. They are not doubted by reasonable and candid people. I regard them as wonderful mediums.

We, the undersigned, were present at the residence of Dr. Scott, and witnessed the manifestations above referred to, and do affirm that the statements are entirely correct in every respect.

- W. S. BEATY,
MRS. BEATY,
J. M. TURE,
JANE SHUTT,
KATE SHUTT,
WM. SHUTT,
FRANK LANGSTON,
S. D. WOLF,
BENJ. SAUNDERS,
ROBT. WILEY.

P. S.—Those whose names are marked with a star (*) are not Spiritualists.

REMARKS.

As I have elsewhere said, we rely on our material senses to acquaint us with physical facts. In the case of which we have just spoken, I examined the size of the wrists and hands, and the closeness of the tying, and hardness and complication of the knots, and know as well as it is possible to know anything, that not one of the hands could have been slipped from the ropes. The thing would have been as impossible as for a man to jump one hundred feet into the air by the natural strength of his own muscles. But if it were possible to draw a hand from the tying, who that has ever witnessed the tying of a medium by a committee of skeptics would like to do his own sanity the injustice to say that the hand could be placed back in the knot within one or two seconds, which is all that occurs sometimes between light off and light on? The idea is a simple absurdity. And then the untying; how is that done? Every one who has attended these dark circles, where tying has been a part of the programme, has known mediums untied in the

dark within less than a minute, when the process would have required hard work of the most expert human fingers from ten minutes to half an hour to accomplish. I have known committees to fall entirely to unbind a medium who had been tied by invisible hands, and I have known the same ropes thrown across the room within less than a minute after the light was turned off, with every knot, fifty or more, untied; and that, too, when the mediums' hands had been tied so as to make it utterly impossible for them to reach a knot.

But the sack feat of the Sherman brothers settled all cavil. They were as humanly incapable of playing the music, and of getting out of the sack and the ropes, as they would have been to shoulder and carry off a five-story house. In other words, if R. M. Sherman can get out of that sack himself, none of the laws of nature can impede him.

Lancaster, Ohio, March 16th, 1871.

FINDING OF A BODY UNDER SPIRIT DIRECTION.

We are in receipt of a letter from D. S. Woodworth, of Oak Grove, Wis., dated in the early part of July, 1871, wherein the following significant facts are narrated: "It seems that a young man, by the name of George Marshall, living a short distance north of Oak Grove, was taken with a violent paroxysm, resembling insanity, and, filled with gloomy forebodings, 'left his home very suddenly upon a run across the fields.' Some of the neighbors followed for a time, but soon lost sight of him.

On the next day—Monday, also on Tuesday and Wednesday following—the country was diligently searched by the inhabitants, and descriptive handbills were posted, advertisements published, and the telegraph put into requisition, without success. A still larger body of citizens gathered on Thursday morning, but could obtain nothing to reward their efforts, although every one was confident that he would be found in time. About the time this last party was starting out, Mrs. Lurinda Atwater, a medium at Oak Grove, was influenced by the spirits to write a communication, wherein it was declared that the body of the young man would be found lying on his face in the water of Mud Lake. The writer attended a circle in the evening of the same day, at Mrs. Atwater's house, and the message was there corroborated by other spirits through tips and raps. On Friday morning Mr. Woodworth went to visit Mrs. Marshall—a widow, and the mother of the missing man—and gave her the statement of the spirits, urging her to have the ground searched; but she, yielding to the declarations of those who thought they had fully examined it, had no faith that further effort would succeed. The spirits, however, continued to affirm that he lay dead in Mud Lake, so far from the road that the men, though going near, did not see him. On Monday following, his body was found at the place spoken of by the spirits, and every particular of the message was confirmed. This remarkable circumstance, our correspondent assures us, has created considerable excitement in that locality, and he hopes that the inquiry thus generated may result in good to the cause of truth and progress. The original statement was endorsed, as to its reliability, by the following-named citizens, who were cognizant of the facts: H. Hufford, Lewallen E. Laine, Lester T. Wescott, Walter T. Atwater, Mary Jane Atwater, Lurinda Atwater, and Mrs. Marshall, the young man's mother.

SPIRITUALISM INSIDE THE CHURCHES.

G. Merrill, writing us from Belleville, P. O., May 29th, refers to the earnest efforts that have been made to convert his wife and eight children to the Orthodox persuasion since his coming to that place. As for himself, he says, "They look upon me, I suppose, as a hopeless case." The tracts with which his family have been supplied, "without money and without price," by Wesleyan colporteurs, he considers "poor food for a thinking mind." He then mentions two cases of spirit-seeing which have taken place among Christians of the "straightest sect" in his vicinity:

"I had a visitor, last week, from the country—Mrs. Levitt, a daughter of Mrs. G. Thresher, of Thurlow. She lost her mother last fall. A Miss Martin, being in the house after the corpse was removed, saw Mrs. Levitt's youngest sister enter, dressed in black, and go up stairs. In a few minutes, the same apparition came down stairs, dressed in white, which frightened her terribly, and she called out to the ghost, 'I am, what I am. I do not go to you, that you should appear to me?' 'Oh, nothing,' she said, and disappeared. This same sister Jane was not about the place at the time, but was at her own home, and perfectly well, though she is sick at present, and not expected to live. This Miss Martin is of the English Church, and the Threshers are of the Baptist Church, so they are all Orthodox, and not Spiritualists.

Mrs. Packham was also at my place last week. Her husband died at Bridgewater, about a year ago. She says she saw three spirits in his room almost constantly for a week, day and night, previous to his death. The old man was wonderfully delighted with the company of the spirits. It was very affecting to hear him talk of and describe these three 'angels,' as he called them. The old man was also a member of the church. Spiritualism seems to be undermining the churches, although the members do not seem to be aware of its wide spreading influence."

SPIRIT-SEEING IN NORTH SOITUATE, MASS.

A correspondent—D. J. Bates—informs us that, some time since, as Thomas Highland, a native of that town, was late in the evening, leaving the house of Charles Bradford—afterward his father-in-law—he had occasion to traverse a pasture near the Unitarian meeting-house; and as he went over a stile in order to cross it, he saw a tall person standing near it, having on a light surtout, who apparently held a cigar in his mouth. He twice accosted this person, but received no reply. Becoming somewhat disturbed by the presence of what he then considered to be an apparition, he returned to the house of Mr. Bradford. As he did so, the person appeared to follow him down the meeting-house hill, keeping a certain distance in rear of him, till he arrived at the house from whence he had started. Here he related what he had seen, and remained till morning; when, in company with Mr. Bradford, he went out to where he had seen the figure of the night previous. No footmarks could be found, or any signs on the presence of any being, except Mr. Highland during the night, who so decided it to be an apparition, the purport of whose advent they did not understand.

Mrs. N. J. Willis lectured in the town, Sunday, April 9th (some months after); and at a subsequent social gathering of Spiritualists and skeptics, where Mr. Highland was present, and taken to a person standing near it, having on a light surtout, who apparently held a cigar in his mouth. On his asking who called him, the inflexible replied: "You ought to know me; you saw me one night, and I started you pretty bad, when you went down the hill, and back to the house. The fact was not generally known among the people, but Mr. Highland acknowledged seeing the tall person standing near it, having on a light surtout, who gave him the name of 'John.' It was that of his brother, who had passed away at Gloucester, Mass., some eighteen years since, when Thomas was five years of age. The test of identity was considered most convincing, as the deceased was a great smoker, and the medium was totally ignorant of any of the facts in the case.

Thoughts in Green Wood Cemetery.

Written for the Banner of Light. BY DR. W. N. HAMILTON.

ENGLAND.

By J. H. POWELL (Correspondent).

The Work of Change-Street Cars and Holborn Hill-Liverpool Psychological Society-Proposed Normal School for the Blind-At the Grave of a Poet-Complimentary to Mrs. Harriette Peabody and Elder Evans-The Progress of Spiritualism-The Literature of Spiritualism-Work-Spiritual Commandments-The Uses of Spiritualism, by S. C. Hall-A Science Extraordinary.

No. 4 CHESTER STREET, BURTON CRESCENT, W. C. London, July 20th, 1871.

Subscriptions received for the "Banner of Light" twelve months, fifteen shillings; six months, seven shillings and sixpence. Post free to any address.

Change is the order of progress. Old buildings and even streets in our large cities vanish as by a magician's wand, and lo! presto! stone, brick and iron rise in prominent proportions to assert the majesty of commerce.

America borrows from England, and England exchanges the compliment. This proves the dependence of peoples on each other, and practically asserts the principle of universal brotherhood. I was agreeably surprised, on walking along the main street of Liverpool, to see a commodious and well-lighted street-car running, a la America, along a tramway.

Four years ago, Liverpool was opposed to street-cars, although for several years they were in vogue the other side of the Morsey in Birkenhead. I also am glad to report their existence in London, which, in many respects, has improved since it was last here, having annihilated forever Holborn Hill, to the benefit of the horses, and, necessarily, to the interest of humanity. The street-car here, I may observe, are larger than yours, and are constructed on the omnibus principle for carrying passengers outside and in.

We have a more convenient street-car than America, but must thank her, nevertheless, for the idea. Our railway-carriages yet remain boxes, more fit for packages than passengers. Improvement is destined to be slow in this, through the question of dividends.

I tried to glean some valuable information on the spread of Spiritualism in Liverpool, but could only learn that a Psychological Society is in active operation there, and that investigations are being conducted with great care, and many important phenomena observed, but matters are not yet considered ripe for publicity. I hope to be able to report of Liverpool anon. I spent an agreeable hour with Mr. Andrew Leighton, the intelligent and genial editor of the English edition of "The Banner of Light."

He has been many years an investigator and earnest defender of Spiritualism, and is true as steel. The Davenport Brothers and our translated brother, Dr. J. D. Fox, had good reason to be grateful to Mr. Leighton for his defence of them when their cabinet was smashed by the mob of Liverpool.

I learned from our friend that a movement is being mooted for the interest of the blind—a most philanthropic and worthy institution. The object is to copy America in teaching the blind whose capacities favor to use musical instruments, and enable them to earn their own livelihood, thus raising them above pauperism by a wise economy. God speed the movement, and bless Mr. Leighton and all concerned in this humane and divine work!

I saw the tomb of Robert Leighton, Andrew's brother, a poet and spiritualist. I spent the last Sunday I was on English soil with Robert, at his humble home, before I crossed the Atlantic, and was highly entertained by his genius and genial good nature. He was numbered with my poet friends, and regarded by me with double delight for his simple and thorough appreciation of the spiritual and angelic. He was only in the prime of manhood when the angel of death cut him from us. Promise ripened in his soul. He had printed a collection of his poems, rich, metaphysical and musical, some of them gems of rare beauty, all of them embodying the spiritual ideal, which is the true man's actual.

I am glad to learn that other poems and some dramatic writings from his pen are to be published. I am sure they will win a way into the libraries of numbers who appreciate poetry, and especially those who regard the source of inspiration which flows through Robert's soul in such sweet measure as belonging to the inner sphere.

all hands. Yet was he reviled and spat upon by Christian members of the London Christian press. There is a terrific fight to maintain against the old school of doctoring. The interests of the sick and the cause of humanity are prompting to renewed action in the field of spiritual magnetism. Let the fight go on.

James Burns is about publishing "Spiritual Commandments, as given by the spirits through Emma Harlidge." Mr. Henry Blefeld, one of the oldest London Spiritualists, is engaged on a pictorial vignette. I have seen the painting in process of completion. It will admirably set off the Commandments. A miniature portrait of the medium is painted beneath spiritual beings that preside at the head. Words cannot do justice to Mr. Blefeld's production. I believe copies will soon be lithographed and ready for distribution.

The walls of London bear pictures—"Exhibition of spirit drawings through the mediumship of Miss Houghton, New British Gallery, 99 Old Bond street, Piccadilly. Open daily from 10 A. M. to 6 P. M. Admission one shilling. Catalogue one shilling."

Mr. S. C. Hall, the accomplished editor of the Art Journal, has reproduced, for private circulation, his pamphlet on the uses of Spiritualism, to which he has appended additional matter. It is addressed to a clergyman, name not given, and written in the interest of Christianity. I was sorry to see in a foot note the Medium and Daybreak pronounced an evil paper. Does Christian Spiritualism fall so miserably short of charity? Argument, argument, friend Hall, give us the argument; asperative epithets will not even strengthen Christianity.

Last night, July 10th, a séance extraordinary was held at the London house of Dr. Henry Smith, No. 8 Burton Crescent. There were present Dr. Henry Smith, James Smith, Son, Miss Ada Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Alsop and Miss Alsop. Mrs. Sixton, Miss Marian Sixton, Mr. William Taylor, Mr. Alfred Grace, Mr. George Stroud, Mrs. Powell and myself. The manifestations were grand, and of a character to annihilate skepticism—objective, physical demonstrations. The room was darkened, when soon the whole of the company felt a powerful trembling in their chairs as though the room was shaken by a slight earthquake. On a later period, when the light was restored, a small bunch of overhanging daisies was found upon the table, which Mr. Smith recognized as being similar to some he had in a wreath at his house in Ealing, near the picture of his wife, who passed away last February. On questioning the spirits, it was stated that the buds were brought from Ealing. A series of spirit lights soft and brilliant as the eads of electric light played about the room, and especially round the head of William Taylor, who was one of the most marvelous mediums of the day. Dr. Henry Smith attributed most of these spirit stars to the influence of his dear wife Phoebe. They were divine. I never saw anything more worthy that expression. Added to the intermittent action of the stars, which remained for several seconds generally, so that the whole circle could see them, spirit-voices, at first in a low whisper, afterwards loud and strong, were distinctly heard by all. They talked, whistled, and even sang, being heard clearly above the voices of the company. Occasionally, Mr. Alsop in the entrance stage would talk Italian, interspersed with English. Kate and John King, two names familiar to attendants at the Davenport circles, were prominent here; whether bona fide the Kate and John of the Brothers, may be a question for psychologic inquiry. However, spirit-like Kate and John King took part in the programme last night. Mr. Alsop, who with his good wife is an excellent developing medium, gave under spirit influence an Italian address for the special edification of John King, whose strong voice interrupted with the ineloquent expression, "Now then, wire in." It was evident that the spirit controlling Mr. Alsop deemed John in a low condition, and preached to raise him in spirit-life.

Kate asked Mr. Smith for his keys. He was preparing to hand them to her, when she said that she did not need them. On being questioned, she stated that John King was gone to Ealing, and we were to expect an extraordinary manifestation. So it proved. For another earthquake-like trembling of the room preceded the placing in the hands of several of the company patterns of cloth-tailor's patterns. Mr. Alsop received from the same invisible hand a tiny bud from the overhanging wreath. Here then John King had fulfilled the promise of Kate. Mr. Smith declared that the cloth-patterns were in a certain drawer in his house at Ealing when he left some few hours before, and the drawer was not locked, which made it plain why Kate refused the keys. I know how incredulously some will receive this, but the fact is a fact, nevertheless. Falling is some six or eight miles from Burton Crescent. Dr. Henry Smith has an investigator for eighteen years. He is a man of strict probity. I have known him many years, and can vouch for his high character and critical acumen, and should no more expect him to believe without evidence—and that of the most irrefragable kind—than I should expect Denton to swallow the biblical account of the deluge.

A partially formed wreath of stars was placed round the head of William Taylor, after which he was levitated in his chair, and to convince the company, his head beat hard against the solid ceiling of the room. This is William's first aerial ascent. Mr. Alsop, under influence, invoked the Great Spirit, and so concluded the most thorough and marvelous sitting I ever attended, which lasted over three hours.

The following day, on calling upon Dr. Smith, he showed me the wreath of overhanging flowers which hung near the portrait of his wife at Ealing, and there, sure enough, was the place where the bunch of daisies had been cropped. Further, a lady visitor in the house declares that she distinctly heard the wreath disturbed, whilst the bunch was being taken off by John. Proof stronger than this, who would ask for?

We are living in the house occupied some years ago by Robert Owen. Bless his memory.

Banner Correspondence.

ELLSWORTH.—Mrs. E. A. Blair, the celebrated medium for painting under influence while blindfolded, for her professional tour through Maine, writes us July 28th, sending the names of three new subscribers, and says: "On entering a Spiritualist's family, my work is done in a look at the last Banner. If they do not take that paper, I feel it my duty, as is the duty of every medium, to persuade them to do so immediately, or take some other spiritual paper."

I have been in Spiritualist families where the members represent that they have been believers in the spiritual philosophy for twenty years, and in some cases are leaders in their societies, yet have never taken the Banner or any other spiritual paper, neither have they had as much as one of Prof. Denton's lectures in their possession. Now some one as 'go-ahead' as Bro. A. E. Carpenter, ought to start out and visit places in the country to introduce Spiritualism in book and paper form. It is not because the people have not the means, for wealth, kind hearts, and generosity are inmates of all families in this section, and have ever been since my first going before the public as a medium. I have not waited for an invitation to get subscribers, but shall deem it a pleasure to help on the great work of progression in other ways than by the brush alone."

STAFFORD.—Ed. S. Wheeler writes July 30th: "I am stopping for a month at Stafford, where live our venerable brother, Calvin Hall, and where, by his assistance, a nice Hall has been built for the use of the Spiritualists of this valley. The people are an intelligent audience, and, though not rich, liberal in accordance with (or above) their means. There are many small cotton factories near here, and their long hours, slavish labor and absorption of the children, breed a heavy heart. The Connecticut Legislature has passed a law compelling mill children and others to attend school, but as the interests of the wealthy are opposed to it, it will not be enforced, as their greed will probably be assisted by the selfishness of their operatives. Churches and mills are the man-eating dragons of New England; one beams the soul into spiritual and mental lethargy, and the other spins human beings bodily into cotton yarn."

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There are other instances of spiritual phenomena similar to the above, which have been related to me by the most respectable people in the country, some of whom are in good standing in the different Orthodox churches, and are willing to make affidavit to the same."

NEW YORK.—Mary H. Tucker writes: "In the Banner of Light, August 5th, 1871, a questioner at the Public Circle states that Mr. A. J. Davis claims to be the spirit of the great Sumner-Land, and having seen something different elsewhere, asks which is the right statement. I take the liberty to give my view. I conceive the Sumner-Land to be an immense belt, the residence of spirits that have passed from all the planets belonging to the solar system, of which the earth forms a part; and while every material world has its corresponding spiritual world, yet the whole of the spiritual worlds constitute in the aggregate the Sumner Land; all connected, yet divided, (as I think I recollect hearing our highly enlightened brother, Mr. A. J. Davis, in one of his lectures describe,) by magnetic streams flowing between them; hence, as spirit could be seen landing on the belt of the Sumner-Land without directing his or her footsteps to that portion appertaining to the planet Earth, as an emboldened spirit could behold landing on the shores of America, but for that reason might not be compelled to proceed to Boston."

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We have the traditional freedom of our fathers, and the time has now come when we are called upon to repel the idle schemes of party organization. We are in need of a re-organization movement, which has distracted and divided the Spiritualists of our beloved State for the past two years, originated with men, and not with the Spirit.

We know the degrading influence of permanent organizations. We know that the spirit is not to be fettered by all its forms and forms; and while the "national organization" is tottering toward its grave, as a signal to its sturdy life, we are going to meet in common council, where every man and woman has equal rights. Our former conventions afforded free scope to the spirit, and were free from all long and bitter discussions about red-tape rules. Affection and inspiration flourished in those days of unity and fraternal love, and the mediums of Vermont felt at home in their meetings.

We do sincerely wish to return to those days of a simplicity and peace, and again to the true meaning of the spirit. We believe, in short, that selfish influences are opposed to our freedom; and therefore we invite the Spiritualists of Vermont, and of all other States, to meet with us as above named, confidently believing that we shall have a glorious time; moreover, we know our people are waiting for us. Arrangements will be made with the Vermont Central to carry us to our destination, and we will occupy the night of Thursday, August 31st, 1871.

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Outside a world so wonderful, We grope our mortal way through gloom, How finer than our faintest dreams, How grander than our noblest goals, Outside a world forever new, Outside a life, we breathe, we walk; And sometimes, in rare ecstasies, We catch its faint, sweet angel talk.

And sometimes, when the day is gone, Or when the night, with pining stars, We wupers and whistles, and we sing, Outrigger of the golden bars, Yet dim and vague these things are, Of scenes the spirit's eye doth see, Like misty sails that fit and fade— That fit and fade out at sea.

VERMONT MASS CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS. We, the undersigned, do hereby call a Convention, to be held at South Royalton, Vt., on the 25th, 26th and 27th of August, 1871.

We have the traditional freedom of our fathers, and the time has now come when we are called upon to repel the idle schemes of party organization. We are in need of a re-organization movement, which has distracted and divided the Spiritualists of our beloved State for the past two years, originated with men, and not with the Spirit.

We know the degrading influence of permanent organizations. We know that the spirit is not to be fettered by all its forms and forms; and while the "national organization" is tottering toward its grave, as a signal to its sturdy life, we are going to meet in common council, where every man and woman has equal rights. Our former conventions afforded free scope to the spirit, and were free from all long and bitter discussions about red-tape rules. Affection and inspiration flourished in those days of unity and fraternal love, and the mediums of Vermont felt at home in their meetings.

We do sincerely wish to return to those days of a simplicity and peace, and again to the true meaning of the spirit. We believe, in short, that selfish influences are opposed to our freedom; and therefore we invite the Spiritualists of Vermont, and of all other States, to meet with us as above named, confidently believing that we shall have a glorious time; moreover, we know our people are waiting for us. Arrangements will be made with the Vermont Central to carry us to our destination, and we will occupy the night of Thursday, August 31st, 1871.

All true Spiritualists, all Christian people, and all friends of truth and humanity everywhere, are cordially invited to a Grand Union Picnic, to be held at Spring Lake Grove, in Galienburg, on Thursday, August 31st, 1871.

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BANNER OF LIGHT: AN EXPONENT OF THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY. AT NO. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, PARKER BUILDING, BOSTON, MASS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., Proprietors. LITTLE COLBY

This paper is issued every Saturday Morning, and week in advance of date.

In quoting from the Banner of Light, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of free thought, when not too personal; but of course we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1871.

Office in the "Parker Building," No. 151 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS. AGENCY IN NEW YORK, THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 119 NASSAU STREET. WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR. LEWIS B. WILSON, 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 Blight of the Intellect.

A paragraph relative to the Somerville Insane Asylum, that is circulating among the local journals, makes the very significant statement that the institution is kept constantly full of patients—among them an unusual number of business men, who have been overpowered by the intense excitement of trade, which has so much increased of late years. It is a melancholy fact to consider, but it cannot be shut out from the general recognition always. It is added, in reference to these cases of overtaxed minds, that only a few of them all recover after longer or shorter treatment, but for the great remainder the world continues a closed book, and after lingering a few years, they pass away. So frightfully heavy is the cost of amassing wealth by the intense excitement of modern trade! In regard to these cases, however, we believe implicitly that the great majority of them would yield to the quieting treatment of genuine psychopathy. We have taken occasion to set forth its essential peculiarities heretofore, and last week's Banner contained a communication on the proposal to erect a psychopathic hospital for the treatment of those who are afflicted with diseases of the intellect. The old ways of treatment will not answer. The confession relative to the business men at Somerville bears it out fully. Something different from the old orthodox style of treatment must be adopted.

The attentive reader of the Message Department in our last issue will not have failed to become deeply interested in the responses by the spirits to questions asked on this engrossing subject. They explained, in outline, what was the real trouble in cases of insanity, and gave out intelligent and impressive suggestions concerning the proper mode of dealing with them. It is certain, at any rate, that the regulation dose of medicine, taken into the afflicted person's stomach, is not going to operate on the disordered mind. No power short of clairvoyance is able to detect the derangement of the subtle magnetic forces which centre in the human brain. The brain is sustained by the blood, and in the blood lies the whole current of the magnetic forces. If this magnetic power is not supplied in sufficient quantities to maintain the brain in a normal state, it shortly becomes abnormal as to the magnetic forces. Hence the spirit finds it impossible to grasp it, to manifest soundly and healthily through it, and the failure is what goes by the name of insanity. It is preposterous to lock a man up who shows the evidences of having lost this power of his spirit over his brain organ. To fall to beating him, putting him in irons, jumping on him, and offering him other forms of violence, as they do in very many of the existing asylums, is not only the height of brutal ignorance, but a gross outrage against common humanity.

The invincible intelligence communicating gave it as their deliberate opinion that it is high time an institution was established where the class of patients who can best be relieved by psychopathic treatment may be placed. They inform us that there has been no time in the history of the race on this planet when there was so much insanity as at the present time. For the past ten or fifteen years, it has increased with wonderful rapidity. Hence, the demand is to be heeded without delay for the employment of all those progressive methods which an advanced age like this is fully capable of furnishing. The spirits further predicted that the discussion of the plan for such an institution which has been going on in this city, is destined to bear blessed fruit both for the afflicted ones and their friends. It is not going to take such a fabulous sum to make a beginning. If the very smallest was secured that would start the institution, and it was maintained for a time on a paying basis by proper charges for the care of inmates and patients, that of itself would suffice to prove the excellency of the experiment, and to substantiate its superiority over the existing methods, which are found to be conducted on a wrong basis, and therefore to little purpose. Ten thousand dollars has done much in other instances, and forty thousand started the Butler Hospital, in Providence; and Spiritualists ought to begin with any sum they can raise, if only to demonstrate the power of their principles and methods.

Laying it to God.

Of the several sorts of blasphemy, so called, the habit with certain people of a dogmatic piety to charge accidents to the Divine Being is by all odds the worst, because the most deliberate. The Westfield ferry boat explosion is charged by one such individual, a preacher, as a Divine judgment for Sabbath breaking! That would make God the cruellest being possible to conceive of, besides proving criminal partiality upon him for letting the engineer escape from the results of his own immediate fault, and allowing the money-fattened owners of the line to stay quietly at home and enjoy their high feeding, wines included. It is nonsense to play the boy over such business any longer. A boiler is hammered and riveted strong, to make it perfectly secure for generating and holding steam as a motive power; hence it plainly follows that a flaw in it is certain disaster. When owners and engineers let that flaw make its appearance, there is an explosion, and it is rank blasphemy and nonsense together to lay it to Divine Providence, attributing revengeful feelings to him beside, in order to give force to some dogma of the pulpit. So with a railroad switch; the track is laid properly in order to make it safe; when a switch is misplaced a train is thrown off and lives are lost; we might as reasonably say that God brought the train along safe in spite of a proper track, as to say that he destroyed it in consequence of a faulty one. This sort of stuff ought to be hushed up.

The purest love is that which asks for no return.

The Cary Sisters.

Nothing in all literature reads so pathetically as the love of Alice and Phoebe Cary, the well-known poet sisters, who have passed away within a few short months of one another. They were unlike, and for that reason the more closely related. If Alice had the tenderer vein in her verse-making, while Phoebe was more realistic and masculine, yet in their actual character the two conditions were almost entirely reversed. Allocated last winter in New York, after a long and lingering illness which was called consumption; Phoebe has just died at Newport. She was the younger. They lie buried side by side in beautiful Greenwood Cemetery, their names, their memories and their influence being destined to blossom for many a year in the American heart. For they were the poets of their native country, and no other. They sung the strains that reflected the life of their brothers and sisters of America. They were of the American soil, and all that they produced will remain replete of its characteristics. Phoebe possessed humor, and a certain robustness of feminine nature, and was the only one of seven sisters who did not fall a victim to consumption. She was full of life, had winning ways, and made innumerable friends, the larger part of them not literary, in the accepted sense. In this way she became a fine foil for her elder sister, whose sweetness in her verse was a syrup for every heart.

There is a story current that Alice was at one time affianced to Rufus V. Griswold, a well-known literary compiler and editor in New York. She was then thirty years of age. Circumstances with which she had nothing to do broke the engagement, and the faithless lover afterwards found himself alone, in poverty, and slowly dying. Who should go to his bedside and faithfully minister to his wants but Alice? She could forgive and forget all, though he had forgotten her. With the money she earned from her own brainwork she supported him to the last, and remained to smooth his pillow while he died. From that day she tried to bury her sorrow in work. Phoebe and she were inseparable. Each was necessary to the other. When Alice died, her sister tried to feel reconciled to the absence, but it proved too heavy a load for her to carry alone. She kept the same rooms they had always had. She went to the vacant bed of her beloved sister every morning. The evening after her funeral, she read her sister's poems for a long time, and after dismissing her friends went to her bed alone as she always had done. And so she exerted herself to become reconciled to the absence that had wholly revolutionized her life. But it was in vain. The sisters had for years been believers in Spiritualism, and many are the verses written by them that embody their faith. But Phoebe could not endure the absence which refused to gratify the slight itself. Her heart broke under its burden. She said she "could not live" without Alice, and they are once more sisters in the spirit-land.

Strange Phenomena.

As fast as the unbelieving, indolent and comfort-hunting human mind resolves to settle down to peace and quietness by ignoring every manifestation of power with which it does not happen to be familiar, something wholly unexpected will occur to knock it out of the deep cushions of its propriety, and compel it to enter upon an investigation that, for the time at least, shall bring it satisfaction. The phenomena of Nature are derided and disbelieved until they are supposed to be hooted out of existence, when suddenly they enter again by another door, and double their impressiveness by the still greater novelty of their mode of presentation. A week or ten days since, in the morning, the people of Chicopee were startled by a sound as of a steel gun of large calibre, which was followed by a peculiar rattling, like that of heavily-laden wagons traveling frozen roads. Every one's attention was attracted to it as something wonderful. They began their guesses, some saying it was a thunder-bolt, some that it was a meteor; but no satisfactory explanation could be given. Some laborers at work on an adjoining hill saw a trail of bright yellow light pass across the sky over their heads, accompanied by a crackling sound. One of the men was so affected as to fall to the ground. Some men who were anchored in a boat off an island in Lake Winnipisaukee, a Sunday or two ago, in a perfectly still afternoon, saw the centre of the lake suddenly sink down, and three large waves followed, the largest of them over five feet high, dashing over the rocks of the island, and for the moment threatening their boat. It is to be borne in mind by all persons that these phenomena are but responses of the laws of Nature to the changing conditions of the earth, and that we confess ourselves but children if we do not expect them as much as the sun's rising and setting daily.

Dr. Dollinger.

It would be extremely premature to expect that, by reason of the schism he has created in the Catholic church in Europe, Dr. Dollinger intends to abandon that church in any point or particular. The contrary is the truth about it. He maintains his position precisely where it was prior to the Council of the Vatican, held last year. He simply refuses to subscribe to the Pope's new dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and in this respect he has the sympathy of the great majority of Catholics in Bavaria, and of large numbers in the other States of Europe. The Pope and Cardinal Antonelli are profoundly exercised over the schism, seeing how fast it spreads, and have been making overtures of peace to Dollinger; but he refuses their advances, and holds fast by his original position. As for his thinking, however, of ever going outside the pale of the church, or of setting up his individual opinion against its authority, it has never occurred to him at all. Father Hyacinth is fully in accord with Dr. Dollinger, yet he is as firmly wedded to the church as ever. At no time has he thought of abandoning it for any outside position. In a recent letter from Rome, he writes thus: "I give to the declaration signed at Munich, by Professor Dollinger and his friends, my most entire and explicit assent. I have confidence that this great act of faith, of science and of conscience, will be the starting point and the centre of the reform movement which alone can save the Catholic church, and which will save it." Thus we see that it is a fight within the church from beginning to end, and that Protestantism has nothing to hope from a reform that merely proposes to take the church back to first principles.

Assist the Worthy.

In the last issue of the R.-P. Journal is the following card, which we with pleasure transfer to our columns, as per request, at the same time endorsing the remarks of the editors, that "we hope other generous souls will be disposed to aid Bro. Baker in the hour of his great suffering." "Joseph Baker presents his thanks to A. Green, Rock street, Lowell, Mass., not only for his kind note, but also for his generous bequest of two dollars in money, to aid me in my suffering condition, which came duly to hand by mail. *Janville, Wis., July 23d.*"

Grand Spiritualist Mass Meeting at Island Grove, Abington.

Dr. H. F. Gardner has reason to congratulate himself on the success of his projected Mass Meeting at this place, Sunday, August 13th; and the thanks of the spiritualist public generally are due him for the liberal arrangements by which the assembling of so many of the friends of our cause was made possible. Special trains were run from Boston, Plymouth, Taunton and Fall River, all of which were crowded, and stages, wagons and other vehicles conveyed many hundreds to the grove from the neighboring towns and villages. A large concourse of Spiritualists and those interested in the new light in various degrees, according to knowledge—the number being estimated at about ten thousand—filled the grounds, and listened to the remarks of the speakers. On the arrival of the Boston train, at about quarter past 10 o'clock, the meeting was organized by some brief remarks from Dr. Gardner, who ended by introducing to the assembly the Columbian Quartette of Abington: Messrs. Francis Pool, tenor; Gilbert Ramsdell, *falsotto*; S. F. Eaton, *treble*; Gilbert Baldwin, *bass*.

At the close of the song, Dr. Gardner announced that the proceedings, although not according to any prearranged programme, would be so conducted as to arrive at, if possible, the best means of organizing the spiritual forces. A call would be made for funds to forward the distribution of tracts and other publications, just as the Orthodox denominations had been doing. Where they printed thousands of pages now, they wanted to print and scatter broadcast over the land millions; where they sold for a small price, they wanted to give away. He closed by introducing George A. Bacon as Chairman of the meeting.

Mr. Bacon, after expressing his thanks, introduced A. A. Wheelock, editor of the American Spiritualist, who proceeded to deliver an eloquent and outspoken address, founded on a query of no little moment and importance to the world, a sentiment heard time and again, "What is truth?" What is its mission in the world? What is its relation to us? Thousands to-day were constantly inquiring, "What is truth?" To the mind of the speaker, there was a "new departure" in matters concerning reason and theology. The revelation of the present is, that man exists in the future because he exists to-day—not because of any Divine action in the case. The fact that man lives in the future is established—also that other one which proclaims that the happiness or unhappiness of the after-life depends upon the acts of this present existence. Christianity, to America, was a foreign, hot-house plant—not a hardy, indigenous, native growth. To use another figure, the beliefs taught by Chrochianity resembled ropes which bound their believers to the several denominational stakes which were supposed to mark the centre of all truth, (all some bold geological iconoclast like Denton came and pulled them up; and then the bereft worshippers, looking blankly toward the spot whence the centripetal force had always been exerted, exclaimed, "Where is truth? We thought we had it all marked out just now, and now it is gone." When a Spiritualist ties himself to his stake, he is just as much committed under the law of circumscription as the Methodists or Presbyterians. The beauty of the teaching of this, our New Dispensation, was the fact that no one was ever commissioned to make a rope or chain to put about this or that man's neck, to tie him up to the creed of absolute authority. The old theory that man is by nature sinful, is as false as the idea of the Orthodox hell, and that is false as can be. Truth knows no such hell-born word as compromise with any form of error, however hoary. Once establish the truth of divinity in man, instead of depravity, and the whole Orthodox system would crumble.

The Quartette then sang "Rock of Liberty," from the "Spiritual Harp."

"Deacon" John Wetherbee was introduced, who proceeded to make a characteristic speech, declaring himself to be influenced at all—under the inspiration of Mr. Wheelock, "the tornado of the West"; Pythagoras and Plato, though invoked, having failed to exert themselves in his behalf. Spiritualism is answering the great questions of the day, which are—"What is truth? If a man die, shall he live again? What must I do to be saved?" No man could know the whole truth, for truth was eternal and progressive, but Spiritualism struck at the root of the matter. The second question Spiritualism has answered by saying a man does not die, but passes on; if he dies, he does not live again. "What shall I do to be saved?" has been the cry for ages. To be saved is to save others.

At the conclusion of Mr. Wetherbee's remarks, it was announced that the time for dinner had arrived, and that an adjournment for about an hour and a half, or until two o'clock, would be had. The usual pleasures of social converse which spring up so freely around a picnic-furnished table, where beautiful breezes, the songs of birds, and the warm sunshine streaming on the distant waters, combine to form a picture cherished ever after on memory's wall, soon consumed the allotted time, and the great mass, reinforced by the arrivals since morning, filled up the ground far backward from the speakers' stand, making seats at a premium.

Exercises opened with a fine song by the Misses Deuel, of the East Abington Lyceum.

Miss Lizzie Doten was then announced to read her poem, "A Respectable Lie." She prefaced the reading with some remarks, in which she alluded to the revelations of science as opposed to the tenets of Christianity.

Prof. William Denton, of Boston, President of the American Liberal Tract Society, took the stand and said the most respectable of all lies was the religious lie, and the most respectable lie in this country is Christianity. Man is born under a curse, as Christians expound it. He was there in the name of humanity to speak the truth which was in Nature revealed, and to overthrow the falsehoods which had so long deceived and oppressed the human race. Referring to the teachings of Jesus, he cited from Matthew, fourth chapter, the story—the only proof of which was the word of Jesus—concerning his forty days' and nights' fast and temptation, and asked his hearers to exercise reason upon the narrative. The life of Jesus was written by those who were his friends, and would consequently say all they could in his favor; and therefore we had a right to give full weight to anything which they had recorded which was not so. How differently from the bare assumptions of the Galilean carpenter, and the blank commands of his professed followers, did the accents of science come to the human intellect. Christianity says "Believe or be damned," and after painful straggling the poor wretch says, "Yes; Christianity is true—I feel it here!" (pressing his hand convulsively upon his heart.) But go to the astronomer: does he prove the truth of his science thus? Who ever heard of one saying he knew of a truth that Jupiter had four moons because he "felt it here?" [Laughter.] No, no; the telescope reveals the fact; and the geologist's hammer with equal certainty proves the truth of his science. Spiritualism

stands just where all the sciences stand—rooted in human common sense, and rejecting the sandy foundation of faith so much sought after by the religious systems. He then made a strong appeal for the American Liberal Tract Society. Tracts never tire, never blush, never stammer, never quarrel—for they will not lose temper with you; and many will read in the stillness of their chamber what they would openly scout and tear up in church. He hoped the efforts about to be made to circulate more fully the tracts of this Society would be ably seconded pecuniarily by those present, and all friends of liberal thought.

Dr. H. F. Gardner said that strong efforts, had been advised, would be made, the ensuing season, to deprive the Spiritualists of the freedom of assembling on Sunday, as at present, at this grove. He cautioned free-thinkers to beware of the influence of organized bigotry, and to prepare for meeting it. He made an earnest call for help in favor of the American Liberal Tract Society, and, in conclusion, gave notice of the camp meeting projected by Messrs. Richardson and Dodge, commencing Tuesday, August 15th, and ending Sunday, 20th, at Walden Pond, Concord.

Song by the Quartette.

Miss Lizzie Doten was then introduced. Some, listening to the keen sarcasm and searching criticisms of Prof. Denton, might be filled with fear, and ask from whence their hope of safety and salvation was to come, if Christ were taken away as a shield from Divine wrath, an intercessor with an almighty God. But she felt to say, speaking from observation and experience, "You are each safe—every one of you." Jesus Christ had been preached for the last eighteen hundred years, and what was the effect? Judging by its fruits, what had Christianity done to keep back wars and contentions and evil-doings among mankind? Which had done the most for the race—the church or the schoolhouse? Why, the latter—education! Let every one love truth for its own sake. The true religion must be born within the depths of every soul. Some objected to Spiritualism as being the work of the devil; but if the devil was at work demonstrating to man the immortality of the human soul, he was performing a good service.

Miss Doten then recited an inspirational poem, which had been received by her under unusual circumstances, entitled: "Great Heart and Giant Despair," which was warmly welcomed by the audience. This will form one of the attractions of her new volume, "Poems of Progress," which is shortly to be published in Boston by William White & Co.

A. A. Wheelock wished all the broad prairies of the West were covered with liberal tracts, and hoped the fullest measure of success would attend the Society.

Prof. Denton said a visitor to an English mission meeting gave a shilling, and soon after contributed a sovereign, as he said, "to pay the expenses of that shilling to the heathen," but with reference to the Liberal Tract Society, he would say that no such stupendous machinery existed, and every cent given would be devoted to the cause. As soon as the stereotype plates were obtained, every cent given the Society would be the means of the publication of sixteen pages of tract matter.

Dr. Gardner then made a speech in the same strain, ending by introducing to the audience Messrs. M. T. Dole, J. L. Hatch and H. S. Williams, who immediately proceeded to canvass the audience for members and donations.

Rev. J. L. Hatch, being afterward called for, responded in a brief speech. Congratulating those present upon their freedom of gathering and expressing their views, he warned them not to consider the right as eternal and non-forfeitable; for the organization of credit into a New England Sabbath Association—one of the vice presidents of which was President of the Old Colony Railroad—proved that great efforts were being brought to bear to prevent the exercise of the liberty of conscience on the "Lord's Day." He counseled the friends of free thought and mental progress to join in an association to oppose all steps in that direction. He then detailed his experience with the Boston Young Men's Christian Association, which story was rendered in a laughable parody on "The Spider and the Fly," called "The B. Y. M. C. A.," which he read to the evident satisfaction of the audience.

Song by the Quartette.

Rev. S. T. Aldrich, formerly a Universalist clergyman, but who has outgrown his creed, was next introduced. He did not claim to be as radical as some of the previous speakers—Prof. Denton, for instance; that could not be expected at the present time. God made him a man before man made him a clergyman, and he was determined in all things to follow the dictates of his own judgment and conscience as regarded truth. He believed that no strict line should be drawn among the advocates of this new belief; for if this system of free thought could not sustain itself, but must be upheld by the same spirit of caste which inhered in the churches, it would be as short-lived as the systems it criticized. Before him, in the present audience, he recognized many of his former parishioners from Quincy and Marlboro'. He could not agree with those ministers who, having experienced a change of belief, still remained in their churches, apparently subscribing to the creed, and saying they would fight the question out inside. He felt called upon to leave a creed which he could not endorse, and had said so in his letter of resignation. He was unable longer to accept supernaturalism, whether as connected with Jesus or the Bible.

He had originally been a Congregationalist, and a member of Henry Ward Beecher's society in Brooklyn, but had left the fellowship of that faith for the then broader ground of Universalism; and he should ever be found following what appeared as truth to him. Prof. Denton could vouch for his independence of thought in the past, as on the occasion of his lecturing in his vicinity he was the only clergyman who dare treat him with civility, and the first rebuke he (Aldrich) ever received for his liberal tendencies among the Universalists was in 1850, when he countenanced the presence and utterances of J. M. Peabody at his church. He said then to his parishioners: "If my doctrine is so weak that Mr. Peabody can undo in one Sunday all I can accomplish in fifty-two, he is welcome to demonstrate it." Organization for self-protection he deemed a paramount duty on the part of free-thinkers generally. He was pleased with the broad platform which was occupied by those before him. It was truly American in its nature. He was willing at any time to listen to any one having anything to say, provided he knew how to say it. He criticized Prof. Denton in his apparent ignoring of intuition—believing that it had its sphere of action, as well as reason. His language throughout was earnest and dignified, and elicited frequent applause from those on the platform as well as the audience.

Mrs. Agnes M. Davis, of Cambridgeport, followed. To her mind Spiritualism was demolishing the old castle of Despair so thrillingly spoken of by Miss Doten, and was displaying to man a brilliant temple founded on the azoic rock of

truth, with beautiful arches and soaring turrets; with halls devoted to science, and also others to the cultivation of the emotional nature.

Carrie Cushman, of Hillsboro, Vt., delivered an invocation, the Quartette sang, the meeting was declared adjourned, and the pilgrims to this shrine of mental liberty returned to their homes feeling renewed encouragement from a knowledge of their numbers, and the strength of the positions occupied by the spiritual philosophy.

A. A. Wheelock's Address.

Mr. Wheelock, editor and active conductor of the American Spiritualist, has made a most favorable impression during his present eastern visit, both as a gentleman, whose courteous bearing and devotion to the cause he advocates commands equal respect in private as in public life, and also as a clear, philosophical and earnest speaker. The following is an abstract of his address on Sunday afternoon, July 30th, at the Camp Meeting on Cape Cod:

WHICH SHALL WE TRUST—CHRISTIANITY OR HUMANITY?

We must trust one or the other, or disavow both. The teachings, claims and interests of one, are just the opposite of the other. When I speak of Christianity I have no reference to natural religion. They are eternal opposites—beliefs in religion—pure and undistorted, before God and every body else. But Christianity, as a system, I detest. It is only a popular name for deceit and hypocrisy.

When I speak of Christianity I mean that institutional system of teachings embodied in an Orthodox creed or sect as authoritative and binding. Every thing of this character, from the past to the present, is of man, and not of God; because every such system and scheme is man-made, man-devised and man-sustained. Christianity is as much the work of man as a railroad, a steamboat or a sawmill. In all of its various forms it is the handiwork of man, and when he ceases to support and sustain it, it dies. Hence it cannot be of God. Only priest and priest-craft, Orthodox ministers and the church! Whatever they tell you, you must believe and accept, or be damned. Can any human beings, exercising reason or common sense of the commonest kind, place their hopes and trust of a future existence upon such a sandy foundation as this?

The impudent assumptions and false inculcations of the teachers and followers of Christianity, not only give evidence of its priestly origin, but plainly show how vain, useless and senseless it is for a reasonable being like man to trust in.

Its teachings require open and constant warfare upon human life. It teaches that all humanity from birth is sinful, wicked, corrupt and vile—that every human being is under and deserving the consuming wrath of an infinite God, and will surely be destroyed unless saved by its priestly interposition!

This, in brief, is its teaching—this its hold, infamous slander and blasphemy against God and God's humanity, showing unmistakably that if we accept and trust Christianity, we must reject humanity, and if we adopt, love and trust humanity, we must disown, hate and despise Christianity! Which, then, will you trust? This is the living issue of the present hour. Let us inquire briefly—as time and the patience of the listening thousands will only permit us a glance at this part of our subject—why we may with the utmost confidence and satisfaction place our trust in humanity.

1st. Because it is divine. Its origin is divine, its purpose divine, the result divine—natural, true, beautiful human lives. Man's divine origin is proven by the fact that he possesses a spiritual nature and existence, which is as natural as the physical. This establishes the great truth that human life is dual—that a spiritual and physical life are blended in the individualization of being, untidely working out, by the laws of growth and change, the certain destiny of a divine purpose for each child of humanity, which is—endless life!

2d. A proper understanding of what humanity is—its needs and necessities, the natural supplies for these, and where found—will lead every human being to a calm, satisfied, sublime trust in humanity for the present and future. The knowledge of man—spiritual and physical—what he is, what he is and whether he goes, can only be realized by the growth and development of his intuition and reason, which is all that he needs to direct his feet into flower-decked paths of peace while on earth, and to the reality of life eternal "beyond the River of Time."

This Spiritualism teaches. The grand God-pattern is a true man and a true woman, or humanity collectively, when developed and grown to the ultimate of all the divine possibilities of its spiritual and physical nature.

Therefore, as beauty, truth, goodness, religion, peace and happiness here and hereafter can only come to man by the conscious growth of his own soul, as the result of a true life, it necessarily follows that humanity, and not Christianity, is our only hope and trust. Knowing this, the true man and the true Spiritualist can realize, each day of his mortal life, that from the bending heavens the angels are singing:

Oh, the world is marching onward,
With a grand, resistless tread,
While the anthems of the living
Draw the mourning of the dead.
Yes! humanity is waking,
From error's gloomy night;
Christian forms and shams are breaking,
While the cause of truth grows bright!
God and Man forever blessing,
In the human form divine,
Give us trust in life unending
That must Christian hopes outshine.

Treatment of the Insane.

We are getting further accounts of the barbarous treatment of the insane in Michigan, corroborating in full the statements and vindicting the comments made in these columns many months since. We are told by a paper published in Barry County, in that State, that a resident of that county, while visiting in the town of Wayne, was taken at night from his bed, under suspicion of insanity, and conveyed by force to the County Asylum, where he was chained to the floor of a cell containing no furniture of any kind, kept in solitary confinement for a whole month, and frequently whipped by the keepers in the most brutal manner. But for a chance to escape that offered, he would in all likelihood have died there. His friends claim, on his behalf, that he was never other than perfectly sane; though, if any kind of diabolical treatment would make one insane, we should think this would. We are informed by the Detroit Post that, almost within hearing of the people of that city, the inmates of the Wayne County Insane Asylum are subjected to the most inhuman treatment by those in whose power they have been placed, and who are notoriously ignorant of any of the methods of treating those really afflicted with this lamentable malady. Is there not a chance for the reformer still in the land?

The Boston Post on the Abington Mass Meeting.

The Monday morning, (Aug. 7th), issue of our cotemporary contained an unusually long, and very fair and candid report of this meeting, from which we give the introductory paragraph:

"Whatever may be thought of their tenets, it is a fact patent to every observer of the progress of free religious thought that the ranks of the Spiritualists are increasing. Many there are also who, while not accepting all the dogmas of the leaders, have become convinced of the truth of some of them, and are on the straight road to complete conversion. To forward this tendency of a portion of the popular mind a grand mass meeting and convention was held at Island Grove, Abington, yesterday, and in point of numerical attendance, was as successful as could have been desired by the most sanguine."

Opportunities are like flowers that fade at night; seize them, therefore, while they last.

Items from the London "Medium and Daybreak."

The following passages of interest we extract from recent files of our English contemporary: A PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERIENCE.—Our excellent friends Mr. and Mrs. Tebb are at present on a visit to America. Mrs. Tebb went first, and before Mr. Tebb sailed he forwarded to us the subjoined letter, which he received from Mrs. Tebb on her arrival in the States: "To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak.—My DEAR SIR:—I think you will be interested in a little narrative which I have just received from a well-known Boston merchant. I give his own words: "A very curious incident happened in connection with the death of my mother, who died in the month of August, 1858, who was attacked with paralysis, and gradually approached her end. Four days after the commencement of her illness, I was with her during the evening, but returned home, a distance of half a mile, and retired at my usual hour. Suddenly I was awakened by my mother's voice calling me. She said, "Andrew, Andrew!" and I started up, exclaiming, "Mother, what is it? Mother, did you call me?" At this moment a clock on the mantel-piece near my bed struck five. I was very much disturbed, and called up my man-servant, but he had heard nothing. I lay musing upon the strangeness of what I had heard, and presently there came a ring at the door-bell. I went to my window, and my brother James called to me and said, "Andrew, mother is gone; she died just a few minutes ago, as the clock struck five."

"I may add that Mr. H., who gave me this narrative, has not investigated Spiritualism, and does not accept the received facts; but he related the above with deep feeling, and evidently felt that for once 'the shining gates had been left ajar.' I remain, dear sir, very truly yours, "MARY E. TEBB. "On board the 'Siberia,' June 12, 1871." A gentleman engaged on the geological survey in the North of England, near the Scottish border, writes: "This is a wonderful place for mediums, circles, &c. Everybody knows something of the phenomena of Spiritualism." Jacob the Healer, otherwise known as the "Zouave," has recently returned to Paris. During his stay in London, many persons have been benefited by his healing power, and some of his patients intend following him to Paris to continue the treatment.

A letter from our esteemed friend, Mr. W. D. Meers, of Dunedin, New Zealand, informs us of the progress of Spiritualism in that colony. He states that the week before he wrote, a neighbor had received a box from America containing 200 worth of spiritual literature. Our various publications are well known in the colony, and are freely circulated. Inquiries are on the increase, and several fresh circles have lately been formed. AN ADDRESS FROM J. M. PEEBLES.—It was like the cadences of a familiar and favorite melody to hear the kindly voice of our dear friend and brother, Mr. Peebles, in Cleveland Hall, on Sunday evening, July 23, when he made a few remarks to many of his friends who were assembled. So cordially was he received, that he was prevailed upon to give a half-hour's address on Sunday evening, July 30th. Mr. Peebles did not intend to speak at all, but he could not resist the importunities of his friends. We understand he has received a call to make a tour in the provinces on his return to Liverpool. It is very important that his friends collect for him as many facts as possible on the present state of Spiritualism in their respective districts.

Marriage and Maternity. In a recent lecture at San Francisco, Mrs. Stanton, the talented woman's rights advocate, said: "The idea that woman is weak inherently is a great mistake. She is physically weak because she is a mother. Her weakness is not a law of her nature and her God—but because she dresses in a way that would kill a man. I feel it to be my mission to arouse every woman to bring up her daughter without breaking her up in doing so. Our female idea of dress is all wrong. My girlhood was spent mostly in the open air. I early imbibed the idea that my mind was as good as my body, and I carried it out. I would walk five miles before breakfast, or ride ten on horseback. After I was married I wore my clothing sensibly. The weight hung alone on my shoulders. I never compressed my body out of its natural shape. My first four children were born and I suffered very little. I then made up my mind that it was totally unnecessary for me to suffer at all. I dressed lightly, walked every day, lived as much as possible in the open air, ate no condiments or spices, kept quiet, listened to music, looked at pictures, read poetry. The night before the birth of the child I walked three miles. The child was born without a pain, and I bathed it and dressed it, and it weighed ten and a half pounds. The same day I dined with a half-dozen. Everybody said I would surely die, but I never had a relapse or a moment's inconvenience from it. Another idea: It is of more importance what kind of a child we raise than how many. It is better to produce one lion than twelve jackasses. We have got to make ourselves as good as the lion business. Suppose our great statement, Clay, Webster and others like them, had had only the society of refused and educated women, they would not have, as they did, looked upon women only in a physical light. If men have dolls for wives they seek the society of intellectual courtisans. We must have a new type of manhood. We need it more than gold. Courtesans ruled France and brought her to ruin. Courtesans will rule this country unless woman rises to her true dignity. The old idea of the oak and the vine is pretty, but it is mere poetry; the emergencies of life prove its falsity—the lightning strikes them both alike."

A Man of his Word. Another really noble red man has gone to the happy hunting-grounds. "Standing Buffalo," a chief of the Sioux, was recently killed in an engagement with the Gros Ventres and Upper Assiniboines. It would appear that the chief, who had promised the Indian agents that he would remain peaceable, was a man of his word, and desired to fulfill the letter of his agreement. But another branch of the Sioux wished to fight with their enemies, the Gros Ventres, and went to "Standing Buffalo" to solicit his aid. He refused their prayers and presents for a long time, but, on being taunted with cowardice, was fired with rage and indignation, and straightway made preparations to enter the conflict, stating, however, that he went not only to fight but to die. Accordingly, he made disposition of his horses, property and other effects, giving everything away to relatives and friends, counseled his brother and son and head men of his tribe to abide faithfully by the terms they had made with the white men, and started off for battle. Meeting a superior force of the enemy, he charged them, dashing into their ranks on horseback, and engaging the whole party single-handed. He fell dead almost instantly, pierced by about thirty shots, a victim to national prejudice and a keen sense of honor.

Massachusetts State Spiritualist Camp Meeting. Our sixth page "feast of tabernacles" announced on the first days by Messrs. Richardson and Dodge, is near at hand. Let every Spiritualist within reasonable distance make an effort to be present, to listen to the speakers, and thereby give encouragement to all who attend. The occasion will be one long to be remembered. Should the weather prove propitious, a more lovely spot for the enjoying of a brief vacation could not be selected than the verdant, wood-curtained shores of Walden Pond. The arrangements, as announced, are greatly improved over those of the preceding meeting, held last August. Those who have visited the pond before, need no recommendation from us to assure them of its natural beauties; and those who have not, will find it for their physical—and also spiritual—benefit to make it an object of investigation for themselves.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mrs. E. A. Blair, the well-known blindfold instrument for spirit painting, is at present at Bangor, Maine, where she is giving great satisfaction by her labors, and convincing many by the wonderful skill and dexterity which is manifested by the unseen artist. Her permanent address is 34 Atlantic Block, Lawrence, Mass. A. S. Hayward, Psychopathic Physician, intends to be present at Walden Pond Camp Meeting. Evenings he will visit patients in the adjoining towns. Lois Valsbrooker's health is improving. She hopes to be able to do good service in the Fall campaign. She will not be in Michigan till the last of August, instead of the first, as intended. She is ready to make engagements for Sundays and week-night lectures in Michigan during September and October. Address in care of S. M. Rockwell, Battle Creek, Mich., till further notice. D. W. Hull speaks at Lanesville Station, Crawford Co., Penn., the first two Sundays of August; Edmeston, N. Y., Aug. 20; and at West Winfield, N. Y., Aug. 27. Will answer calls to speak near Utica or Troy, Sept. 3 and 10. Address as above, or Hobart, Ind. Prof. W. D. Gunning's address is 319 2d avenue, New York. Emma Hardinge sailed from Liverpool on the 10th of August, in the steamer Liberia, for the United States. Lyman C. Howe speaks during August in Tompkins Co., Ill. We are sorry to see, per the Religio-Philosophical Journal of a late date, that A. J. King, husband of Mrs. Maria M. King, has met with a severe accident on the railroad, by which his left arm was so crushed as to require amputation near the shoulder. Miss Lottie Fowler is still at the Mansion House, Baltimore. Mrs. F. A. Logan has been lecturing with marked success at Eagle, Wis. Her address for the present is Genesee, Wis. Dr. J. K. Bailey spoke at Farmington, Michigan, July 30. Mrs. A. W. Smith speaks during the summer months in North and East Auburn, Me. Will answer calls to lecture wherever desired. Address 55 Cumberland street, Portland, Me. Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes will speak in Hanson, Mass., the first Sunday in September. Harry Bastian, physical medium, will be present at the Walden Pond Spiritualist Camp Meeting, commencing August 15th.

The Crucible. This spicy and fearless sheet, published in the interests of Spiritualism and progressive thought at 166 West Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md., by Moses Hull, assisted by W. F. Jamieson and D. W. Hull, still continues to do its work, despite the social frowns and legal threats of all surrounding bigots. Long may it continue to deduce from the crudities of earth-life the pure gold of holy aspirations. Bro. Moses is at present in the East, and called recently at our office. Of his visit to Boston he discourses as follows: "July 25th.—We arrived at eight o'clock, Tuesday. Having about eight hours in Boston, we decided to spend it in interviewing the different Heterodox establishments. We first wended our way to 128 Washington street. We found the dear old Banner of Light still unfurled to the breeze. Every day adds to the circulation and influence of this 'drive wheel' in the spiritual machine. One would think if there were 'howery beds of ease' anywhere, the Banner of Light, by this time, deserves them; but whoever thinks Wm. White & Co. have all the joys and none of the trials of life, are mistaken. The old Banner is yet on the war-path; being so important in the cause, of course it is a target for the devils in and out of the flesh. So it has war! war!! It likes it; it would not shirk a single duty, nor have one taken from it."

Medical College for Women. We see by the ninth annual announcement of the New York Medical College for Women, that the regular session for 1871-72 will commence on Tuesday, October 17th, and will continue twenty-two weeks. There will be a reunion and opening exercises at eight o'clock P. M., of that day, at the College, 187 Second avenue, New York. Commencement will be Thursday evening, March 23d, 1872. Those who feel an interest in this matter can call on Mrs. C. F. Wells, the Secretary, or send for the announcement, at 389 Broadway, N. Y.

The Mason and Dixon's Line Camp Meeting. At Havre de Grace, Md., promises to be a grand affair. A. A. Wheelock, O. Fannie Allen, Moses Hull and Nettie Maynard have been secured as regular speakers. Several other speakers have also signified their intention to try to add to the interest of the occasion. It is hoped that the friends of the cause will endeavor to be on the ground and have their tents pitched by the afternoon of the 23d. A. A. Wheelock's Appointments. Plymouth, Mass., Sunday, August 13th; Walden Pond Camp Meeting, Mass., August 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th; Duxbury, Mass., Sunday, August 20th; Havre de Grace Camp Meeting, Md., August 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th.

New Publications. THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW has become a very handsome monthly in its new hands, showing a management of large capacity and practical skill. The Order have the best reason to be proud of an organ that represents their interests so faithfully and well. The August number of this magazine is filled with original and selected matter, giving a variety and abundance that should more than satisfy every subscriber. "FREDERIC HYERIN IN THE INSANE ASYLUM," is the title of a pamphlet containing a record of the author's experience of confinement in a Massachusetts hospital for twenty-seven days, and his views on the proper treatment of the insane, as well as criticisms on the abuses from which they are made to suffer. THE AMERICAN BOOKSELLER'S GUIDE for August, published by the American News Company, contains a body of fresh information for the reader, the buyer, the literary man, and the student, that will prove of much interest and suggestiveness. It points one fully on what is doing in the book world, both at home and abroad, and is found a valuable consulting medium for all buyers and readers. E. ERZBERG, of New York, publishes a convenient catalogue of books on German literature, whose pages are suggestively descriptive to the intelligent reader as well as the student. It is worth careful consultation. THE NEW GIBSON INDEPENDENT and MONTHLY REVIEW for July, published in Laporte, Indiana, offers some choice articles among its contents, and, doubtless, will be welcomed among the disciples of that form of faith. THE ART REVIEW for August is a specially fine number, abounding in illustrations and offering some very choice reading. It is too varied to enumerate. The extra engravings that come with this number are a testimony to the generosity of the publishers for their many subscribers. New Yorkers are trying on the fashion of naming places on the European plan—as Hackensack-on-the-Hudson, and such; but it does not look well when they come to places like Harlem-on-the-Spytzen-Duyvil-creek.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER OF THE BANNER. First Page: "The Spiritualism of Europe and Asia," a Music Hall lecture by James M. Peebles. Second: Free Thought—"Jesus the 'Chief Corner-Stone,'" by J. L. Ditson; "A Criticism," by John Wetherbee. Spiritual Phenomena—"Physical Manifestations in presence of the Sherman Brothers," by H. Scott; "Finding a body under Spirit Direction," "Spiritualism Inside the Churches," "Spirit Seeing in North Scituate, Mass." Third: Poem—"Thoughts in Greenwood Cemetery," by Dr. W. N. Hambleton; "England," by J. H. Powell; Banner Correspondence from Maine, Connecticut, Province of Ontario, New York, Wisconsin and Massachusetts. Poem—"Outside;" Calls for Conventions, Grove Meetings, etc.; Obituaries; List of Spiritualist Meetings; Prospectus. Fourth and Fifth: Usual editorials, abstract of lectures by A. A. Wheelock, movements of lecturers, etc. Sixth: Message Department; Poem—"John of the Smithy." Seventh: Business Cards. Eighth: "Editorial Correspondence," by Warren Chase; "Western Locals," by Cephas B. Lynn.

The notice from the New York friends, concerning a Spiritualist picnic, Saturday, Aug. 12th, and Grove Meeting, Sunday, 13th, at Aron Springs, that State, we are sorry to say, reached us too late for insertion.

A SMALL POX REMEDY.—A correspondent of the Stockton (Cal.) Herald offers the following remedy for small pox, which from personal knowledge he is sure will effect a cure, even though the pittings are filling. He also asserts that it is equally efficacious in cases of scarlet fever. But here is the recipe, and it will do no harm to try it: "Sulphate of zinc one grain, foxglove (digitals) one grain, half a teaspoonful of sugar, mixed with two tablespoonfuls of water. When thoroughly mixed, add four ounces of water. Take a spoonful every hour. Either disease will disappear in twelve hours. For a child, smaller doses, according to age. If countries would compel their physicians to use this, there would be no need of pest-houses. If you value advice and experience, use this for that terrible disease."

MYSTERIOUS.—While our popular artist, Mr. George Ross, was making a picture of a young gentleman in late Monday, a full and complete face appeared on the plate just to one side of the picture, which the young man recognized as a deceased sister. Mr. Ross assures us that he cannot account for this singular novelty in the picture business.—Petaling, Cal., Crescent, July 20. The first widow marriage among the Kypola Bunnias of Bombay took place a few weeks ago. It required a good deal of courage in the poor woman to break the superstitious customs of centuries, and marry again. We hope that she will have no occasion to regret not burning herself with the body of her dead husband. A young man recently called upon the editor of a paper in an Oregon town and asked to see his file for 1869, which request was granted. While the editor stepped out a moment he marched out with the file, and used it against the owner in a libel suit for \$5000 damages. The plaintiff recovered six and a quarter cents, when his persecutor victim turned upon him, and had him sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary for stealing books.

LOSS OF LIFE BY EARTHQUAKES.—Not long ago 60,000 people, it was estimated, were buried by the earthquake which destroyed Mendoza; 40,000 perished at Quito in 1697; 60,000 at Lisbon in 1755; 74,000 at Messina in 1693; 300,000 by two earthquakes at Antioch in the sixth and seventh centuries; 120,000 in Syria in the first century, and 60,000 in the same country in another century; a catastrophe in Mexico carried off 10,000 persons; and one in Calabria, 40,000.—Cassell's Magazine.

Spiritualist Lyceums and Lectures. BOSTON.—Eliot Hall.—Despite the warmth of the present season, the Lyceum at this place continues to hold its sessions, and the zeal of its officers and members is repaid by the goodly number of spectators attending. John A. Andrew, Jr., G. M. Higgins, President, reports as follows: "Sunday morning, August 6th, exercises conducted by Mrs. Abby N. Burnham. Address: subject—'Spirit Identity,' after which she gave, under control, many satisfactory proofs of clairvoyant reading. At the close of the regular meeting, by the wish of many present, the friends assembled in the centre room to the number of about fifty, most of whom received satisfactory communications. A vote of thanks was then tendered her, after which the meeting adjourned. Afternoon.—Mrs. B. A. Floyd was present, and gave an interesting address. She answered questions from the congregation, and also gave several written communications."

Cambridgeport.—Harmony Hall.—A well attended session of the Children's Lyceum occurred at this place, Sunday morning, Aug. 6th, under charge of its new Conductor, Charles H. Guild, who was elected July 23d, vice W. H. Bealman, resigned. In addition to the regular exercises, Miss Blanche Foster, of Boston, sang, Miss George Martin recited, and two questions appropriate for the younger and older members were considered. Master John Murray led in the wing movements. A vote of thanks was also passed to Dr. Wheelock, of Cambridgeport, for pecuniary assistance rendered by him to the Lyceum. Matters in Europe. France is still holding the even tenor of her way, repairing the losses of the war as far as possible, and strengthening the hands of the government. It is proposed to prolong the authority of M. Thiers, and make him President of the republic. The court-martial for the trial of the Communist prisoners opened Monday, Aug. 7th. The anti-French feeling in France is as strong as ever, and often breaks out in the parts of the country occupied by German troops. A Prussian subject having been hanged recently at Poligny, in the department of Jura, a riot followed, in which the German soldiers wounded about twenty of the citizens, and threatened to burn the place. Quiet was restored, the authorities promising to indemnify the citizens for the damage done. The French ironclad steamers Magenta, Magnanime and Revanche have been got ready for sea, at Toulon, in view of a possible complication in the East. The German occupation of Alsace has been reduced to one hundred and fifty thousand men. England's reformers are excited over the prospect of the increased expense threatening the tax-payers, by reason of subsidies required to support the rapidly increasing royal family. Ireland is convulsed by the intelligence of the riot which occurred at Dublin, Aug. 8th, wherein a meeting of the friends of Fenian amnesty at Phoenix Park was broken up by the police, in charge of Superintendent Haw. The riot lasted for more than half an hour, during which the police were several times in danger of being overpowered, but recovering reinforcements succeeded in dispersing the mob. About fifty people were fatally injured. Smith, Sullivan and Nolan, the leaders of the riot, were badly hurt, and a great number of the police force (including the Superintendent) bruised by sticks and stones. The hospitals were filled with the wounded. The fighting extended over the whole length of the quays. Violent exclamations and insulting epithets were uttered by the rioters against the Prince of Wales and the whole royal family. Every window showing flags in honor of loyalty to the Queen was smashed. In view of the disturbed state of the public mind the royal visitors (Prince of Wales and family) left the city Aug. 7th. Crowds lined the streets through which they passed, but not a cheer was raised in their honor, and a feeling embittered by the violence of the preceding day.

Notice to Subscribers. Those of our patrons whose subscriptions run out with the present volume, and who intend to continue the paper, are requested to remit for another year before the new volume commences. Such will readily see when the time expires by comparing the figures at the right of their names with the volume and number at the head of the Banner. We give this timely notice, that much extra labor may be saved the clerks who have charge of our mailing machine.

Form of Request.

We are in receipt of letters from friends in different parts of the country, suggesting that requests be made to the Banner of Light, and also letters containing the agreeable information that several intend to replenish our treasury, but that the writers do not understand how such a document should be legally worded. We would respectfully suggest that, as the Banner of Light Publishing House is not an incorporated institution, those who desire to aid us pecuniarily, by donations of money or otherwise, in order thereby to strengthen us in the maintenance of our great and glorious cause, can do so in the following language: "I give, devise and bequeath unto William White, Luther Colby and Isaac B. Rich, of Boston, Massachusetts, Publishers, [here insert the description of the property to be willed,] strictly upon trust, that they shall take the Banner of Light in the same in such way and manner as they shall deem expedient and proper, for the promulgation of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul and its eternal progression."

The Banner of Light for Three Months on Trial. On receipt of seventy-five cents we will send the Banner of Light three months, on trial, to all new subscribers who remit the above sum; and will also mail to their address, free of charge, one copy of Warren Sumner Barlow's grand poem, entitled "The Voice of Prayer." The book contains thirty pages, is elegantly printed in large, clear type, on fine tinted paper, and bound in white enamel covers. We are impelled to offer these accommodating terms to meet the generally expressed desire on the part of many who wish to take the Banner of Light on short time on trial. We give the book as an additional inducement to subscribe for the oldest established paper in the world advocating and demonstrating the Spiritual Philosophy. Friends, now is the time to lend the Banner a helping hand, and spread broadcast the great truth of spirit communion and a general knowledge of Spiritualism. P. S.—Be particular in writing plainly your name, the town, county and State where you wish the paper sent. Address Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

The Massachusetts State Spiritualist Camp Meeting. Will take place at Walden Lake Grove, Concord, commencing Tuesday morning, Aug. 15th, and ending Sunday afternoon, Aug. 20th. The Committee have made all necessary arrangements. Tents and lodgings may be obtained on applying to the Committee. Parties will find conveniences to do with their own hands. Board and refreshments can be obtained at the Saloon at Boston prices. Those who intend to remain on the grounds during the week, will prefer to provide their own blankets and camp equipments. Wednesday and Friday will be special picnic days, at which time there will be music and dancing. On Thursday evening there will be an extra entertainment, including grand illumination of the Grove and Camp Grounds, with music and dancing. A late train will leave the grove the same evening for Boston, at 9:30. The services of a large number of our most prominent speakers and mediums have been secured, and all are cordially invited to meet with us, and take part in the exercises. In order to help defray expenses, a small admission will be required of those coming to the grove not holding railroad tickets. Excursionists above Concord will take regular trains. Sunday morning train from Boston at 8:15 A. M.; regular train, via Watertown, 9:30 A. M. (Watertown Branch), 1 P. M.; from Marlboro', 9 A. M.; Hudson, 9:12; Rockbottom, 9:22; Maynard, 9:32; Elmhurst, 9:40 A. M.; Mass., 9 A. M. Returning: Leave the Grove for Boston, 5 and 5:15 P. M.; for Elmhurst, Worcester and way stations, 4; for Marlboro' and all way stations, 5:30. Tickets for sale at all depots. Committee of Arrangements, Dr. A. H. Richardson, of Charlestown, James B. Dorris, of Boston.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office: THE SPIRITUAL ANALYST AND SCIENTIFIC RECORD. Published in Boston. Price 20 cents. THE LONDON BANNER. Price 50 cts. per copy. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoetic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents. THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK. A weekly paper published in London. Price 5 cents. THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by S. S. Jones, Esq. Price 8 cents. THE LYCEUM BANNER. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cents. THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O. Price 6 cents. THE GOSPEL. Published in Baltimore. Price 5 cents. THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published in New York. Price 20 cents per copy.

BUSINESS MATTERS. JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 311 Sixth avenue, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps. Jy1. SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. Flint, 150 East 12th street, New York. Terms \$2 and 3 stamps. Money refunded when not answered. Jy15

SPECIAL NOTICES. HERMAN SNOW, 319 KEARNEY ST., (Up Stairs), SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. Keeps for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, And a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform Books, As Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Pens, Pencils, Snuff, Snuff Boxes, Positive and Negative Powders, Orton's Anti-Tobacco Preparation, Dr. Storer's Nutritive Compound, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. Remittances in U. S. currency and postage stamps received at par. Address, HERMAN SNOW, P. O. Box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

AUSTRALIAN DEPOT FOR LIBERAL AND REFORM BOOKS, And Agency for the Banner of Light. W. H. TERRY, No. 95 Russell street, Melbourne, Australia. Has for sale all the works on Spiritualism, Liberal and Reform Works, published by William White & Co., Boston, U. S., may at all times be found there. GEORGE ELLIS, BOOKSELLER, No. 7 OLD LEVEE STREET, NEW ORLEANS, LA. Keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, And a full supply of the SPIRITUAL AND REFORM WORKS Published by William White & Co. RICHARD ROBERTS, BOOKSELLER, No. 1028 SEVENTH STREET, ABOVE NEW YORK AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C. Keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, And a full supply of the SPIRITUAL AND REFORM WORKS Published by William White & Co. FREE PROGRESSIVE BOOKSTORE. D. S. CADWALLADER, No. 1005 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa. Keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, And a general assortment of SPIRITUAL AND LIBERAL BOOKS, Papers and Pamphlets. Also, Librarian for The Connecting Link Library, a Circulating Library of Spiritual Books. Has for sale Mystic Water from David's Well. J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 15 Southampton Row, Bloomsbury Square, Holborn, W. C., London, Eng. KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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THE SUPREMACY OF REASON. A Discourse delivered by MOSES HULL, at the dedication of the Temple of Reason (Freeman Education Society), Charlestown, Mass. This little work is a masterly argument on the Supremacy of Reason. The author handles sectarianism as opposed to reason without gloves. Price 2 cents. For sale wholesale and retail by WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

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Notice to Subscribers of the Banner of Light.—Your attention is called to the pleasure and ample means of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the paper or wrapper. These figures stand as an index, corresponding to the exact time when your subscription expires; and, at the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume and the number of the paper that you know that the time for which you have paid has expired. The adoption of this method renders it unnecessary for us to send receipts. Those who desire the paper continued, should renew their subscriptions at least a week or two weeks before the receipt therefor comes out with the last and final of the date.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Each line in Agents Type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES.—Thirty cents per line for first insertion and twenty-five cents for all subsequent insertions. BUSINESS NOTICES.—Thirty cents per line, each insertion, set in Military measure in Agents. Payment in all cases in advance.

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Advertisements to be Renewed at Closing Hours must be left at our Office before 10 P. M. of the day.

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If, by following the directions we send, you do not make one hundred dollars in the next three months, we will give you one hundred dollars in cash or in any other way you may prefer. No more capital or expense required. Men and Women, Boys and Girls, Now is your Chance! Send for our Circulars, Publishers, 23 Bromfield street, Boston. 1w—Aug. 19.

HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE.

I WILL be at the Camp Meeting at "Walden Pond" next week, and will be glad to see all those who wish to do their duty. You can have an opportunity there. W. H. TERRY, 23 Bromfield street, Boston. 1w—Aug. 19.

WANTED.—Partner, either lady or gentleman, with from \$20,000 to \$50,000, to trace in a profitable business, the best person on the globe for such work. Call at address, MRS. WINGS, No. 11 Bedford street, Boston, Mass. 1w—Aug. 19.

AN ENGLISH ARCHITECT WANTED; a his services for one month; with liberal views and a most inventive mind; liberal compensation. Call on S. W. J., Banner office. 1w—Aug. 19.

SARAH C. SOMERBY, Trance Medium, 749 Sixth Avenue, New York. 1w—Aug. 19.

FIVE MYSTERIOUS PICTURES SENT FREE, upon receipt of one stamp per postage. ADAMS & CO., Boston, Mass. 2w—Aug. 5.

S. B. BRITTON, M. D., REMEDIES CHRONIC DISEASES by the use of subtle remedies. He has devoted many years to the scientific study and practical application of Electricity and Magnetism as Remedial Agents. Professional services and board for the summer may be had at his own residence. Address, 166 CHILTON AVENUE, NEWARK, N. J. 3ms—July 8.

SPANISH MAGIC SALVE.

ASK for it at the drugists! If they have not got it, address C. WILLARD SIMMONS, South Boston, Mass. Price 25 cents. Agents wanted.

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Message Department.

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

Special Notice.

The Banner of Light Public Free Circles closed Thursday, June 29th, in order to allow Mrs. Conant her usual vacation during the heated term. They will be resumed the first Monday in September.

Invocation.

Our Father Wisdom and our Mother Love— While buds are bursting in the vales, And changing into flowers, And the merry, merry birds of spring Are gladdening all the hours.

We, thy children, the living and the dead, would worship and adore; not as a blind, unintelligent force, but as the aggregation of all intelligence, as the aggregation of all mind, filling all worlds.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—(From the audience.) At what period of the earth's strata did the formation of man commence?

A.—It is impossible to tell, and tell correctly. We might give a vague statement, and it may be very far from the truth; doubtless would, if we should give any at all, because we have not the methods or means at hand by which to ascertain the true facts of the case, any more than we have the means at hand to ascertain precisely when this earth was ushered into a material existence.

Q.—Is it true that God compiled the ten commandments and gave them unto Moses?

A.—Yes, it is true; but not in the generally accepted sense. It is true, because God is the supreme editor of every written line, however foolish and however wise. By this God we mean intelligence—the intelligence of all ages, the intelligence of barbarism, the intelligence of civilized life. In this sense, and in this alone, to my mind, God wrote the ten commandments.

Q.—It is said by some that they are not worthy to be followed by us as commandments.

A.—Yes, and with a great deal of truth that statement was made. But when we consider the condition of the race at the time they were given, and to whom they were given, we shall consider them very good for that time and for that race.

Q.—How were they destroyed?

A.—By the slow process of decay; after having reached the highest point it was possible for them, under the conditions in which they lived.

Q.—Are there any remains of their works left that are visible?

A.—No, none that are visible to mortal eyes, not even a fragment.

Q.—What is the origin of the mounds scattered through the West, sometimes attributed to extinct races?

A.—They are doubtless the product of certain Indian tribes who inhabited those localities. Indeed, we know them to be such. You will find them scattered through Massachusetts; there is one in particular, situated, I believe, near the Powwow river, called Powwow hill. If excavations were made there, it would doubtless reveal the fact that they were once burial-places of the Indians.

Q.—Can it be declared to us?

A.—It has been declared already. Nature has written her record, and if you will but read it, you can be informed. Read not only the record of the human race, but go in distinct gradations down, down, down to the lowest condition of life; then come up again, tracing the lines in distinctive clearness through all these different formations of life, until you come to the human; then you have the problem solved.

Q.—Is the Darwinian theory as good as any other?

A.—It is certain, absolute truth, founded upon fact, capable of being demonstrated by any one who will search the volume of Nature for himself. There are evidences in this respect that are just as indisputable as there are evidences that you live and are thinking beings to-day.

Q.—Then science is more reliable than theology?

A.—Certainly it is. Q.—In the time of the Jews it was believed that the earth rested on a turtle's back. Did not their theology elevate them?

A.—No. Q.—Where was their science? A.—They were by no means unscientific as

may be supposed. They had as much of truth for them as what you have is for you. Science and theology have never been welded, never, in any age. Theology has never done anything toward enlightening the race, while science has done everything. What is science? It is nothing more nor less than the observation of the forces of Nature, combined with demonstration of their power. Theology has nothing to do with this whatever.

Q.—What is the philosophy of the cause and cure of physical disease?

A.—The true philosophy is this: That disease is incidental to the physical body because of its unripeness. When it is fully ripe it will be no longer liable to disease; but while it is passing through the transition stages of growth it is liable to disease, and it will be passing through these transition stages so long as its parent planet is passing through them—so long as the planet is capable of developing anything inimical to physical life. By-and-by the planet will be ripened, will have grown perfect in physical being, and then it can sustain bodies that are not subject to disease, and not till then.

Eldora Read.

I want to tell father and mother that they must not cry any more for me, for it makes me sick. I know they're all alone—it seems so—but I live at home most of the time, just the same, only they don't see me; and I want them to know I have got a better body than I used to have here. It doesn't get sick at all. I do not hear anybody here say: "Oh, you mustn't do so; if you do you will get cold." The people are all well here, and it is a beautiful place. I was not a bit afraid to come to it. I knew there would be some beautiful place for me to come to, and I was not a bit afraid to come; only I hated to leave father and mother, that was all. So I got a chance to come here very quick, and tell them that I shall be very happy when they are happy about letting me go; but when they cried I was homesick. [You want them to think you are there with them?] Well, I am there; only everything looks more beautiful than it used to. [You do not see the material forms of your mother and father; you see their spirits, do you not?] Yes, sir, I see their spirits, and see all the bright things. [You see their thoughts, do you not?] Yes, sir, I did last week in Londonderry, Vt. I was nine years old.

I heard what they said before I was buried—before my body was buried—"Oh, she is too beautiful to lay away!" And I wish they could only have seen me where I lived then; they would not have thought that that body was very beautiful, because everybody says I look a great deal better now. Good-by. April 10.

Charles Frost.

I have been here before. I come to-day to speak a word in behalf of that unfortunate class of people who are on the earth suffering from insanity. I went out of my body in that way myself. I was present at a small gathering of people, a few nights since, who were agitating the question of founding a hospital for the insane, where they could be treated upon liberal principles; and I was sorry that the mortal audience was so small, and the immortal so large. I would have had them correspond; but I suppose we must wait for a gradual growth in this as in all other things. Although I do not regret that I have left this earthly life—by no means, the change is in every sense for the better—yet I do regret the conditions under which I left it, because they are of that class that throw a shadow instead of a sunbeam over the memory of the dead. I know that my case was one of those that would have been cured by psychological means. I know that I might have been restrained in my wildness by the power of psychology, instead of the power of handcuffs and manacles and straight-jackets; and as one who has passed through an experience, who can now speak for those who cannot speak for themselves, I am here to plead with those liberal minds who belong to your class of Spiritualists in Massachusetts, in behalf of this most humane movement; for you cannot tell, any one of you, how soon you may be stricken, how soon you may want a proper asylum. This is a fast age, and the mighty influx of spirit light is too much for some brains; it overpowers them. And, again, there are spirits who are permitted to grasp and retain certain physical bodies and brains, who are not always as wise as they should be in their control. They sometimes stay longer than they ought, and do what they ought not; and the present asylums are not fit for such patients. They have no method of curing there—no means by which to restore the spirit to the legitimate control of its own body.

Spiritualism has done much for Massachusetts Spiritualists, and for Spiritualists everywhere; but how much have you done, in turn, for the angel-world? The scale would be unevenly balanced, and over against your names would be written, methinks, "Memo, memo, tekel, uphar-sin!" I speak now of Spiritualists in the majority. I know there are exceptional cases—all honor to such! I ask of this majority, inasmuch as they want favors from the angels, that they be willing to give as they receive. Found such an asylum, with the hope that you may never enter it as a patient, but with a distinct understanding that it is possible that you may, and therefore it is necessary that it should be founded for your own good. Good-day, sir. April 10.

Edward T. Taylor Father Taylor.

I said, "If Spiritualism is true, I will come back and defend it after death." I find it true; and, unless I would be untrue to myself and my responsibility to God, I cannot do otherwise than return, feeble though I may be, to declare in favor of this much-abused truth. The glories of the better life seem almost too great for me; so I linger yet in the shadow of the mortal existence, until my spirit can gain strength and confidence in itself enough to rise into clear light. But I know that I live. I know that the way between the two worlds is open and free to all; and to those of my family who have received the light, I would say, press on—press on; and as you gain truth, withhold it not, as I did. Give it, and give it freely.

(To the Chairman.) God will bless you in your wonderful, beautiful mission. I know you need none from me. April 10.

Seance conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by Anna Cora Wilson.

Invocation.

We pray thee, thou Christian's God, that the hearts of these Christians may be turned toward thee in thankfulness and in prayer; and we pray thee that when this life shall be closed to them, their eyes shall be opened in light and not in darkness, and that the door of their future home, when opened, shall reveal to them glories that shall satisfy them. We pray thee, also, that no darkness may attend their passage through death; that all may be bright; that faith and hope and a firm trust in thee may secure for them happiness at that hour. That is all we ask. April 11.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—If there is any fixed rule for applying vital magnetism or psychological power to eradicate disease from the human system, will you please give it for the benefit of humanity?

A.—With us there is a fixed rule of applying this vital healing force; but with you there is none, nor can there be until you have larger grown in mental life. This is one of the ideas or truths that you must grow to ere you can obtain it.

Q.—In making passes over patients to eradicate disease, does it depend as much upon the way they are made as it does upon the person who has strong magnetic power, without any thought of the peculiar way the passes are applied? In other words, are the persons using these gifts any more successful by having fixed rules for operating, than those who work as moved upon by the invisible power that works in and through their organism, without any thought on their part as to the passes being made in any fixed way?

A.—Again I say, there can be no fixed way or rule with you. The conditions under which you exist are ever varying; therefore the conditions necessary to effect a cure upon those who are diseased must correspondingly vary.

Q.—Is there any scientific fact in the statement that the right hand is positive and the left one negative?

A.—In so far as you make it thus conditioned, the right hand is positive and the left hand negative. It has become a commonly accepted idea, by those who make use of these imponderable agents of cure, that the right hand is the positive; so, consequently, when they use the right hand, they use the positive will-force; when they use the left hand, they use the negative will-force. And thus it becomes as a common law because you have made it so—not because Nature has so determined it.

Q.—Then either hand can be made positive at will?

A.—Yes. Q.—Is there anything similar to marriage, with all its felicities and infelicities—jealousy, in particular—in spirit-life?

A.—There is such a condition as marriage, with its felicities, but the infelicities are left off. They belong to earth and the crudeness of earth—not to us. April 11.

Robert Duncan.

Were I upon the earth now, I would be forty-five years old this day. I was acquainted with these manifestations before my death; indeed, they grew up as familiar things to me from childhood. I became a medium to some extent when I was a child. I was gifted with the seeing of spirits, and sometimes with the speaking, sometimes with the writing; and I was particularly gifted with prophecy. Our family, which numbered, all told, seven, were all believers in this modern truth. An older brother, named James Duncan—my own, Robert Duncan—with myself, came to this country seventeen years ago. Remained most of the time in the States of New York and Illinois; but business required that one of us should return to Scotland, so I went; and while there—just eight days ago to-night, 't will be—I left the body in which I had suffered from sickness about fourteen days of a fever. It was an agreement between myself and my brother that, if death befell me, I should, immediately, if possible, bring intelligence to him. It has not been possible until this hour.

I have to say to him it will not become necessary for him to go to Scotland. Everything is arranged, and will be duly carried out without his presence; if he wishes he can go, but there is no need, and the home I have found is what I have many times visited, and it was not new to me. It was like taking possession of what I had known was mine by rightful, sole inheritance for many years. [Then that was earth-knowledge to you?] Oh yes, mon; it was earth-knowledge. I could visit my home in the spirit-world, bring back intelligence of its condition, of what I saw there, of what I learned, of how it was decorated, and what was wanting. Indeed, I was always clear in that. [You were wonderfully gifted, then.] Yes, I was, and I have to say to my brother that before many months the gift will rest upon himself, transmitted by the law of spiritual inheritance. He has it in a smaller degree, but it will be enlarged, perhaps greater than my own. It is well with my family in the land of souls; it is well with those who remain on earth; and I desire of all things that he will cherish this gift, and never forget to render thanks to the good God for it at all times. Good-day, mon. April 11.

Mary Pierault.

I have come to say to good Sister Angelia that it is well with me in the land of souls. She is a Sister of Charity connected with the Catholic Church of Boston. It is five days since I entered that beautiful land. I said, were there a way of return, I would come as a guardian angel to her. I shall keep my promise; and more than that, I shall, if possible, let her know of my presence. My age, twenty-two years. April 11.

James Thompson.

Good-day, stranger. [How do you do?] I am well; hope you are well. I never was sick but once, and then I concluded I never would be again, so I settled my accounts and went where they do not get sick so often. [You may catch a little if you come back to this atmosphere.] Yes, I see, I catch it, but I won't keep it long. I do not see how it is; I brought no such truck with me. [You have got in the atmosphere of your last exit.] Oh yes, I see. Well, stranger, how long is that going to last—if I come back every day for a month? [You'll throw it off very soon.] Well, I shall not try the experiment.

I am only back here to tell my brother Joe that he is foolish to pursue that case at law that he is involved in, because he is sure to lose it. My name was James Thompson—put in the p, else they will say the name don't belong to me. I wish to communicate with my brother Joe. He is in Illinois, in Springfield, I think, about this time. He's got a case in court about some horses, which he will lose, and it is right he should lose it, because the justice of the thing is on the other side, not on his. I did not see it so when I was here, and I advised him to go to law about it; but now it has run, and run, and run, and he has spent now a good deal, all for nothing, and he may as well not fight the case any longer. Give in the claim—that's my advice. If he chooses to go the other way—go ahead and lose. I am in no way tied up with religion, stranger—I was not when I was here, and some of my folks thought I had got a shot in the locker that would sink me, because I had no religion in my head. I'm sure I had n't any in my heart—at least none that the churches have. I never saw any that was worth having, and I was always sharp at a bargain, so I did not trade for any; but I will send this word back to my religious friends; if I see any on this side of life I will buy. If I do not, I shall continue on as I have begun—that's where I stand now. I don't see but what I am as well off as those that

carry so much of that truck in this new life with them. It seems to be an unmarketable article here. I am glad for my part that I haven't got it, because I should have to dump it somewhere if I had it—just what they will have to do in the end. [I presume they are all honest in their belief.] Oh yes, honest, good people, of course they are, stranger; but then it's no use to trouble your head about things that are never going to be of any service to you; but if they think they are all right, let them go ahead, and take the truck along with them here, and they will find out very soon how much it is worth; they will learn its true value here. Even the priests say it is not worth anything. Oh yes, all honest souls, but mighty ignorant ones, more ignorant than I was, and I did n't know enough to write my own name. I knew that two and two made four, and perhaps a little further. I did n't know much more.

(To the Chairman.) Good-day to you. I hope you will be, when you get aloft here, as happy as I am. [Will your brother get your message?] Yes, he will get it. He has got a religiously spiritual friend that takes care of all these things; so he will see to it. At any rate I shall trust him—if he slips up on me, I'll come back and cudgel him. By the way, to pay him for his trouble, I will help that lame old grandfather of his along that he is so anxious to see, that he is anxious to communicate with about some mysterious subject, I do n't know what. [Will he understand?] Oh yes, he knows, or thinks he does. I used to tell him he was lost in moonshine—that he had got a little looney. He used to tell me when I got on the other side I would sing a different tune, and be glad to take the first boat back. He was right—he is right; I owe him considerable. April 11.

Seance conducted by Fou-Chow, a Chinese priest; letters answered by "Vashti."

Invocation.

Thou beautiful Spirit whom we call Truth, we invoke thy presence with us this hour, and ask thee to shed something of thy light, something more than we have yet obtained, upon us; and may some soul go out from this place feeling that it is good to have been here. We bring thee our offerings of love and truth, and we ask thee to accept them, in the name of all that is, and was, and ever shall be. Amen. April 13.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—(From a correspondent.) What causes the bright spot seen just beyond the head of the shadow, as you walk at early morn when there is a heavy dew?

A.—Not being sufficiently acquainted with this natural phenomenon to give it an intelligent answer, we shall decline to give any.

Q.—Would the presiding intelligence give us some opinion touching that bill which has been so often brought before the Legislature of Great Britain, and as often rejected—namely—"A man marrying the sister of his deceased wife?"

A.—It is proved by a large class of medical scientists that the bill has been rejected solely upon pathological principles. That also is the opinion of your speaker. It is a well-known fact in medical science that the diseases of the dead wife are in some instances—not in all—visited upon the children of the living wife, and that through a direct law of magnetic transmission. And it is also a known fact in medical science that the greater the amount of sympathy, of harmony that there may be existing between the dead wife and the living wife, the greater the manifestation of the law. Now, then, if this be a truth—and medical scientists tell us that they have demonstrated it to be beyond the possibility of a doubt—certainly the marrying of two sisters is a very great evil, and should be discontinued by all intelligent governments. We are told that it produces similar effects on the children of the second wife that are often seen when persons of near blood relationship marry. England is famous for her medical scientists, and she need thank God that she is; for it has saved her in this one channel from a world of sorrow and physical affliction. But while she on one hand checks this evil, on the other in the royal circles she undoes that which she seeks to do among the masses. Intermarrying among royal families, when carried to excess, is productive of much evil. There have been instances of this evil among the English nobility from time immemorial, and yet she clings to it. But let us hope that as the light of truth, of science, permeates all her branches of government, she will be as true to Nature in the royal circle as she seeks to be outside of it.

Q.—(From the audience.) A few weeks ago the controlling spirit ended the invocation by saying, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." Can you tell us what was meant by that expression?

A.—They are terms which your speaker sometimes uses to convey this idea: The idea of past, present and future intelligence; simply this, and nothing more.

Q.—It does not refer, then, to the Father, Christ the Saviour, and the Holy Spirit?

A.—So far as the externals are concerned, the mere words, it does have reference to that, of course it does; but so far as the real meaning to be conveyed is concerned, it has no reference at all to that. April 13.

Ellen Stevens.

I want my mother to know I am dead. This is the fifth day since I died. My name was Ellen Stevens. My mother is a widow, and lives in Boston. I was born in Keene, N. H. I was born June 10th, 1830. I died on the Island. [Do you mean Deer Island?] Yes. My mother said if she could know I was dead she would feel happy about me. I want her to know it; that is what I come here for, to tell her that I am better off than I ever was in this life; that some day I will try to come back and tell her all about myself. Good day. April 13.

Thomas Nichols.

I have been here so long, and have realized conditions so much better than those that belonged to earth, that on coming here I feel like descending not only into the valley and shadow of death, but into death itself. [Have you ever returned before?] Never; and I doubt if I try it again. I left when quite a youth—nineteen years. My name was Thomas Nichols. My father kept a shop on King street, here—a book shop. [A long time since?] Yes, I cannot tell how long; but it is a long time, it seems away in the past. You will doubtless query what brings me here; I will tell you. Some one of our descendants has become interested in the return of the dead, and he has through some means, I know not how, been informed that if he will pursue certain lines of information he will come into possession of a large amount of property. So he has called upon some member of our family to direct him. I, being the only one that could come, have responded. And I have to say he is following an ignis fatuus that will lead him into a slough from which he will

have to extricate himself as best he can, provided he follows it much further. He doubtless expects the truth from the one that should respond to his call, and he has got it. And as I have nothing more to give, and feel rather uncomfortable here, I will say good day. April 13.

Senator Lane.

A friend desires to know if there was not some motive which caused Senator Lane to commit suicide, other than the public knows. I answer: to be a member of the United States Senate is enough to make a man commit suicide, who is an honest man, or who tries to be an honest man. That is all the answer I have to give. Good day. April 13.

Polly Searle.

Some of our folks have got a little frightened about some noises in the house; and they want to know what they mean. And they want to know if any of the family is going to die. Yes, they are going to die, every one of them; but the noises won't make them die, as I know of, unless they get frightened to death.

My name was Polly Searle. I lived in Townsend. [In this State?] No, no, no, in New Hampshire. I've got a pretty good memory. I was ninety-seven years old. I went to sleep in my chair, to wake up with my children in a better world. [That was good.] Yes, that was good; and I was never much sick here, and I have a good deal to be thankful about, considering this is a world wherein we are placed to be purged of our irregularities, and made what we should be. Perhaps they kept me here longer to make up for what I did not get in pain and earthly trouble. I do n't know about that. I stayed long enough to see considerable of this world, in one way and another, although I did not go about much.

Now the noises are made by a class of spirits who are fond of experimenting and seeing what they can do, because they have got a medium and they want to use it; they have got a medium that they can make these manifestations through, and so they experiment as boys sometimes do with those whistles that they make out of willow in spring-time—the one that can whistle the loudest and make the most disagreeable noise, is the best boy. But by-and-by another class of spirits will take this medium; when they have brought out the first power—have done the dirty work—this other class will take the medium, and they will get information; they will get knowledge; they will get something worth getting. And they need n't be scared at all—this thinking you are going to die all the time. I used to be so when I was here, and I lived ninety-seven years, and that is long enough for anybody to live. I have been gone eighteen years—that is all.

I should like that the family that is receiving these manifestations—for that is what it is—should not cover up the light under a bushel, but let it shine out so it may do somebody else some good, and not be afraid to do this. It is just as harmless as one of their old hens is—and they kept a good lot; troublesome things to have round. I never used to have any. Always scratching up your garden, and making trouble for you. I had rather buy my eggs, a good deal rather. I was not so much of a fool as they took me to be sometimes. They thought I was, because I did not follow all the notions they wanted me to; but I generally had notions of my own. When I was using my own money, I followed my own notions. It would be better for most folks if they would do so. They would grow up stronger spirits than they are, and they would know a good deal more. This always holding on to somebody else, and taking their notions, makes you terribly weak spirits, terribly weak spirits.

I am old when I am here, but when I get out of this earthly atmosphere I am as young as anybody. [Did you accept the minister's notions on earth?] No, I did n't. What they preached, if it seemed reasonable and right, I believed it; and what did n't, I said I did n't believe a word on't. And I am just about the same in the new life. Got a little more wisdom than I had when here, that's all.

Well, good-by. I hope you will always do right, and have notions of your own about everything, because it is the firmest ground you can stand upon, any way. It is well enough to take other people's advice when it is just like your own; but when it ain't, it is just like putting new wine into old bottles; you lose both your wine and your bottles. April 13.

Seance conducted by Father Henry Fitz James; letters answered by "Vashti."

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, April 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Annie Hammond, of Cincinnati, O., to her mother; James Alexander, to his brother; James McCann, of Manchester, N. H., to his wife; Baron Von Humboldt, to students contiguous to him.

Tuesday, April 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Charles Clark, of Bath, Me., to his aunt; Thomas Gill, of Boston, to Mr. White; Charles Fielding, to a friend in Alabama.

Thursday, April 27.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Johnnie Peck, to friends; Emma Sylvester, of New York City; May Bristol, of Kansas, to her parents; Gen. Felix Zollner, to friends in Virginia.

JOHN O' THE SMITHY.

Down in a vale where the mavis sings, And the brook is turning an old-time wheel, From morning till night the anvil rings When John o' the Smithy is forging steel. My lord rides out at the castle gate, My lady is grand in bonnet and hall, With men and maidens to cringe and wall, And John o' the Smithy must pay for all.

The bishop rides in a coach and four, His grooms and horses are fat and sleek; He has lackeys behind, and lackeys before, He rides at a hundred paces a week. The anvil is singing its "ten pound ten," The mavis pipes from a birken spray, And this is the song that fills the glen, "John o' the Smithy has all to pay."

John has a daughter, rosy and sweet, My lord has a son with a wild-eyed eye; When she hears the sound of his horses' feet, Her heart beats quicker—she knows not why. She will know very well before the end; She will learn to detest their rank and pride. When she has the young lord's babe to tend, While a bishop's daughter becomes his bride.

There will be the old, old story to tell Of tyrannous wrongs in places high; A bishop glozing the deeds of hell, The priest and the Levite passing by. And the father may bow his forehead low; When he sees the young bride up at the hall, And say "I were better his child were dead; But John o' the Smithy must bear it all."

The smith and his daughter will pass away, And another shall make the anvil ring For the daily bread, and the bodden gray; But the profits shall go to the priest and king; And over the wide world, day by day, The smiths shall waken an early morn, Each to his task in the old dull way, To tread a measure of priestly corn.

And the smiths shall live on the coarsest fare, With little that they may call their own, While the idle is free from work and care; For the best of all shall go to the drone. And the smith complains of the anvil's song—Complains of the years he has wrought and pined; For the priest and ruler are swift to wrong, And the mills of God are slow to grind.

But a clear strong voice from over the sea Is piercing the mark of the moral night; There is, time was, and time shall be, That John o' the Smithy will have his right; And those who have worn the mitre and crown, Who have pressed him sore in body and soul, Shall perish from earth when the glist is ground, And the Mighty Miller has claimed his toll. —[Atlantic Monthly.]

Banner of Light.

THE WEST.

Warren Chase, Corresponding Editor. Office at his Spiritual, Reform and Liberal Bookstore, 601 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.

WHERE ARE THEY?

It is still an unsettled question with the great body of the people where those they call dead are, or, with many, if they are in existence. With us it is not a question at all, as we have sufficient evidence to make it a matter of knowledge, so far, at least, as existence is concerned.

We can see how spirits may be involved in the motions and hold the relations we do to locations on the earth; but as they must be material, they must be subject to the laws of matter and motion.

On the other hand, we can find plenty of cases where poverty has caused crimes of every day; and in fact, it is doubtful if crimes are not mainly attributable to poverty and destitution.

The Christian Weekly says: We know that an innumerable company of angels in heaven are ministering spirits to our wants and sorrows; but we cannot come in direct contact with them—human nature would shiver and faint under such an ordeal.

OLD THEOLOGY Turned Upside Down and Right Side Up, by a Methodist Preacher. This is the title of a new book just issued by Rev. T. B. Taylor, A. M., of Fort Scott, Kan., and formerly of Montpelier, Vt., and later of Indianapolis, Ia., from which places our readers may remember his letters which were published in the Banner, and some of them reviewed by us.

believe the popular doctrines of the most popular churches. The labor is being done for us by those who have been educated in and by the churches, and promises to be well done when such books as this, "The Bible in the Balance," by Bro. Fish, "Peep into Sacred Tradition," "Is the Bible Divine?" by S. J. Finney, and a score or more are being spread out among the people.

"Do not fail to get a copy of Mr. Taylor's remarkable book on the Resurrection and its kindred topics. If you disagree with the author ever so much, it will pay you to read his views. Some will call it 'incredibly stupid folly'—especially his Treatise on the Magnetic Force; but you will find the whole book able, elaborate and ingenious. Price in cloth, only \$1.25. Two young misses are now canvassing the city, and filling orders at once. The book is also on sale at Campbell's bookstore, at the Post-Office book-store, and at the Wilder House book-stand. Call for 'Old Theology Turned Upside Down.'"

CRIME AND POVERTY.

We often hear the remark, "It is no crime to be poor, but very inconvenient." The last part of the sentence needs no qualification, but will be admitted in its general and broadest sense as true, but the first part is subject to variations. Poverty and crime are often so nearly allied, that each is often the cause of the other. It is rarely the case that a young man who receives a fortune by gift or inheritance, loses it and becomes poor, except by crime. There are of course exceptions, but they are rare. The criminal course may not be such that the law will take hold of the party, but drunkenness, profligacy, social dissipation and licentiousness, which are the general outlets for such patrimony, are nothing less than criminal, and are the cause of the poverty which follows, and which is said to be no crime because it has its many innocent as well as criminal victims.

Every week we see scores of laborers who toil for wages and waste half of them in drinking, gambling or debauchery, knowing no better way to get use for their wages in comforts, as they call them, when it is really a criminal destruction of life and happiness. Care these evils and the poor would be few.

OWNING UP SLOWLY.

The Christian Weekly says: We know that an innumerable company of angels in heaven are ministering spirits to our wants and sorrows; but we cannot come in direct contact with them—human nature would shiver and faint under such an ordeal.

It is not about time we abandoned the use of this old theological word, which was and is appropriate when applied to birds or other winged creatures which rest upon their wings and sit around the objects they hover over. It certainly does not apply to persons who meet as we meet each other, nor to the meeting with us of our spirit friends, who come without wings, and in their beautiful forms more lovely than the earthly bodies, and hold converse with us. However much they may watch over us and guard us, it can hardly be called "hovering" in any sense or meaning of the word as we understand it.

LOOK OUT FOR ROGUES.

More than a year ago we notified the Department at Washington that money letters were opened and robbed at Chester, Ill., in the post-office; and now we see by accounts that the post-master, and his brother and sister, who had the care of it, have all absconded, and are defaulters in other trusts also.

WESTERN LOCALS, Etc., REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

CONSERVATION. The angels dearly love those who unreservedly consecrate themselves to the blessed work of resurrecting souls into spiritual freedom. There are many joys in such a path of labor. Only those that have passed within the sacred veil know of these blissful moments. A beautiful calm comes, oh, so often, to the weary itinerant! The gods lead down the celestial sunlight. Music fills the air. Prayers are wafted to the skies. Hosannas are proclaimed continually.

Chicago is always lively. It is a city of strange moods. We will illustrate: entering the place in search of items of interest for the readers of the Banner of Light, we hid, as usual, to that neat and tidy hotel, the Matteson House, corner of Dearborn and Randolph streets. Now, it is a well-known fact that, though a Bostonian may be "on the road" for years, still he will always register himself in hotels as though he were directly from the "Hub." This mania has afflicted us, and so we wrote ourself as having from "Boston," and we made the "B" a tremendous big one.

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We have not gone beyond our text, viz., illustrating one of the characteristics of Chicago, to wit: Whatever transpires, the public mind takes hold of it with a will. Hence Spiritualism is a power in Chicago. There are three journals devoted to the subject published in the city. We called first at the office of

"THE PRESENT AGE." The business rooms of this paper are at 113 Madison street. We enjoyed quite a lengthy conversation with Col. D. M. Fox, the editor-in-chief of The Present Age, at his private office, 204 West Madison street. The prospects of the Age, we are glad to learn, are brightening. Quite recently Mr. Ormond, of the Art Review of Chicago, has taken charge of the financial department of the Age. This gives Col. Fox more time to attend to his editorial duties.

Col. Fox informed us that he has in press an interesting pamphlet treating scientifically the important query, "Is there a Spirit World?" This work is by Dr. Geo. A. Lathrop, of Saginaw, Mich., a ripe scholar, and a man of great intellectual independence.

We next called at the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, 189 South Clark street. The editor and proprietor, S. S. Jones, greeted us in a way that did our soul good. The Journal, so they tell us, is going on in a very prosperous manner. E. V. Wilson controls the Frontier Department of the paper, and therein tells the public where he has been, and what he has seen, and what he has done; and also where he intends to go, and what he intends to do when he gets there. Bro. Wilson, called by some, out of playfulness, "the gentle E. V.," is not a settled speaker; he travels the entire country, and does his own peculiar work in his own peculiar way. In all of which he is remarkably successful. Dr. H. T. Child, editor of the Philadelphia Department, continues to write in an unostentatious manner, about mediumship and the reform movements of the day. Mr. J. R. Francis, the enterprising assistant of Mr. Jones, has been connected editorially with The Religio-Philosophical Journal for nearly three years. It is only since last June, however, that his name has appeared as "associate editor." For the last year Bro. Francis has been engaged in a "Search after God"—a "leader" appearing each week in the Journal, under that title. These articles have provoked all kinds of criticism.

THE LYCEUM BANNER. This is the best children's paper published in the country. It is wholly unsectarian. The motto of the editors, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown and Lou H. Kimball, seems to be: Let the darling children grow up naturally; do not bother their precious little heads about theology of any kind; let them alone on religious matters—that is, in point of doctrine; teach them simple morality. The Banner is a success. God bless these noble women in their self-sacrificing labors. Reader, when you visit Chicago, call and see them at 87 1/2 Madison street.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith, as the readers of the Banner of Light know, has been delivering a course of independent lectures in Chicago, to large audiences. Miss Nettie Pease, editor of the Woman's Department of The Present Age, is ready to answer calls to lecture in the vicinity of Chicago. Miss Ellen Harris, also of the Age, has returned to Chicago. She is a scholarly woman, and is destined to be more widely known. Bro. Fred Allen, a "typo" in the Religio-Philosophical Journal office, should take the field as a lecturer. CEPHAS B. LYNN.

To the Spiritualists of Ohio. The beautiful Spiritualist Hall at Ashley, Ohio, built about two years ago, being among the results of our "missionary labors," has been burnt to the ground. Enough has been discovered to convince our friends there that the foul deed was caused by CHRISTIAN HATE AND MALICE. It was not an fire about one o'clock on the 10th of August, 1871, and an organ loaned to the Society by Bro. W. Granger, Conductor, were all destroyed. Spiritualists of Ohio and the world! This is not a blow at the Spiritualists of Ashley alone. It is a blow at Spiritualism! Let us meet it as such. The building was insured for enough to pay the debt on it and save the lot. It is desired to put another hall (of brick) upon the same site—once. The Spiritualists of Ashley are not numerous, but they are faithful and full of courage. They have \$800 pledged already, to build another hall. We ask Spiritualists to aid them, if they are willing, and will be made for the Spiritualists of Cleveland, O., will be promptly acknowledged and the amount and names of the contributors published in this journal. No matter how great or small the amount—the widow's mite is needed. Send it on at once. A. A. WHEELOCK.

Missionary Work in Wisconsin. The following Mass Meetings are announced: At Oakfield, in a grove near Fond du Lac, on Saturday and Sunday, August 10th and 20th. Speakers: J. O. Barrett, Dr. E. O. Dunn, and Mrs. M. H. Parry. At Red Bridge, in a grove, on Saturday and Sunday, August 20th and 21st. Speakers: J. O. Barrett, Dr. E. O. Dunn and Mrs. Mattie Hulet Parry. We are to have great gatherings, and inspirations will be ours. Come from every quarter to these "fountains of tabernacles." Halls will be provided in case of bad weather. J. O. BARRETT, Wisconsin Missionary.

Grove Meeting. The Spiritualists of Sebawa and vicinity will hold a Grove Meeting at Sebawa, Corners, Iowa County, Mich., Saturday and Sunday, August 19th and 20th, commencing Saturday at 10 o'clock A. M. Mrs. M. J. Kutz of Rockford, Mich., and Dr. Geo. W. Lusk of Eaton Rapids, Mich., are engaged to speak. Arrangements will be made for friends from a distance. A cordial invitation is extended to all friends of progress and free thought. By the Committee. P. G. COOK. Sebawa, July 25th, 1871.

Married. In this city, Aug. 5th, by James C. Morse, Esq., Israel H. Dale and Helen M. Jewell, both of Boston.

SIXTH EDITION—CORRECTED AND REVISED. LOVE AND ITS HIDDEN HISTORY. A BOOK FOR WOMEN, YOUNG AND OLD; FOR THE LOVING; THE MARRIED; SINGLE, UNLOVED, HEART-BREK, PINING ONES; A BOOK FOR UNHAPPY WIVES, AND LOVE-STARVED ONES OF THE WORLD WE LIVE IN. BY PASCHAL BEVERLY RANDOLPH.

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