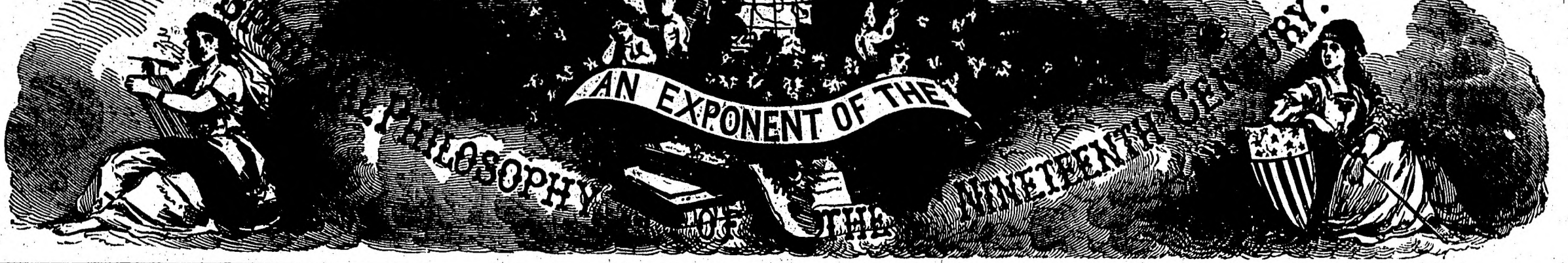


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 8.

Spiritual Phenomena.

THE PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

DR. SLADE'S MEDIUMSHIP, ETC.

There seems to be an increasing desire, all over the country, to witness the phenomenal phase of Spiritualism; and consequently this class of media are eagerly sought for. Thousands are attracted to the philosophy of Spiritualism simply by witnessing the physical manifestations. New mediums are being developed in all quarters of the globe, and still the demand is greater than the supply.

For want of space, we do not publish half the communications we receive from time to time endorsing these manifestations; nor the appeals made to us to "send a good physical medium to our town—there are not many Spiritualists here, but most of the people want to see something of the phenomena—our souls are starving for spiritual food," etc. It is thus easy to see where the first stepping-stone for new investigators lies.

As a case in point, we give below a number of letters we have received from various parties who have witnessed and become convinced of the truthfulness of the manifestations through the mediumship of Dr. Slade, of New York, and also letters giving experiences with several other mediums:

NEW YORK, Feb. 23, 1871.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—A feeling of gratitude, and a sense of duty to my fellows, impel me to give your readers a brief account of several sittings recently held with the justly renowned and gentlemanly medium, Dr. Henry Slade, now of 207 West 23d street, in this city.

My testimony may perhaps have more weight with those who are skeptical as to the absolute facts of these manifestations, coming as it does from one who is not in any way connected with the organized spiritualistic movement, but who has been a patient and undying investigator of the subject, from a scientific standpoint, for the past ten or fifteen years, and who brings to bear upon this and all other theories and professions facts whatever professional critical caution and suspicious scrutiny his mind is capable of exercising.

At my first visit, in the afternoon, the phenomena usually observed at his sittings occurred—a piece of pencil, size of a mustard seed, writing without mortal touch upon the slate held firmly against the under side of the table by the hands of Dr. Slade and myself, each holding one end. The accordion was played upon, and a bell rung in time to the melody, the bell afterward being placed upon the table, no physical hand being near it, and the keyboard of the accordion slid from its place and dropped into a corner of the room. The table was also lifted clear from the floor some two feet, and held in that position during a period of twenty-three seconds, or while I counted to the number twenty-three.

At a second "sitting," similar phenomena occurred, with the most satisfactory addition that on this occasion the slate was held upon my head, I holding one of the Doctor's hands, and the other in full sight, the Doctor being in front of me and his whole arm and hand in my view, the room being brilliantly lighted with gas. The communications were more full at this distance than at the former, the invisible friends seeming to have gained greater power. At one time Dr. Slade sat some little distance from the table, not touching it, and the raps were distinctly given and the table lifted, as when he sat near with his hands upon it. At this sitting I was promised some still more satisfactory tests of spirit-communication and power, although I, at the time, thought that impossible, as the proofs given were already beyond all controversy or refutation from any who would accept facts as proofs, or the evidences of their own senses as worthy of belief.

At the third sitting, however, given on Tuesday evening, Feb. 21st, I had the crowning test of the absolute freedom of any participation, by manual or physical means, of Dr. Slade, in producing these wonderful phenomena. On this occasion the spirit friends apparently refused to give any writing upon the slate while held by Dr. Slade, and he desired me to take the slate in my own hand, while he withdrew a short distance to the other side of the table, and placed both of his hands upon it. Placing one of my hands upon the two hands of Dr. Slade, I held in my other hand the slate, with a small piece of pencil, firmly against the under side of the table. To my great gratification and surprise, the sound of the pencil moving on the inner surface of the slate was heard, and, upon examination, I found written there a communication from my honored father, in his own orthography and peculiar signature.

This was repeated at a later period of the sitting, I again holding the slate, Dr. Slade not in any manner touching it. The usual raps and lifting of the table occurred, the Doctor removing his chair some distance from the table. This class of manifestations was very marked in character, my own chair being moved; a spirit hand felt, sensible, almost forcible, touching me. A large camp-chair was lifted from the floor, closed together, and then dropped upon the floor. I also in one of the previous sittings saw the pencil move upon the slate before it was placed under the table.

You will understand that these sittings were all given in the full bright light, either of daylight, or with two or three gas burners lighted. I need scarcely add that this last sitting was completely and overwhelmingly convincing to me that the "invisible world" can and does communicate with us whenever conditions will allow; and that every shadow or shade of possible participation in producing this phenomenon of writing upon the slate by any physical agency of Dr. Slade, was removed by the fact that I held with my own hand the slate, and Dr. Slade was not within

reaching distance; I also holding both of his hands upon the top of the table.

The editor of a work recently published, "The Modern Thinker," says: "The dogma of conscious immortality has not been proven, that so far it has no basis of fact as demonstrated by any scientific proof. If the phenomenon of Spiritualism, so-called, could be proven, all would be plain sailing," &c., &c. Now I ask this gentleman and all others of his belief, or rather want of belief, if they will credit the evidences of their own senses, and accept as proofs such tangible demonstrations of spirit intelligence and power made in their own presence in full daylight? If so, let them go to Dr. Slade, No. 207 West 23d street, New York City, and in a sitting with him witness and prove the facts of a "conscious immortality," and let us hear no more of a want of "scientific proofs" of the verity of the spiritual phenomena, for there they are, open to all who may desire to be convinced that when "A man dies he shall live again," and the question that seemed so long to trouble the "Job" of a few days need no longer "vex the soul" of our modern materialists.

I have written the above, Messrs. Editors, from a deep feeling of gratitude to "the bright ones of the land of the hereafter," for the convincing proofs of man's immortality, and a strong sense of duty to my fellow-men in making known to them the evidences of spirit intercourse as given to me in the facts of a sitting with this reliable medium.

Yours truly,

W. H. STERLING, M. D.

307 WEST 4TH STREET, NEW YORK, 1871.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—My experience with Dr. Slade, the celebrated physical and mental medium, is as simple as to me it is marvelous. I called on the Doctor, and was invited to his room, where, in broad day, the spirits wrote with a very small piece of pencil placed upon the slate, the slate being held under and close to the leaf of the table. He next placed the slate upon my head, when it wrote for me another communication. These writings are made without human aid. The accordion was also played upon by some disembodied intelligence, and the music was of the most exquisite character, it being not only correctly but feelingly rendered. I question if an embodied artist upon any instrument ever executed the "Last Rose of Summer" so exquisitely and with such sweet emphasis. The table was next raised some inches without any human aid, our hands being laid upon it near its centre, where it was impossible to exert other than a depressing influence.

This, briefly, was my experience at Dr. Slade's during my first visit. On my second visit, I was requested by Dr. Slade to be seated at his table. I had not been sitting many minutes, when, through his voice, I was enjoined that the spirits desired to write in the same manner for me as they had for the Doctor, without his being near the table; consequently, he rose from the table, and walked to the further end of the apartment. The slate was in my left hand; my right was on the centre of the table. An influence seemed to possess the slate, as if another held it beside myself and without my aid. It was, as I have already described, written upon by a disembodied friend of mine. This was wonderful to me. I did not expect such a manifestation through me. The spirit next desired that I should place one of my gloves, with a penknife, on the slate. The slate was, as before, placed under the leaf of the table; and, although the glove was crumpled, the knife was pushed into one of the fingers. This was done in a moment; at the same time, thrown across the table to me. I have thought best to make these facts known to the public without any garniture or rhetoric. The truth makes them eloquent.

MRS. CARRIE L. GADE.

NO. 1 WEST 26TH STREET, NEW YORK, 1871.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—During my investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism it has been my good fortune to be able to obtain, through the mediumship of Dr. Henry Slade, some, to me, remarkably good tests; such as having the slate written upon whilst holding it under the table, in my own hand, not in his. The pencil was an eighth of an inch long.

These communications varied in length, being some twelve in number. Several comprised a few lines, whilst others filled the entire slate on the one side.

One of these communications excited my curiosity not a little, purporting to come from an old friend whose transition I had not heard of; nor am I ready to say that he has crossed the confines of another world. This gentleman was Professor in the University at Vienna, Austria. In this communication he referred to our conversations which had taken place when we were both residing there, respecting America and its beautiful scenery; contrasting the two worlds—that of spirit and America as described by me—giving to me the greater beauties of the spirit-world.

At one of these sittings whilst holding the slate in my own hand, a beautiful rose was drawn. This rose was presented to me by a spirit sister. Written on the slate was this: "This rose is for my brother, James North."

All communications coming through Dr. Slade I have found very satisfactory—and I would add that I think much of the Doctor's mediumship.

JAMES NORTH, M. D.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24, 1871.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—I have had perhaps twenty sittings with Dr. Slade, for the purpose of investigating spiritual phenomena. Every sitting has been a success, so far as the occurrence of raps, writing on the slate without mortal hands, movements and touchings of my person without visible means, and on one occasion my wife held the slate, while both hands of the medium were laid upon the table in contact with mine, and a message was then written in a

plain, bold hand, purporting to be from her father, and signed with his name. The writing has also been repeatedly produced when I assisted in holding and placing the slate, and once it was effected when the slate rested on my head.

Once a chair placed some five feet from me, at my right side, while the medium sat on my left, slid with a rapid motion against my person.

To my questions I have never failed to get satisfactory answers, and sometimes important ones, written on the slate, and a number of times while he has been entranced spirits have addressed me through him, referring to persons and things which the medium could not possibly have had any knowledge of.

The accordion has often been played with the instrument over my knees, while the keys were presented toward me, and within six inches of my face. The music has been of all grades, from the most indifferent to the best. The table, also, has often been elevated a foot or more, the top retaining its level, while both hands of the medium were laid flat on its surface, and upon a friend and myself attempting to effect a similar movement with our lower limbs, we entirely failed.

All these things have also been witnessed by all my family at my own house, in my own room, at my own table, and with my own slate and accordion, and until that hour the medium had never even seen my house, and of course nothing within it.

Three years ago, had I read what is here written, I should have placed the writer among the incurables; but I think no person can sit an hour with Dr. Slade, and witness, as he will, a portion of these things, without thereafter giving credit to all which are here related.

E. O.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., 1871.

DEAR BANNER—The philosophy of Spiritualism, as taught by its adherents, to me has always appeared rational, as well as agreeing with scientific facts. The phenomenal phase of the spiritual philosophy I have been very skeptical in regard to until quite recently.

Thinking that others who are earnestly investigating the subject may progress more rapidly with more additional proof, if you think my experience will add any additional proof, you are at liberty to use it as you may think best. I am one that takes the Banner, and I always feel stronger in the truth of Spiritualism by seeing others' experience; and to prove more clearly the truthfulness of Dr. Slade's mediumship, I send you this little experience of myself and wife, and some of my skeptical friends of the first water.

A few weeks ago, myself, wife and friends were invited to go to Dr. Slade's rooms, which we very gladly accepted. Sunday afternoon was the time appointed. We called, and took our places at the table. Soon manifestations of a very satisfactory order came. First was a sound resembling the discharge of fire-arms, which created no little surprise among us all. I turned to my wife to inquire what that sound was, when I discovered that a button had been torn from my sash, and afterwards found upon the opposite side of the room, she feeling the arm around her when it was taken off, but could see only the faint glimpse of the spirit-arm. She asked Dr. Slade what it meant. He said she must be a medium, and asked her to hold the slate. She did so; and soon, to our surprise, was written, "Ma, it was me. E. P. Whiting"—that being the name of a son who passed to spirit-life a year ago. (We examined this slate, and were sure it was a clean one, Dr. Slade or no other person touching the slate at the time.) I also add that, at a subsequent sitting, to convince myself more, I held the slate in the same manner as my wife, no other mortal touching it; but myself, and these words came upon the slate: "Pa, come again. E. P. W."

Dr. Slade was on a visit to New Haven. While with us, he had some very convincing manifestations of the same order. A Mrs. Todd, an intimate friend of ours, held the slate, independent of Dr. Slade, and received the writing as ourselves.

These facts prove to us that spirits can and do communicate without contact of mortal hands or minds, and also prove Dr. Slade a truthful medium in the hands of the spirits.

"Except ye be born again, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven;" and so, unless ye be convinced of the truth of spirit-power, ye cannot enjoy the pleasures and beauties of spirit-communication. Yours for the truth, E. R. WHITING.

ALBANY, N. Y., 1871.

DEAR BANNER—I take great pleasure in bearing my humble testimony to the truthful, satisfactory and convincing character of the high order of Dr. Slade's mediumship, and not on hearsay evidence, but having had the pleasure of a sitting to witness the wonderful tests given through him, which I can say were of the most satisfactory nature, free from even the slightest suspicion of fraud or deception, for I held the slate myself, and writing came. I held Dr. Slade's hands while I held the slate; so I know the writing came from a spirit to me.

I would advise all skeptics to avail themselves of this high and glorious privilege of testing this wonderful revelation of the nineteenth century. We hope to see Dr. Slade in Albany, when the skeptics and doubters can witness for themselves. Yours for the cause of truth, J. MCCLURE.

"I stopped over in New York for forty-eight hours, to have a sitting with Dr. Slade. You know, although I accept the possibility of all that has been claimed for physical manifestations, and do not, like some of my friends, think dark circles have done more harm than good, yet I have been and am critical, and after an extended experience, do not think I am very liable to be imposed on.

To say Slade satisfied me, is to put it very briefly. True, I saw no more than has been described

by scores. The playing in the light, the writing on the slate, etc., etc., all occurred in the bold light of day. I was promised personal communications at a future sitting.

Wheeling about, the Doctor was entranced, and diagnosed in a moment my physical condition perfectly; nor this alone, but told me when and how I would be relieved; all of which was to be done not by him, or his advice, but otherwise. Even so it has come to pass. Among the wonder-workers, seers and prophets write the name of Henry Slade.

E. S. WICKELER.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19, 1871.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—While sitting with Dr. Slade on Sunday afternoon, February 12th, the room perfectly light, and the Doctor on the other side of the table, I held a clean slate on which was a small fragment of pencil, clasping it closely with my left hand to the under surface of the table. While in this condition, no other person touching it, I heard the pencil write; and on examining it, I found the following sentence:

"BRO. DENTON—I am here to bless you for your noble work. A. W. S."

The initials of Alcinda Wilhelm Slade, once a faithful worker in the spiritual field here, now a faithful worker there. WILLIAM DENTON.

DEVELOPMENT OF A NEW MEDIUM—CONVINCING MANIFESTATIONS.

MRS. JENNIE CURTNER is the best medium I ever saw, and almost as good as any I have ever read or heard of; and as I believe she is destined to do a great work for the people, and to be widely known, I think it proper to give some account of her development, which took place here, and also of her present mediumship. A very brief notice of this medium was given in the Banner last summer, by Mrs. Clark. A short account of her mediumship was also published in the Religious Philosophical Journal last fall by Mr. D. W. Hull, who witnessed the manifestations. Since then her mediumship has greatly developed.

Mrs. Curtner is a young woman, twenty-six or seven years of age, and being obliged to support herself, she became employed about a year and a half ago in a family living in the country.

She was very strongly Orthodox, her parents having been Dunkards, and she had a lively horror of anything pertaining to Spiritualism. But a band of spirits perceived wonderful mediumistic powers latent within her, and without the aid of circles began to develop them. They commenced with raps; they rapped upon her head-board and pillow at night, upon the dishes when she set the table, upon the pies as she made them. Jennie was frightened; it was the devil and nothing else; she did not "believe in spirits"—not Jennie! She wanted to read her Bible, and started off on horseback to a neighboring farm house to get it. On her way the raps came so thick and loud upon a basket she was carrying, that she got off and hid it by the fence. That night she put her Bible under her pillow, but the "devil" jerked it out and threw it across the room.

When Jennie would be milking the cows, the raps would frighten the creatures. On one occasion, as Jennie came in from milking, she said to the lady of the house, who was not a Spiritualist, "If spirits can rap on the cows, why can't they move that stove here so I can warm my hands?" At that moment the stove moved forward so far that the pipe pulled apart. No one visible was near it; the stove was red hot at the time, and it required two men to lift it back to its place.

After awhile some Spiritualists persuaded Jennie to sit in circle. Her mediumistic powers then developed rapidly. She saw spirit-hands and faces, lights were shown, and tests were given; and in dark circles she was often taken up to the ceiling and carried around. One time she was taken up with a little child in her lap.

But I should occupy too much space were I to relate a tenth of what the invisibles did through her. During part of this time she was at Crawfordville, in this State, and part of the time at "Progressive Corner," where our anniversary was held.

About eight months ago her controlling spirit began to talk through the trumpet. Then it was that Jennie was really converted to Spiritualism; before that she had generally tried to persuade herself that it was the devil or "magnatism," about which she knew as much as she did of the man in the moon. But when the voice of a dearly beloved friend, who had years before passed to the spirit-world, spoke to her through the trumpet, her skepticism dissolved in tears. Since then the most wonderful tests have been given, and I believe all who have candidly investigated the manifestations in her presence are convinced of their spiritual origin.

Mrs. Curtner was present at the Anniversary Celebration, on the 31st of March, of the Progressive Spiritual Society at Fountain County, Ind., and held a sitting in the evening.

As the sitting lasted two hours I can, of course, give but a bare outline of what occurred; but I will briefly mention some of the manifestations and tests, premising that if the readers could be at one of her circles they would say "the half was not told me." The controlling spirit of this medium is named Enoch Pamel, but in my narration he is simply called E. He is as jovial and witty a spirit as I ever met, either in the body or out of it. Another of the controlling band is Jennie's father. Mr. D. W. Hull saw and described him to Jennie last fall. Another is Dr. Moor, a very intelligent and kindly spirit; there are several others also in the band.

When the circle in question was formed Mrs. Jennie Curtner, the medium, and Mrs. Clark, the lecturer, sat together in the centre, Mrs. Clark holding Jennie's hands. Thirty persons were in the circle around them. A tin trumpet, about three and one-half feet long, was placed within the circle. The lights were then put out. A

young man played some lively tunes on the violin, and in a few moments E. greeted us all good evening, speaking in a distinct but rather peculiar voice natural to him on earth. After a little pleasant conversation E. began to describe the spirits in the room and give tests. One of the first tests he gave was to myself. I said, "E, were you at our circle?" meaning a circle at my own home, at which my brother was the medium. "Yes," said E, "I was there; don't you know? you said, 'E, is that you?' and then I tipped like sixty dozen, and you said, 'Why, E, how do you do?' I am so glad to see you!" which was all exactly true, but the medium had not the slightest knowledge of it. E. then told of a little angel boy who put his hand on my shoulder and called me "auntie," and, from the description he gave, I recognized a little nephew, several years separated from the form.

One test E. gave was this: he said, "M., there is an old man standing by you. He has white hair, and is leaning on a cane; and he is so poor!" "Can't you describe him better than that?" asked M. "Well," said E, coolly, "I would if he had any flesh on him." At this rather startling answer, the medium hid her face in Mrs. Clark's lap, for fear she should see a skeleton. Having raised a laugh, E. went on and described the old gentleman, saying he had died with consumption, and giving his name as Dr. —; and M. and others recognized him as an old neighbor of hers. He had died an atheist, but had promised M. that if there was a future life, he would return to her if he could.

Another test: E. described a rather fleshy old lady as having slipped on down at the heel, and walking as if she had "one foot short, and then the other foot short." She was immediately recognized, although she had long been gone from the form.

E. told of a young man with blue eyes, light hair, etc. Some thought they recognized him; but one said, "Do you see anything the matter with his head?" "I do not," said E; "but he has a gun with him, and says he died by accident." This was very satisfactory, as the young man in question had accidentally killed himself with his own gun.

E. described one spirit as a young man having long black hair parted in the middle. He said he had one finger off, having lost it when a child—telling how it happened. The spirit was immediately recognized by several relatives present, and the description and circumstance pronounced truthful.

One gentleman in the circle, who is somewhat clairvoyant, said, "E, is there not an old lady here with a nightcap on? I think I see one." "Oh," said E, "do not say nightcap; they are not going to bed. There are several old ladies here with caps on. Mrs. Clark's mother is standing by her chair, and she has a cap on." Mrs. Clark said her mother had worn caps in earth-life. E. said, "There is an old lady"—describing her—"standing by Mrs. —, and she has a cap on with only one string. The string was off when her form was laid away." The lady recognized her mother, and remembered the circumstance, although it had happened years before.

E. said to a gentleman, "I was at your house"—mentioning a short time before—"and heard you telling your wife what a test you had got here, and she wanted to come to the circles;" and E. repeated some of the conversation. The gentleman said it was all true, but declared that the medium could not have known of it.

Many other tests were given, but I will not take space to speak of them. While E. was talking, the trumpet was suspended in the air, occasionally going around and tapping some one on the head; the medium's hands were held all the time by Mrs. Clark; and most of the time she lay with her head on Mrs. Clark's lap, laughing and talking with the rest.

At this circle, E. did most of the talking, and gave most of the tests; but frequently, many spirits took possession of the trumpet and gave tests of themselves; but it requires very harmonious conditions to enable spirits who are not used to the trumpet to speak well through it. After E. two other of the controlling spirits took possession of the trumpet successively, and talked in a beautiful strain, far beyond the capacity of the medium.

It is often asked, "What good does Spiritualism do?" It is my honest conviction that the essence of all the Orthodox sermons and prayer meetings for the last century, concentrated, would not afford as much consolation, or prove as satisfactorily the immortality of the soul, as did that two hours' sitting with the spirits.

One young man, a church-member, who had come to the circle in spite of his friends' warnings that it was all the devil, said after the circle closed, that if that was the devil's doings he believed he would go along with him.

I will briefly mention a few other facts concerning the manifestation through Mrs. Curtner. On one occasion a little child talked to her father through the trumpet. She said, "I was not very old when I died; I was only a minute old. I could not talk then, but I can talk now." No one present but the father knew of the existence of the child. Several other cases very similar might be mentioned.

Jennie's mediumship is developing, and E. thinks if he had a cabinet he would soon be able to talk in it with Jennie sitting outside in the light, and merely her hand in the cabinet.

At a circle held one evening, the windows were not darkened, and E. carried the trumpet and talked through it in the light. Another time the circle was held in a room in which was a fireplace and a bed. The fire was covered, but it kept lighting up and troubling them. At last E. said, "Never mind the fire; I will go under the bed." So he took the trumpet under the bed and talked to them while they sat in the firelight.

As yet the manifestations through Jennie have

been witnessed by comparatively few, as she has given sittings only at the houses of spiritual friends. But many of her friends, who are also friends of humanity, knowing that the laborers in the vineyard are few, desire that she should go out into the world and allow the spirits to demonstrate through her that "the dead are not dead," and E. says she must not hide her light under a bushel. Jennie naturally shrinks from the trials that fall to the lot of a public medium; but as she is now a whole-souled Spiritualist, I believe that love for the cause will yet overcome her fears, and she will appear before the public.

West Lebanon, Ind. H. AUGUSTA WHITE.

Laura V. Ellis.

We take the following extracts from a private letter written by M. M. Ellis, Laura's father. It gives a plain and "unvarnished" account of sittings held in the several places where the manifestations through Laura's mediumship were said to have been "exposed." Laura still survives all such sham crises, and will continue to do much more good work for which her excellent medium powers fit her. Mr. Ellis says:

"At Wheeling, Va., Laura held sittings in Hornbrook Hall, (owned by a wealthy and influential gentleman of that name, who is not a Spiritualist). To my surprise the hall was nearly full the first night. The manifestations gave apparently perfect satisfaction. The second sitting was still better attended, and went off with equal satisfaction. The third night the hall was packed, and all was satisfactory. On the fourth day a wealthy gentleman came to Laura and wished to know if she was willing to submit to being put into a sack at her evening sitting, which he would make and bring there, as he wished to be satisfied that there was no deception practiced. Laura gave her consent. He came, according to agreement, with the sack. Laura was then tied by an old gentleman, who was a strong skeptic. Then the gentleman with the sack came upon the platform, and Laura was placed in it, and he sewed it up, remarking that he would give her ten dollars if the manifestations went on as usual. Laura was then put into the cabinet and tied to the back of it; the gentlemen examined all the knots carefully, and pronounced her so securely fastened that she could not make any manifestations—that if anything was done, it must be by some one else besides Miss Ellis. Laura wore the sack during the whole entertainment, and everything was as rapidly performed as on previous occasions. The gentleman stated to the audience that there was not a stitch or a knot misplaced during the whole sitting. As soon as she was released he handed her the promised ten dollars.

The fifth night the hall was packed to its utmost capacity, and many had to seat themselves on the edge of the platform. The performance gave perfect satisfaction, and harmony prevailed. The sixth and last night a party came with the determination to break up the sittings. They had a young Grubb who had been practicing for several days under the direction of one Dr. Beal. So the Doctor was nominated as committee. He would not take any interest in the entertainment, and would not examine anything, but kept stating to the audience that it was 'all a deception and humbug.' There was so much confusion in the audience that I cut Laura loose, and she came out of the cabinet. Young Grubb sung out in the back part of the hall that he could do the same tricks. Dr. Beal then asked me to let him have the use of the cabinet. I replied that if he wished to give an exhibition he must furnish his own apparatus. That displeased the opposers, and there was great excitement for awhile, but no one was hurt or frightened. Dr. Beal told Mr. Hornbrook that he knew we were humbugs, and he (Hornbrook) favored the deception, &c. Mr. Hornbrook sharply hurled back the accusation, and refused Dr. Beal the use of the hall that evening. This made still more excitement. Some one then suggested that they 'take another hall for the next Monday evening, and expose the whole thing!'

The next Monday night the 'show' came off, but I was not there to see. When we exhibited at Cleveland, Mr. E. V. Wilson was lecturing there. He claims to see spirits, and gave tests to different ones in the audience; he went so far as to describe at one of our sittings the color of the eyes, hair, complexion, height and figure of Laura's controlling intelligence. We gave twelve entertainments in Cleveland.

Our last entertainment was at Corry, Pa. We held six sittings at Newcastle, Pa., the place where the Rev. Mr. Dobbs officiates, the great 'exposer' of Spiritualism. The Spiritualists went to him and asked him to go and expose Laura V. Ellis. He came the fourth night and was nominated as committee-man. He came upon the stage with great pomposity, and stated to the audience that he 'could expose the whole thing,' adding that he once exposed the Davenport Brothers, and that he had a gold watch in his pocket that a Spiritualist gave him for exposing them, &c., &c. He witnessed our entertainment through, and I never saw a man so taken down as he was. He stated to the audience that he could not account for Laura's 'tricks,' but believed them all to be deception.

At Beaver Falls, Pa., a young doctor was on the committee every night. The last night he had some coloring matter in his hand, which he intended to put on Laura's fingers, but I told him he could not do it; and he 'got mad' and left the stage. He then wrote to the Pittsburg papers that Laura V. Ellis was 'exposed' at Beaver Falls, &c. The 'exposure' amounted to just this: he wanted to 'black' Laura's fingers, and Ellis would not let him. And to make it appear very bad, he stated that Ellis and his daughter left in a hurry on the early train for Steubenville, to humbug the good people of that place. Now that early train was about eight o'clock in the morning, and no other left until after noon.

MANIFESTATIONS IN LOUISIANA.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—This being the first time in my life that I ever wrote a line for publication, I beg you to overlook the style and accept the substance. I wish to make a confession of my conversion from Orthodoxy to the more rational religion of Spiritualism. Here is my experience in brief: In January last the messenger of death took from me a kind and loving wife. I soon became restless and unhappy, and leaving my home in Alabama, came to New Orleans, where I called upon Mrs. Caprell, a test medium. I received from her the first evidence I had ever seen of the power of clairvoyance. Having heard of the mediumistic powers of J. R. Doty, M. D., of Covington, St. Tammany Parish, La., I went to see him, and by the evidences received from him, I am fully satisfied of the truth of Spiritualism, and have received such comfort as I could not get elsewhere. I had never seen Dr. Doty, nor any one in Covington that I know of, but the Doctor met me at the door of his office, shook hands with me, at the same time calling me by name. I asked him how he knew my name.

He answered instantly that my wife had told him about an hour previous that I was coming. I answered that my wife was dead. He said, "Not dead, for I see her here now." Dr. Doty then described her perfectly, and also mentioned the disease which caused her death; all were perfectly correct in every particular. I was much surprised, for he had spoken the truth. While speaking, the Doctor's face seemed radiant with goodness, candor and honesty; no one could have given him the facts he related to me. While I was nursing on the strange power possessed by Dr. Doty, he remarked, "Your disembodied wife wishes me to cure your arm." I had had no use of my right arm for fourteen years. The Doctor laid one hand on my head, and with the other made a few passes over my arm, and in ten minutes my arm was perfectly cured. Ten days have elapsed since my arm was restored to full strength, and I am writing this letter with it, which I could not do before.

A Methodist preacher came to see Dr. Doty on business while I was there. The Doctor told the reverend gentleman that he was suffering much with a disease of long standing, and immediately commenced operating on him, and in a few minutes he acknowledged himself cured of the disease. Dr. Doty thus again demonstrated the power of spirits to cure diseases through his mediumship. The reverend gentleman has since openly avowed his belief that spirits have the power and do cure diseases. He and I have firm faith in this to us new doctrine. To those who would obtain the light and aid which has been sent us I advise them, if possible, to visit Mrs. Caprell, of New Orleans, or J. R. Doty, M. D., at Covington, La., and I think they will no longer doubt the truthfulness and efficacy of the power as manifested through these mediums.

JAMES C. JOHNSON.

I, the undersigned, am the minister above spoken of, and acknowledge it all to be truth.

REV. WM. C. MUNSON.

Covington, La., April 6th, 1871.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

There is an exhibition at the Banner Public Free Circle Room a photographic likeness of Mrs. Sarah A. Floyd, of Dorchester, Mass.—a very excellent medium and trance speaker. The picture, in addition to the lady's likeness, presents the full-length figure of an Indian Chief, whom she designates as her guide—"Har-we-ne-ha." We give below a statement of the circumstances under which this remarkable picture was obtained at Mr. Mumler's, said account being from the lips of the lady herself, who is fully satisfied of the fact of its being a bona fide spirit photograph.

STATEMENT OF MRS. SARAH A. FLOYD. On Thursday, the 15th day of December, 1870, I went, alone and unknown, to the residence of W. H. Mumler, No. 170 West Springfield street, Boston, for the purpose of testing his honesty as a medium, and his power to produce spirit likenesses. I desired a picture, and as I waited before the camera I felt the presence of a spirit by my side, which overshadowed me, and also became aware of the touch of the spirit as it placed its hand upon my shoulder. I soon experienced the same sensations which come to me when I am about to see a vision, and the form of Mr. Mumler, as he worked at the camera, became like a specter in a white cloud, and had a tremulous and agitated motion, till it was lost to my sight. The picture was then taken, and the Indian found standing by my side in it.

Mr. Mumler remarked that it was one of the best of that kind which he had ever taken. I recognized the picture as that of my Indian guide, Har-we-ne-ha, (a Mohican Chief), as I have often seen him in vision. I was prompted to picture by the Indian about a year ago, but he did not specify the medium through whom it was to come, and I had not mentioned the promise to any one. To me it is a complete test of the power of the spirit photographer. Any one desiring to know more can write to me at Dorchester, Mass.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BEYOND THE VEIL.

BY MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

Weariness is the day,

All about our pathway lie;

Thorns among its flowers,

While above us looms,

Cold and dark, a clouded sky.

Still we journey on,

Though the light is gone

Which so brightly on us shone

In the vanished hours;

All our choicest flowers

Withered, while our birds have flown.

Oh, we loved them so

In the long ago!

Long ago to us it seems;

For the time of grief,

To our hearts, though brief,

Lengthens like the time in dreams.

Every passing day,

As it speeds away,

Brings us nearer to our home;

By our sorrows tried,

By grief purified,

Till our welcome summons come.

Oh, the land is fair

Where our treasures are,

And our coming they await!

Free from care and sin,

Shall we enter in,

With them, at the golden gate.

But a little while,

Parted from their smile,

The transition need we fear?

When we join the band

In the spirit-land,

We shall find that heaven was near.

Mobile, Ala.

SPIRITUALISM.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

Modern Spiritualism is the undoubted impersonation of a great semi-miraculous movement. It calls no man master, although many individuals, ambitious of religious distinction, have scaled every pinnacle of real and affected mediocrity in order to be so hailed and worshipped. One powerful and widespread evidence that there is a divine truth beating in the veins of modern Spiritualism is the certain disintegration and mortification which have befallen every one who has been corrupt or pedantic enough to invent facts or to aim for the proud office of commander and leader.

What is Spiritualism? It is, first, phenomenal or objective; then, secondly, it becomes subjective and philosophical. What does phenomenal Spiritualism teach? It teaches, by demonstration, three articles of knowledge:

1. That man is an organized mentality or spirit, of which his physical body is in general a representative.

2. That death is to man nothing more than a physiological and chemical change, leaving the states of affection and intellect unaltered, and thus preserves the individuality of the mind complete.

3. That the dynamical relationships between the earth and the Spirit Land are perfect and intimate, whereby the departed person may return and hold converse with those remaining.—From the Great Harmonia, Vol. V.

"Astonishing cure for consumption," as the old lady said when she sprinkled snuff on the victims of her boarders.

Free Thought.

WHO WAS THE AUTHOR OF EVIL?

Investigated in a letter to a preacher of the Society of Friends.

ESTEEMED FRIEND, R—T—: Reviewing the conversation we had last First-Day, on the subject of "Who was the author of evil?" &c., and as I had not sufficient opportunity to express my views, on account of thy frequent interposing thy version or construction of my half-expressed ideas, I think it only right and proper now to give free expression to my thoughts, untrammelled and unbiased; then thee may judge of them, and, if good, use them freely; if not good in thy mind, let them pass.

I rarely resort to the Bible for support to my position, unless it is when others take the same book for their stand-by; that is not the case now. But I will quote one passage from Isaiah, xlv: 7: "I form the light, and create darkness; I make peace and create evil; I, the Lord, do all these things." If Bible authority was all that was asked for, this one passage would have settled the dispute in my favor; but not as I wish it to stand. I do not wish to maintain the idea that, as a positive, fixed and unchangeable principle, evil exists at all.

But all is good and of God, who we understand to be the Divine Principle of light, life, power and motion of all things, everywhere, throughout all space, and nowhere that it is not. This Divine created (if create we call it) all things; and all were and are good. So, also, is what we call evil, except in the relative or comparative.

The learned philosopher tells us there is no such element as cold; that it is only a term used signifying absence of heat. Such do I, in many respects, consider evil. The filth in our streets, at times abundant and offensive to sight and smell, having an evil tendency to our health, we would condemn it if we could perhaps to annihilation, if we did not know that it was good for farm or garden. That same odious filth removed and mixed with the earth of a flower-garden, would bring forth beautiful, sweet-scented flowers, abounding in richness and glory, and sending their rich aroma, so agreeable and pleasant to our senses, causing or admonishing us to adore the giver of such beauty and sweetness; or, if mixed with the land of the field, it would promote the luxuriant growth of wheat, to make the bread that sustains our physical bodies. Therefore this same odious filth we condemn as evil contains within it the elements of great good and of pleasure.

And thou or I might not be willing to go into the streets to scrape up and remove this filth, and mix it with the earth for such good and noble purposes, but would prefer calling upon men accustomed to the work, who perhaps use very rough, low and vulgar language, and smoke tobacco incessantly, drink strong drink, and, if excited, may fight their brother man; all of which habits thou sayest are evil. But their condition and habits and the good of their labor may compare favorably with the filth of the street, in one case odious (this calls it evil), but in the other case we find the sweet bloom of roses and the good wheat for bread that makes our hearts glad and fills us with content.

Perhaps if these men of toil had been nursed in affluent nurseries, and educated in science and literature, they, too, would scorn the occupation of scavenger or of labor. And it might be difficult to find men adapted to such work that did not descend to those evils, as they are called. However, we do not in all cases find the men occupying these positions of life all drunkards, and all swearers or smokers and chewers of tobacco, but I think it will be safe to say that nine of every ten men thus employed will drink strong drink, chew or smoke tobacco, and use what is called profane language, and all of these, at times, to excess.

But dare I say to them, You are sinners; you are evil? No, never. Taking them as a body, the virtue of their labor much more than compensates for their vices. Besides, they had not the birth I had, they had not the education I had; they have been surrounded with different society and all other circumstances. I do not know their wants, their aspirations, desires, yearnings, temptations, privations, discontents and disappointments. They no doubt have sympathetic hearts; many may have wives and families quite as dear to them as mine is to me. And they may not be able to see them arrayed in garments competing with those around them, and consequently see and feel the bitter looks or taunts of those who are finer and more costly clothed.

To these I have but little to say but to "persevere, brothers, good awaits you sometime," and thus endeavor to encourage and persuade them to try to leave off those excesses, teach them of their spirits within them that are striving to get to the light, and must sooner or later be free; that they should do nothing to injure or suppress the growth thereof, but nurture those spirits with thoughts of justice, love and truth, and call around them other good spirits to aid, instruct and help them upward, to be free and ready for the rich reward they will find laid up for them in the after-life.

But perhaps I should look in the higher walks of life for evil—among the rulers of the people. Here I may have greater difficulty; and here I might fail to make good my position, if it was not that I have full confidence in the supremacy of goodness, as Supreme Goodness is supposed to have made man with limited powers, and could not have given him power to create anything, more especially evil, the very opposite in nature from all the works of the Creator. This cannot be. How can a stream rise higher than its fountain, or the servant be greater than his master?

Can that power that caused worlds to come forth and be inhabited with all manner of beings and men—causing suns and planets to appear, giving light and heat, and guiding each on their way, rolling in their respective orbits through the immensity of space—let frail man, a mere speck only in this great creation, step forth and thwart that great and good design by creating evil? Certainly not. That power that formed the bee, giving it skill to build its cells and make the honey, also gave it a poison sting. Beautiful and sweet-scented roses bloom on thorns; raspberries sweet and good are the production of briars; delicious cranberries grow in swamps; and the farmer looks well to his dung-hill for a good yield of wheat.

If God made man and man made evil, surely God must father the evil also. I am fully aware of the temptations and dangerous surroundings of those in high places. If these looks among the law-makers, the Congress and assemblies or legislatures and all the leaders and appointees politically for disinterested justice and good of the people only—marvel not if thou art mistaken. Or among those professing divinity, the priests, clergy, ministers, &c., for council, advice, or admonition, without some demonstration of vain glory,

arrogance or pride of superiority, thee may reasonably expect disappointment.

The seeming evils of all these classes, political and divine, may be compared to the thorns of roses, the briars of the raspberry, the swamp of the cranberry, and the farmer's dung-hill. It may be difficult to perceive the good of profane language or of drunkenness, the use of tobacco, lying, stealing or fighting; but is it not equally difficult to discover the good of the sting of a bee, the thorn of the rose, briar of the raspberry, or swamp for cranberries, or why wheat, from which we get our bread to eat, could not grow as well on the clean sand, without the foul admixture of the filthy production of the farm-yard?

But, my friend, if man is the author of evil, then he is a God of himself, without a superior; for out of the evil he brings forth good. This I scarcely think thou wilt willingly admit; nevertheless, if thou insist that man is the author of evil, he must also be a God, and a great one, too, for it has long been affirmed that there is far more evil in the world than good. But from all this last paragraph I beg leave to differ with thee, and say, ALL IS GOOD AND OF GOOD THROUGHOUT ALL EXTENT. Thy friend, LEWIS COOPER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

APOLLONIUS ON ATHEISM.

Mr. Austin Kent, in a letter in the Banner of April 15th, objects to the reasonings of your correspondent "Apollonius" in opposition to atheistic teachings. Mr. Kent says: "To my mind, the imperfection of all known things and persons demonstrates the imperfection of the cause, whatever that cause may be." "Infinite leaves no room for more." "As to our Heavenly Father, is he or is he not the responsible cause of suffering?" "Can you get imperfection, hatred, pain and misery out of perfection, love, pleasure and happiness?"

To which I would reply: If there is a God of infinite perfections, he must, in the nature of things, be the only being in the universe that can be so characterized. Omnipotence cannot duplicate itself, or make the part as great as the whole, or violate his own laws of mind by any other inconsistency or absurdity; and because this is so, it would be simply puerile to argue that his omnipotence is limited or that he is not God.

In order to create at all (whether through Darwinian processes or otherwise), the Perfect Being must create imperfection, since there can be but one Supreme.

In spite of all the arguments against free agency, every man's common sense tells him he is free to choose between right and wrong in regard to any contemplated act. Our instincts repudiate the free-spirit speculations which our philosophy may weave.

Could we have received from the divine benignity that gift which makes us men instead of a machine, the gift, namely, of freedom—a gift which, with all its limitations and all objections drawn from hereditary proclivities, we feel that we possess—without our human imperfections and shortcomings in this yet rudimentary state of our existence?

"Apollonius" argues that mind cannot have its first cause in mere matter, because we cannot get out of a thing that which it does not contain.

To this Mr. Kent assents, but replies by asking, "Then how can we get imperfection out of perfection?" Obviously, the two cases are not parallel; and the analogy of Mr. Kent is wholly incorrect. If we represent by A an algebraic sign of an incalculable amount, and by B an incalculably small fraction of that amount, there can be no inconsistency in saying that out of A we can get B; and so, out of the unlimited we may get the limited, just as out of infinite space we get our square miles and square inches, and out of infinite duration our hours and minutes.

Evil may be the limitation or imperfection of good. Evil has no real existence in itself. It is a negation; it is the absence of good, just as cold has no existence in itself, but is the absence of heat. Wickedness and ignorance are generally convertible terms, and this in spite of the old couplet:

"I know the right, and I approve it too;

I know the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue."

"Is he, or is he not the responsible cause of suffering?" Does he sympathize with the sufferer? And if he does, can he be perfectly happy, &c.? If he has no sympathy, why call him God or good, &c.? So in substance asks Mr. Kent.

In one sense, as the giver of free agency, God is the giver of suffering; but in the sense which can scan the infinite past and the infinite future, God may appear in a light no other than divine. For this reason it is that I think Apollonius is right in saying, that in order to judge of these things in all their bearings, and to teach assertively that there is no conscious God in the universe, one ought to be no less than God himself.

"Can God be infinitely happy if he sympathizes with the sufferer, &c.?"

Nothing can be more vague and misleading than our human use of this word happiness.

Ask a father full of paternal tenderness and love, if he was happier as a bachelor without a care than he is as a parent, with the thousand anxieties that come with the parent's relation; what true father will not anticipate the reply? These very sympathies, the infinite tenderness and concern called forth by the spectacle of his children's struggles, may to one who sees the beginning, the middle and the end, be an element in the happiness of the Supreme Love and Intelligence.

Mr. Kent speaks of evil as an entity, an actuality, whereas I hold it to be simply a negation. But this part of the subject is too vast to be dispatched in a paragraph. I have but glanced at his objections to the views of "Apollonius." From all that I have learnt, those views meet the assent of a very large class of your readers; and I have seen nothing in the writings of Mr. Kent, published in the Banner or elsewhere, to shake my confidence in the tenet of that Messiah who taught us to say, "Our father which art in heaven."

To ask why evil is allowed to exist by a perfect God may, to higher intelligences, be like asking, Why is man allowed to exist at all? or why is any being less than God allowed to exist? God knows, we can only conjecture. I can say for myself, that life, with all its limitations and sufferings, is, in view of its continuance in other stages of being, to me a priceless blessing.

Leave me, however, to drift through the eternities without a God in the world, without some mind that comprehends the universe, even as Newton and Humboldt comprehended in part some of the wonders of this globe—without some infallible court of final appeal, some fountain of absolute right, goodness, justice and love—leave me to believe that this blind nature or universe is all in all, and that if I worship at all, I must worship poor limited passion-enslaved beings like myself—and immortal life seems to me to lose much of its grandeur and its glory. Tell me the sum of conscious intelligences throughout the universe constitutes God, and you do not help me; you merely substitute a nameless, complex, and absurd conception for a clear and simple one. I have no theological associations that incline me to this view; but all the wants and intuitions of my soul point to it, and my reason confirms their guidance.

PHILO.

LIFE, MIND AND MATTER.

[The following essay is one of several which appeared in the venerable Stephen Albro's paper, the Age of Progress, printed in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1855, written by Cora L. V. Scott (now Mrs. Tappan) before she was sixteen years of age, under the influence of the spirit of an Indian maiden called "Shenandoah." "It expresses so high and wide a range of thought, in language so perfect and form so artistic," (says a correspondent) "that I have copied it for the columns of the Banner of Light."]

Thought creates its own heaven. God is life; life is mind; mind is thought; thought is progression; progression is heaven; heaven is eternity; eternity is happiness; happiness is the consciousness of existence, the personified virtues of the great Godhead.

Physical results, being but the effect of the Great Cause of all causes, must be subjected to the controlling power of the cause; and effects produced in Nature must result from the cause of Nature. Tracing the spiritual and physical affinities, we must logically arrive at the conclusion that mind is the source of matter, and all matter is mind refined; else, if matter is the source of mind, mind will necessarily become matter. If the Creating Power of the universe—he, God personified or God in principle—is Mind, every production of mind must be inferior to the Creator; and matter, as the result of that creating mind, will never be perfected, as God is perfection, and naught is equal to God. If mind is the outbirth of matter, as philosophers contend, then, following the train of argument, mind must be inferior to matter; for, bear in mind, as a scientific fact, that no creation can excel the creator. Which shall we take for our God—mind or matter, or both? Taking both, we shall render mind and matter equal. Here allow me to arrive at my conclusion of mind and matter. All matter is mind, and all manifestation of matter is the result of mind within. An illustration of that fact may be seen in man. A man builds a house. The architectural plan of that building is the result of his mathematical and executive talent. But is the building equal to the conception within the mind of the man? I answer, No. Men create, through laws and means, the physical evidences of thought. Look at your railways and mechanical powers; look at your improvements of science, art and literature; look at the intellectual evidences of majestic thought. But does this satisfy me? No. Does this outward or material construction approach the climax of perfection? No. Then the effect, or conception of the effect, is greater than the cause, and is continually striving to meet its anticipations by creating new capacities of invention and thought. So with the great Deific Mind, in Nature and in space. He is continually striving, like man, to find better outward representations of his interior conceptions; and universes are but the remodeling of motive powers within God's mind. And so is thought the propeller of the eagles of eternity.

But to return to the solar harp, or phrenological development of some great mind, whose soul is the sun, and whose attributes are the primary stars. Even now as I control the physical organization of this medium, the love-soul, the sun of the universe, is smiling so sweetly upon the earth, that, half ashamed of his admiring gaze, the whole western sky is blushing like a rose, or like a maiden when the eyes of some Sun-Adonis shine brightly upon her heart. Men are but the breaths of this Hyperian God, but flashing thoughts, which come and go, even as thoughts of heaven fit across the minds of men, and die away in the distance. Mortals are but the flashing shadows of eternity's summer, and yet mortal are gods. But here is a song to the Sun-God and his train. 'Twas born in the ideal realm of Venus, and handed down to me, that I might transplant it on the earth. The echo will vibrate from star to star, just as thoughts vibrate through the whole organism of man:

God of the stars! great central light
Of this grand universe, whose might
And power are like the thoughts so bright
Of angel-gods above.
To thee we sing, for thou art King;
Thy throne the sun, and there we sing
All loveliness; and on the wing
Of light, whisper of love.
Soul of this harp, whose golden chords
Are touched by thee, as love's sweet words
Touch earthly hearts, or as bright birds
Warble their silvery notes,
So, from thy heart, we catch the strain,
And echos back, until again
It louder peals, and almost pain
Is felt where'er it floats.
Apollo, thou Hyperian God,
Ruling thy kingdom by the rod
Of golden light, at whose slight nod
The stars in reverence bow;
Thy throne, thy crown, thy clad,
Thy theme of song, thy magic spell,
Thy palace halls, in which do dwell
The thoughts we sing of now—
All, all, are thoughts of human soul,
Whose spray, high tossed and thundering, rolls
Like some grand ocean o'er the aethers
Of overhanging life;
Then back, receding from the shores,
The distant murmur of the roar
Is lulled to rest; and nevermore
Is heard the sound of strife.
Hark! hark! the melody of spheres,
Reverberates through endless years,
Until are lost house and fence,
In universal joy.
To thee, God-Sun, this song is given;
To thee, the King of solar Heaven,
And to thy harp, whose strings thrice seven
Time never shall destroy.
Thus sing the poets of Venus to their God, the Sun.
And thus chime in the voices of the stars
And satellites, whose silvery notes mingle
With the deep-toned voices of the older stars.
Venus is the ideal realm of the Sun-God—the sphere or organ where ideal, sublimity, love, hope, veneration, &c., all form the poetic plane of thought in the brain of this plant mind—the seat of Beauty, Truth and Love—the lovely throne of thought refined and crystallized, whose queen-star is the star of love, and whose king is wisdom. But now as

"The heart's sick self turns her broad shoulders
To the gaudy sun,
And stoops her weary forehead to the night,
The moon, that patient sufferer,
Falls with pain,
Presses her cold lips on her sister's brow,
Till she is calm again."

THE CURRANT WORM.—We are informed by Dr. E. Worcester, of Waltham, that the currant worm, so destructive to a favorite fruit, may be fully and almost immediately destroyed by the use of carbolic acid of lime. The doctor tried the powder in many instances during the past summer, and found that while it was fully as effective as kerosene, it was less disagreeable, less costly and perfectly safe. The method of using it is to sprinkle it over the vines as soon as the worm makes its appearance, bringing it well in contact with the leaves, and soon the insect is destroyed. It will need but two or three applications, and the work is done. In this way, for a few cents, large quantities of currant bushes may be saved, and the fruit allowed to mature, and no danger whatever incurred. Neither the foliage nor the fruit is in any way injured by the carbolic acid of lime. It will be well for our readers to remember this when the fruit season returns.—Boston Journal of Chemistry.

EFFECTIVE REMEDY.—"No pains will be spared," as the quack said when sawing off a poor fellow's legs to cure him of the rheumatism.

Why do thieves lead a comfortable life? Because they take things easy.

better life in the summer-land of immortality.
Her funeral was attended on the 5th inst., by a
course of people, and a sermon was preached by
Harter, of Auburn.

From Milwaukee, Wis., in March last, Mr. Davis
aged 53 years.

He was an honest man, and a firm Spiritualist.
About fifteen years he has been a great sufferer from
pains. He leaves a wife and three children, two of
whom are grown up. Remarks by Rev. Rowland Crocker, of
Detroit.

W. D. H.

SKEPTICISM.

BY JOHN WETHERHILL.

"Let him now come down from the cross and we will believe him," said the persecutors to one another in the hearing of the dying Nazarene. The probabilities are, if he had come down as suggested, they would have wanted something else done; perhaps to go back and come down again, or to explain how he did it. According to the record he did not come down; either the conditions were not right, or what was more likely, the discipleship of these mockers was not essential to the success of his mission. I have so often seen its applicability to some uncommonly wise doubters of spiritual manifestations, that without qualification I am inclined to take this text and the inference I draw from it as literal truth; and if I had been Christ, I, also, would have stuck where I was.

How often we meet these all-sufficient men, who cannot be humbled into believing impossibilities; sometimes at a public discussion, denying the affirmations of Spiritualists; and say, "Move this table, (striking it) or this tumbler on its side by spirit influence, and I'll believe there is something in it!" If it is intimated that conditions are an element of consideration, they say, "Conditions mean opportunities to deceive!" On other occasions they say, "Why don't you give me an opportunity to see these things which you see? I never can see anything done; sometimes I see manifestations that satisfy others, but they do not me, and would not them if their eyes were open to ways that are dark."

I once took quite an interest in these self-elected chief priests and scribes; that are always casting their wistful but battish eyes toward these phenomena; I had a desire to enlighten them, thinking, perhaps, if they came to the knowledge of this truth, the work of converting the world was done; for who would dare be skeptical after such profound ones had tasted and were satisfied?—but like the Nazarene in the words I have quoted, I now generally stay where I am; if they are satisfied, I am.

I have come to the conclusion that this belief or disease must be taken in the natural way—not by vaccination; or, as the Calvinists say, some are born to be saved, and some to be damned, (figuratively speaking, of course.) I think there is an election on this subject. A man who has a star in his head seeks and finds this truth and treasures it; he generally knows that we are, as yet, only on the boundary of the subject—in a sort of drift period in the world's history, and can, as yet, only approximate to a philosophy; that the "coming man," who can separate the chaff from the wheat, has not yet arrived; but the elect see one unmistakable thread running through it all, and that is a disembodied intelligence, and that it claims to be human in its origin. It may not be all he wants; it may not fully satisfy him, but it will be all there is for him; and this little, more or less, makes all other bases of faith in the future kick the beam; once seized, there is no more hankering for the faith theological; heaven lies in this direction, or there is no heaven; but if he is not one of the elect, it is a waste of time to irritate him. He has Moses and the prophets; let him stick to them if he can. One from the dead will not appear just for his accommodation.

I have come to the conclusion, also, that the best detectives and critics of these manifestations are found among the believers in modern Spiritualism, and not among the skeptics. This may be doubted on general principles; but I have been an observer, and I know the Spiritualists generally are not anxious to be deceived, and have been, altogether, the best experts in observation. When satisfied beyond all question, they generally propose to have the benefit of it, and not spend all the rest of their days in being sharp and detective for the sake of satisfying those who are not really disposed to be satisfied. The elect know there is a spiritual truth fundamentally in this matter, and they know, also, with the Indian, that "white man is often very uncertain"; but they are not disposed to forego a feast because now and then a dish is unsavory. Their practice is eclectic—proving all things, holding fast to the good.

I have come to the conclusion, also, that a body of Spiritualists has a full share of brains in it. Possibly there may be a less percentage of religion (as the word is understood) among them; that is natural. The proverb, you know, reads: "Where there are brains, there is heresy." When one of these all-sufficient gets converted—which, I own, is but seldom—he finds very soon that he is among a body of people who are above the average in thought, well informed, and that he can learn as much from them as they from him.

I was at the Parker Fraternity the other evening, and was, during a recess, a listener to a conversation upon spiritual manifestations. The advocate was a young woman; what her special point was, I do not know. My attention was attracted by the gentleman (with whom she was arguing) saying, "I won't spend one dollar, and my money shall not encourage it." Continuing, he said, "There is my friend Wilder, up in the State House. He shows a photograph, and on it is pictured an image of Gov. Andrew, taken evidently, and rather poorly, from a bust, with a few clouds around it, and calls it a spirit-picture." The woman said she knew nothing about Mr. Wilder or his spirit-picture. "But," she continued, "if you will go and have a sitting with—(I did not catch the name), I think you will get a test that will satisfy you." "Not I," says he; "if any one wants to pay a dollar or two to get me a sitting, I will give my time, and I'll pledge myself that, if I do get a test, or anything that ought to satisfy a reasonable man that spirits have anything to do with it, I will pay the party two dollars for one. I will not have any appointment made, to give the medium time to go hunt up details of my history and connections. It must be done at once, with no preliminary arrangements. If I move in the matter, I propose doing so with proper caution. That is fair, is it not?"—addressing, by his looks, not only the woman but me and the few others who had become interested listeners to the conversation. There did not seem to be any disposition on the part of any one to invest for the benefit of this rather wise (?) man. The conversation was continued; and the argument of the man on the principle of "double or quits" not being responded to, seemed, in his mind, to be a lack of faith in the believers of these phenomena, and he seemed to be making some capital of it. Now, this young, or rather middle-aged man, was a sensible man in many things, and intended to be in this. I knew him very well as a man of education and some felicity of expression as a talker; and, without being particularly egotistical, he evidently thought that if he was convinced and endorsed the matter as truth, it would be a settled question. No further investigation after him would be required; or, "as goes Hull, so goes the State," in political phrase.

This colloquy is not important enough to print of itself, but as I have already said, it is a type of so much that we meet on so many occasions, that

I thought this note of it would not be amiss. So, to continue, I was not a party in the argument, but I thought a flank movement on my part might be of service, so I remarked, "My dear friend, a dollar or two is of no consequence if it were for any good cause, or for a charity, but what possible object or motive could a Spiritualist have to invest a dollar for you to have an entertainment, or to open your eyes?" "Why," says he, "it might be the means of satisfying me that there are such things as spiritual manifestations." "What advantage," said I, "would it be to the million or two of believers to be increased by one man? If our creed was 'believe, or be damned,' the case would be different; probably the sympathetic of our order would then spend large sums in missionary enterprises; it would become perhaps a duty to make converts, even to institute evangelists like Elder Knapp to go over the country and save sinners by making them believers at twenty dollars a head, but Spiritualists have learned by their facts that there is no death, and have the advantage of that knowledge now, and such as you will find it out over the river if not before, so what is the use of expense and labor? It will be all the same to you a hundred years hence. True, you might be having the comfort of it now, but if you do not, it is your loss, not ours; we can do without such as you, if you can without our truth." Our good friend by this time began to feel—at least, I thought so—as if he was not the essential element of the success of modern Spiritualism. "But," says he, "does not every addition to the body of believers, of men of judgment and culture, help its reputation and respectability?" Suppose Henry Ward Beecher or Mr. Murray or Wendell Phillips should acknowledge the truth, would not multitudes follow?" "I dare say. Men who have made their history are slow to go back on their record; it is the rising tide that we must depend upon. The ranks of the Spiritualists show a great number now of the world's lights—scientific, legal, literary and military heroes and kings, and queens also; it grows rapidly; it has no defined head, but it spreads undivided and operates unopposed, and is the movement of the age, and (making the matter short) if you should investigate this matter carefully and with a heart, and find the underlying fact to be one, and no mistake, and you be one of the believers like this woman, your opponent, it might so happen that you then in your zeal, like her, might be holding an argument with some such cautious skeptic as you now are, and when the skeptic doubted your testimony, and should say to you, 'Pay my seat and I will give my time; no doubt you think you are right, but I am a cautious man, and do not mean to be sold,' you might almost be tempted to say, at least in your heart—'Oh poor fool! believe or not, I will not come down.' You would be taken a little back to think that any one would doubt, after you had endorsed it, and you would find also by intercourse that in the body politic of spiritual believers there are a liberal supply of good heads; and now while you are outside, you must call to mind very many wise people who are Spiritualists, and who would not be, without adequate evidence."

Whoever will, oh! let him freely come. If the star is in his head he'll find this truth; if not, his time is not yet come. Happy is the man who, seeking, has found.

The Brinkley College Ghost Story.

LANCASTER, O., April 30th, 1871.
EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—About the 10th inst. I handed Judge V. E. Shaw, of this city, a copy of your paper, containing an account of the Brinkley College "mystery," copied from the *Memphis Avalanche* of the 5th and 7th ult. In a day or two after he read me a letter written in blank and directed to Mr. Robertson, making certain inquiries about the affair. He has just handed me the letter, filled up with Mr. R.'s answers, an exact copy of which I enclose, as it may be considered some additional evidence of the actual occurrence of the phenomenon. The letter is postmarked Memphis, April 16th.

"LANCASTER, O., April 12th, A. D. 1871.
MR. ROBERTSON, *Atty-Genl*—A friend of mine handed me yesterday a spiritual paper called the *Banner of Light*, which contains a strange account of spiritual manifestations connected with your daughter and 'Brinkley Female College.' It is claimed that the above account referred to is true, and a proof of Spiritualism. Not being a Spiritualist, I write you to ascertain the truth of the matter. The *Banner of Light* claims to have copied the account from the *Memphis Avalanche*.

QUESTION.—Have you a daughter Clara? what is her age? and did she in March last attend the above-named College, or is there such an institution in your city?

ANSWER.—I have a daughter named Clara, aged thirteen. She did attend Brinkley College.

Q.—While your said daughter was practicing her musical lessons alone, in one of the upper rooms of the institute, did an apparition suddenly appear before her in the shape of a small girl of emaciated form and features, and at sundry times thereafter, alone and in the presence of others?

A.—The apparition did appear, as stated in the *Avalanche*.

Q.—Did the apparition communicate to your daughter that under a stump were assorted valuables, which it was desired your daughter should take possession of as her own?

A.—It did.

Q.—Was a search made at the place directed, and was there found under the stump, hid away in an enclosure of muslin, a glass jar, containing (as supposed) gold diamonds and valuable papers, which the apparition directed should not be opened for sixty days?

A.—The search was made, and the jar found under the brickwork.

Q.—Have you in your possession, or under your control, the aforesaid jar?

A.—I have not. I was seized by four armed men on the 28th ult., and forced to deliver it up, after which I was badly beaten and left for dead.

The above questions contain the substance of the article contained in the *Banner of Light*, the facts of which are taken (as is claimed) from the *Memphis Avalanche* of March 5th and 7th, A. D. 1871. It will give you but little trouble to answer these questions and return this, as they are made in behalf of the truth.

You are at liberty to publish or make such use of the above as you think proper. In common, no doubt, with many others, I had doubts of the truthfulness of the account of such strange manifestations, as some of them seemed not to be in accordance with the laws of manifesting through mediums; but the direct and positive answers of Mr. Robertson seem to set the matter at rest so far as human testimony is concerned.

Yours for Light and Truth,
W. SHIELDS BEATTY.

A touching story is told of a young sister of Alice and Phoebe Cary, whose early death was deeply lamented by her friends. A few weeks before her departure, and while she was still in health, she appeared for some minutes to be plainly visible in broad daylight to the whole family, across a little ravine from their residence, standing on the stoop of a new house they were then building, though she was actually asleep at that moment in a bed chamber of the old house, and utterly unconscious of this "counterfeit presentment" at some distance from her bodily presence. This incident is said to have given the sisters a strong interest in the phenomena of "Spiritualism."—*Revolution*.

This paper is issued every Saturday Morning, one 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 all the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1871.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

LEWIS H. 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.

Excommunication.

There was a time when this term, used in connection with a Protestant church, carried with it all the terrors that it formerly did when employed by the Roman Catholic priesthood. But that time has evidently gone by. We observe, as a recent illustration of the revengeful bigotry that still constitutes so large and vital an element of Orthodoxy, that the Second Presbyterian Church, of Louisville, Ky., has, through its pastor, Dr. Stuart Robinson, publicly banned Mr. E. R. Spurrer for having presumed to accept the great and impressive truths of spirit-communication, pronouncing the Orthodox anathema of excommunication in due form, and doubtless profoundly exciting the fears of the more timid and tender-hearted of the church, by which means they are to be frightened from the exercise of their own free judgments. The preacher and pastor first read to the congregation the resolutions, embracing the cause of the action on the part of the church managers, and then proceeded to put in execution the punishment voted against the victim; after which he mollifyingly threw open the church doors to the return of the excommunicant, whenever he should conclude to abandon his individuality, and freedom.

A Louisville paper remarks that this is the first instance in that city of the formal expulsion from the church of an adherent to the Spiritualistic faith and philosophy. It will probably make no difference whether it is the first or last. Another Louisville journal thinks such action evinces "energy on the part of the church, and a spirit that knows no compromise with what it considers heresy." And thence it proceeds to denounce Spiritualism as "soul-destroying," using up the list of adjective epithets that have regularly served their turn these twenty years in the fruitless attempt to stay the progress of truth and the diffusion of light, by verbal denunciation. What a secular journal has to do with the reality or unreality, the right or wrong, the good influence or bad of any religious faith that rests on individual sincerity, we confess we are not able to comprehend. But it has long been the fashion of the press, while expanding in vaunting heroics over its freedom, to fall upon Spiritualists as if they were horse-thieves, and *per contra* to shout as lustily for the Orthodox side as if it were a regularly paid agent, when we know it to be only a sycophantic beggar for crumbs. All this will come right in time, but then we shall have a truly free press.

But this kind of business is slow. It comes too late now to make any such impression as its authors and advisers expect to make. It is vain for Old Theology, with its variety of methods for menacing and torturing, to run its thick head against the advancing ideas of the age we live in. We behold in this Louisville spasm a temporary and local revival of old tricks long ago played out. They frighten nobody—and amuse many. Truth is not to be found out, as the over-careful mother would have her son learn to swim—by keeping away from it till we have discovered all about it. As for the denunciations of an hireling press, that goes for less than nothing. It has so long spent itself vainly over this kind of industry, that people now care little enough for it. Everybody understands the motive that inspires it. The people will judge of Spiritualism by their familiar knowledge of it, and the practical evidences of its restoring value as a faith. We are wholly content to leave so good a cause to the moral sense of the public, taking it from the hands of those who would, if they could, drive that public from investigation and reflection. It is no new thing for a cause or a denomination to have to pass through trials of this character; the Universalists took their turn; so did the Quakers; and so have others. For ourselves, we bide our time and work on. The invisible world knows how to take care of its own cause, and what are mortals but its willing or unwilling agents?

Science vs. Burglar-Proof Safes.

This is an age of progress. Rapidly as man's intellect—harnessed to the car of wealth—gives out all its powers to fortify the possessor of property against the great mass of society, another class of minds are "showing cause" in a diametrically opposite direction. Lock-picking has been seemingly defeated by cunning combinations, and the dread hand of the fire-brand is powerless to destroy the safes of modern construction; but science seems to have been invoked by certain sharp-witted members of the "cracksmen's club," and for the moment, invention stands against. The following paragraph from "Every Saturday" explains the difficulty:

"The *Scientific American* gives us the agreeable information that it is now impossible to construct a burglar-proof safe; for the thief, with his cylinders of compressed hydrogen and oxygen, can in a few seconds burn holes of any size in the hardest metal, his fire-drill enabling him in a few minutes to work his way into the strongest safe that was ever constructed. This application of science to the art of burglary is a trifling perplexing."

Well, gentlemen, there seems to be nothing left but to carry out the old motto, and "fight the devil with fire." Suppose that safes were hereafter to be lined with that exceedingly irascible compound, nitro-glycerine! and the fact should be made known to the thieving public. How many rogues would risk their lives in the explosion which would surely follow the operation of the "fire-drill" spoken of above, or "any other drill"? A "strong-box" would preserve the papers, etc., inside, while the mortal tenements outside would soon be ex-President John Adams said his body was: "An old work which the Builder do not mean to repair!"

THE FRENCH FAIR, held in the Boston Theatre for two weeks, closed on Saturday evening, April 22d. The gross receipts are reported at \$85,000. The goods unsold will be placed in a store to be disposed of in aid of the movement.

Gotham Magdalenes.

We like to read what the secular journals of New York, that have nothing but ridicule and insult for the noble cause of Spiritualism, are forced to utter when they confront the grave social questions which Spiritualism freely deals with, and proposes to turn to reform. The *Herald* has been touching on the Magdalenes of the metropolis, in connection with the Easter celebrations in the rich churches, and it says that "while the Easter-filled churches were ringing to the praises of the poor converted Magdalene, who came down to the tomb of the risen Lord with spices to embalm his body, ninety-seven of that dark sisterhood from which Mary was snatched were on their way to Blackwell's Island. Last evening, the Rev. Mr. Ebbits evidently took that fact as the text of a sermon which he delivered at the Methodist Episcopal church, Washington square. It is time that this ghastly sore should be cauterized by the atonement of the Church, as well as by the mere mechanical operations of police rule. Mr. Ebbits was right in his bold treatment of a professedly delicate subject. Great credit is due to Superintendent Kelso for the manner in which this raid was effected; but we ask, in all seriousness, can nothing be done to prevent these ninety-seven immortal souls from plunging again into guilt upon the expiration of their half year's imprisonment? Can nothing be done to prevent the young and guileless from sinking into the vacant places of these sinks of crime? It is the duty of all to look thoughtfully upon this matter. 'She hath cast down many strong' is Solomon's saying, and yet it is the embodiment of weakness which achieves it. We live in an age of seemingly fervid religion. The pious congratulate themselves on the triumphs of godliness, when all at once that sinister procession of ninety-seven slattern prostitutes through the streets of New York on Holy Saturday offends the precious daylight, and hurts the ear with its illany of shrieks and semi-drunken blasphemies." But what comes of all the preaching, so long as those who sit in cushioned pews and listen to it refuse to extend the slightest personal sympathy, or even recognition, to the unhappy ones whom society tyrannically bans from its presence?

A Curious Book.

"HERMES MERCURIUS TRISMEGISTUS: HIS DIVINE PYRAMIDER," edited by Dr. P. B. Randolph, and issued in Boston by the "Rosicrucian Publishing Company," 89 Court street, has been placed upon our table. The "Prefatory Note" informs us that the Divine Pyramider (or Pyramander, as it is now more commonly rendered, meaning "Shepherd of Men") comes from Egypt; that it opens the way from the World of Shadows to the Realm of Spirit; it treats of Knowledge, Truth, the Human Soul, of Regeneration, of Immortality and of God; that the authorship of the Divine Pyramider is attributed to Hermes Trismegistus, whom Lord Bacon described as illustrious with triple glory—Kingly Power, Priestly Illumination and Profound Wisdom. Farthest back in the twilight of history his name looms up like the pyramids of his native land—so glorious in its greatness, and mighty in its strength, that it has outlived all contemporary records. The present edition of Pyramider is reprinted from the translation of Dr. Everard. It appeared in print in the year 1630, under the auspices of "J. E.," whose address to the reader has been preserved in this work. We have not time to notice this curious book further at present, but shall do so on another occasion.

Music Hall Spiritualist Meetings.

Prof. Wm. Denton, Sunday afternoon, April 23d, gave another of his telling discourses in the above hall. His text was from the Shakespearean quotation—
"In this our life, removed from public haunts,
Finds thoughts in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sonnets in stones, and good in everything."
The theme was treated in the eloquent and highly original way for which the speaker is so justly celebrated, and his remarks called forth the frequent applause of a large audience. The singing by the choir was excellent.

The Closing Lecture.

Prof. Denton will give the closing lecture of this course in the above hall, Sunday afternoon, April 30th. The exercises will be very appropriate for the occasion. Prof. Denton will make one of his masterly efforts in "answering the objections to Spiritualism." We hope Spiritualists will take their skeptical friends with them to hear so able a man as Prof. Denton dispose of, in a scientific manner, the strongest points raised against the spiritual philosophy. The hall should be crowded.

God the Father, and Man the Image of God.

This work of Mrs. King's, just published, is the fourth of the series she promised the public some time since. Like those which have preceded it, it is of a practical character, treating of subjects which pertain to man's highest interests, at the same time that it investigates questions which have claimed the attention of philosophers and thinkers of all ages. It is far-reaching, its author basing conclusions upon facts and analogies drawn from Nature, in its varied manifestations in the past and present, as only one can do who has studied Nature closely and deeply from a standpoint to which man in the flesh has not yet attained. It is not the less practical and important because it is an inspirational work, and it is eminently deserving of the attention of all who are interested in the progressive philosophy of our age.

Anniversary of the Battle of Lexington.

On Wednesday, April 19, 1871, the citizens of Lexington, Mass., and vicinity celebrated the 96th anniversary of the opening conflict of the Revolutionary War, by public exercises of more than customary magnitude. A new Town and Memorial Hall was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies; bells were rung, salutes fired, and a procession passed along the principal streets. An address was offered by Dr. Loring; and the services ended with a banquet. The evening was occupied with a levee, promenade concert, and dance. Large numbers of people attended the celebration, and great enthusiasm was manifested.

Another New Physical Medium.

Frank Stearns, of Rome, Mich., aged fifteen years, has recently become developed as a physical medium. He is not educated; yet, under spirit control, he is quite proficient in speaking, playing musical instruments, and diagnoses diseases, etc. He is also a good test medium. He is traveling in Eastern Michigan with Elijah Woodworth, and holding sances, to the general satisfaction of the people visiting them.

Mrs. Luman White, Winsted, Conn., and Mrs. Merrill, of Hampton Falls, N. H., will please accept thanks for beautiful flowers for our public Free Circle.

Lord Brougham's Testimony.

In the recently published volume of autobiography, from the pen of this man of distinction, occurs a passage of early personal experience that is worthy to be reproduced in these columns. It relates to a mutual pledge taken by himself and a friend, that whichever died first, should, if it were possible, make his appearance to the other in a manner that established the fact of identity. The incident we give just as it stands on the page, with the appended postscript, which clinches the truth of the statement:

"A most remarkable thing happened to me—so remarkable that I must tell the story from the beginning. After I left the High School I went to G—, my most intimate friend, to attend the classes in the university. There was no divinity class, but we frequently in our walks discussed and speculated upon many grave subjects—among others, on the immortality of the soul, and on a future state. This question and the possibility—I will not say of ghosts walking, but of the dead appearing to the living—were subjects of much speculation; and we actually committed the folly of drawing up an agreement, written with our blood, to the effect that whichever of us died first should appear to the other, and thus solve any doubts we had entertained of the 'life after death.' After we had signed the agreement, the college G— went to India, having got an appointment there in the civil service. He seldom wrote to me, and after the lapse of a few years I had almost forgotten him; moreover, his family having little connection with Edinburgh, I seldom saw or heard anything of them or of him through them, so that all the old schoolboy intimacy had died out, and I had nearly forgotten his existence. I had taken, as I have said, a warm bath; and while lying in it and enjoying the comfort of the heat, after the late freezing I had undergone, I turned my head round, looking toward the chair on which I had deposited my clothes, as I was about to get out of the bath. On the chair sat G—, looking calmly at me. How I got out of the bath I know not, but on recovering my senses I found myself sprawling on the floor. The apparition, or whatever it was, that had taken the likeness of G—, had disappeared. This vision produced such a shock that I had no inclination to talk about it, or to speak about it even to Stuart; but the impression it made upon me was too vivid to be easily forgotten; and so strongly was I affected by it that I have here written down the whole history, with the date, 19th of December, and all the particulars, as they are now fresh before me. No one but I had fallen asleep; and that the appearance presented so distinctly to my eyes was a dream, I cannot for a moment doubt; yet for years I had no communication with G—, nor had there been anything to recall him to my recollection; nothing had taken place during our Swedish travels either connected with G— or with India, or with the anything relating to him or to any member of his family. I recollected quickly enough our old discussion, and the bargain we had made. I could not discharge from my mind the impression that G— must have died, and that his appearance to me was to be received by me as proof of a future state."

This was on December 19th, 1799. In October, 1862, Lord Brougham added as a postscript:

"I have just been copying out from my journal the account of this strange dream. *Certissima veritas magis!* And now to finish the story, begun about sixty years since. Soon after my return to Edinburgh, there arrived a letter from India, announcing G—'s death! and stating that he had died on the 19th of December."

Women's Economical Garden Homestead League.

Under this designation a number of ladies have banded themselves together to act for the betterment of the working-women of Boston. The headquarters of the League are at present at Mayflower Hall, 85 Hanover street. It is intended to establish there a Woman's Labor Exchange and Intelligence Bureau. In its printed appeal the League declares that "the great duty of to-day is to help the helpless to help themselves; to induce in the improvident or idle a spirit of industry, thrift and self-reliance; to bring together the worthy and upright of the employing and laboring classes on a fair and mutual basis. While the avenues of labor mostly open to women are overcrowded by anxious seekers for work, few are competent to do any labor really well, or at best are skilled only in parts of trades. While this is so, many must suffer. By learning them various full trades, or even a complete trade, they can easier obtain work and fair wages. This the Homestead League proposes to do as far as possible." And to this end the management ask that contributions, however small, may be forwarded to either of the ladies whose names are here given. Everything which human beings can use, eat, or wear will be of cash value to the League. Such offerings will be gratefully received and acknowledged in the papers. A fair will be held on the first of May, for the benefit of the movement. Aurora H. O. Phelps, Elvira E. Gibson, Annie Getchell, Della P. Day, Rebecca Bowker, Helen Cecilia Lewis, Helen Ripley, Harriet K. Hunt, Angeline J. Wilder, Josephine VanBenthusen, Annie Lewis, Mary Babb, Hannah Maria Jacob, Louisa W. Litch, officers and Executive Committee; Angeline J. Wilder, Treasurer; Elvira E. Gibson, Secretary.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mrs. Abbie W. Tanner will lecture in Lawrence, Mass., April 30th; in Hartford, Vt., May 7th and 21st; in Lawrence, Mass., May 28th; in Salem, Mass., the four Sundays in June.

Fannie T. Young will go West the first of May, passing over the Grand Trunk and Vermont Central Railroad. She would like to receive calls to lecture on that route, for Sundays and week evenings. Write to her at once, care of Dr. H. C. Coburn, Centre Stratford, N. H.

Dr. J. K. Bailey—recently and unexpectedly returned West from a successful tour in Poughkeepsie and New York—made us a fraternal call this week, says the *Chicago Religio-Philosophical Journal*. He looks hale, and appears buoyant in spirits. He expects to labor in this State (Ill.) for a time, first starting out along the C. B. and Q. R. R. Give him plenty of work, friends, and especially just remuneration.

E. V. Wilson will speak the Sundays in May in Kansas City; two Sundays of June in Fort Scott, Kansas; first Sunday in July, in Carthage, Mo.; second Sunday in July, at Springfield, Mo.; August and September, in Minnesota.

Mrs. Juliette Yeaw will lecture in Plymouth, Mass., August 13 and 27; in Putnam, Conn., during September.

J. M. Peebles speaks in Baltimore each Sunday in May. Week-day evenings he expects to lecture in Norfolk, Va., and other localities not far distant from Baltimore. Address, care of Levi Weaver, 23 Charles street, Baltimore.

Mrs. Clara A. Field will speak in Charlestown, Mass., April 30th and May 7th; in Lowell, Mass., May 14th, 21st and 28th. She would like to make further engagements anywhere in the New England States. Address, No. 111 Middlesex street, Lowell, Mass.

"We shall next week pay our respects to 'J. J. Carruthers, D.D., Pastor of the Second Parish,' Portland, Me. A reverend 'D.D.' should possess in a great degree the sublime virtue, CHARITY. Without it, such a person is, in the estimation of all good men and women, 'as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.'"

Hermetists and other Illuminati. Also illustrations of the Vedas; Brahm: The Song of Brahm; and the Small Table.

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Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was written by the Spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. M. Constant.

These Messages are held at No. 156 Washington Street, Room No. 4 (up stairs), on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at two o'clock, service commencing at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.

Invocation. Oh thou Light, shining in the darkness, which the darkness comprehendeth not, we pray thee to deliver us from ignorance, which makes cowards of us all. We pray thee to establish that peace on earth which can come alone as the recognition of the holier, the higher, the divine law. We pray thee to minister especially, through thine angels, to the sick and the afflicted, to those who sorrow in mind or body. And for these mortals we ask, when they shall close the book of this life, may they find upon the title-page of that other reward for every good deed done here. Amen.

Questions and Answers. QUES—(From the audience.) If mind is the result of spirit and matter, would we not naturally conclude that the result is greater than the cause? A.—That depends upon how high rank you give unto mind.

Q.—Well, from what I know of the capacity of mind, it can use the elements, and bring them subject to its own will. A.—You seem to confound the term mind with the term soul.

Q.—They are synonymous. A.—With you, perhaps—not with me. To me, mind is but the glass through which soul reflects itself. Mind is the result of the action of soul upon matter. It is not the soul. I know many ancient and modern scientists so class it; but the scientists in our life make a wide difference.

Q.—I understood the controlling spirit of yesterday to say that mind was the result of spirit and matter. A.—So say I.

Q.—From what we know of mind, I conclude, therefore, that mind is greater than either spirit or matter.

A.—Yes; to human consciousness it is, because it is the only part of spirit or soul that can appeal to your human consciousness. Through the action of the mind, the universe is made clear to the individual. Through the action of mind, the human senses are taught of higher and diviner things than those by which it finds itself surrounded; and thus it becomes to human consciousness an all-powerful teacher. But when divinely considered, it is no more than the pencil in the hand of our Father.

Q.—Would it be correct to say that mind is the manifestation of soul? A.—I have said so, and to me it is correct.

Q.—Is it correct to suppose that the negative can produce the positive? A.—Yes, it is—and a scientific fact capable of demonstration. The positive and negative act with equal force upon each other. They are each producing causes.

Q.—Then the result would be greater than the two elements? A.—Certainly; because the two elements separate would be void of power.

Q.—It has been said that disembodied spirits could not clearly discern spirits in the body. Now, it is well known that many in the form clearly discern disembodied spirits. Have we the advantage over them? A.—Allow me to correct you. Such a statement was never made here, for it could not have been made by any intelligent or non-intelligent disembodied spirit. In all probability, the statement made was this: that disembodied spirits were not able to see you mortals; but it could not have been said that disembodied spirits were not able to see your spirits, for you are each one of you in the spirit-world to day as much as you ever will be.

Q.—Is the power possessed by healing mediums both negative and positive? A.—Certainly; of necessity, being human beings. They would not possess life without possessing both.

Q.—Is the healing power a result of a particular kind of magnetism, or the result of organization? A.—It is more particularly the result of their organization—that organization being so constructed that they can give out of the healing forces which they possess. Some possess them, but have not the power to express them in any degree.

Q.—Those who have a superabundance of the life-principle are good healing mediums, are they not? A.—Yes; that is one correct view, certainly.

Q.—The idea I wished to get at in the first question was this: whether there was an intelligence that existed prior to spirit and matter, as believed by the idealists. A.—I believe that the life-principle, which I term the soul, the soul of the flower, of the bee, of the granite, of water, of the air, of everything, had an existence before objective matter had an existence.

Q.—Do you believe we had a prior existence before we took upon us spirit and matter? A.—Yes, but not as individuals. In the mind of the Great Infinite we had a part, but not as individuals apart from the Great Infinite.

Q.—Do we not exist as the result of the Infinite to-day? A.—Surely—yes.

Q.—And not a part of it? A.—No.

Q.—I do not believe the position to be correct. A.—Then you cannot believe in the omnipresence of your God. If you do, certainly God is every where—in you, in me.

Q.—In his manifestation he is, but not in fact. A.—There you and I differ. I should be sorry to acknowledge myself anything but a part of God.

Q.—I think if I was a part of God I could accomplish more than I do now. A.—The hand cannot be the head—neither can the foot be the hand. A part cannot accomplish what the whole can. You aspire to too much; at all events, you aspire to what you never will reach.

Q.—Is it not best to aspire to that we cannot reach, in order to progress? A.—Yes; the whole Christian world is doing it to-day.

Q.—If we aspire to nothing above the material, we shall not become very ethereal. A.—If you aspire to soar even as far as matter will carry you, you go very high, even into celestial life.

Q.—I thought matter only went forty miles above the earth. A.—Forty miles, forsooth, above the surface of the earth! What are all those shining orbs in space but matter? You will find matter wherever you go.

Q.—Is there any such thing as celestial life without matter? A.—No. To me there are three distinct terms—soul, spirit, and crude matter. The soul is the invisible part, the indestructible, the eternal—never having any beginning, can never have any ending. Spirit is the body proper of the soul; it acts through that upon the body physical, when it is so encumbered. And this spiritual body is a body of etherialized matter, and not so far etherialized but that many of our clairvoyants can see it.

Q.—Spirit, then, is but finer matter. That is my belief. A.—You and I do not differ so much, but it is difficult for us to make ourselves understood, the language by which we express ourselves being so obscure. There is such a confusion of terms in your language that we cannot clearly express our ideas.

Evangeline Shields. I said if it was true I would come. My grandfather Holsten is a believer. My father fell during the war, and left my mother sick, with her aged father dependent upon her and me. I was not old enough to do much for grandfather, but I did what I could till I got sick. I sold small wares on the street. After I got sick some of the charitable people helped us, but we saw dreadful hard times; and grandfather used to say he was glad I was going where there was no more cold and hunger, and where I should not be poor any more. I felt sorry to leave him. I could not believe as he did, but I told him it was true I would come back. And it is true, and I have just such a beautiful home as he told me I should have; and I shall be ready for him any time, and the best part of it is he is coming soon. He prays every day that we may come of us and tell him how long he is to stay here and suffer. He's got the rheumatism, and he is not understood at all. He is dependent upon charity for all he has; but he will be rich when he lays off that body, and he is going to before the flowers come. I know it will be the best news he has ever heard. I wanted to come and tell him. [Where did you reside?] In New York City. I was fourteen years old.

John Peavy. Capt. John Peavy, of Bath, Me., I was. I lived here fifty-eight years—long enough to learn something, if I had not been a fool. I used to make it a point to have prayers and religious services on shipboard, but I did not make it a point that my sailors were well taken care of. I had better have prayed in that way; that had better been my Bible a good deal, and I see it now. Sam Gordon, one of my sailors that was with me the last voyage I made, has invited me to come round and give an account of myself. No doubt he thought I would come here up from below, rather than from above. [He could not have thought very well of you, then?] Well, he has not much reason to; I was very unjust to him, and he has not forgotten it, it is at all likely. But he is kind enough to invite me to come back. I am heartily sorry for all the misdeeds I made in this life, but they are all lessons to me now; and as I am possessed of considerable power, I take delight in going round among masters of vessels, and wherever I find one that is at all impressible, impressing him to the right; and that is impressing them to an entirely different course from what I took. It is only three days ago that I went aboard a merchantman and impressed the captain to throw his Bible overboard, and to go among his men with that native honesty which belongs to himself, and not borrow from Jesus, or Paul, or anybody else. He done it, and if I have any power over him he will keep doing it. He has a large ground which needs to be plowed over and sown with good seed; and if I can do it, why I shall do just so much. And now I have neither silver nor gold—none of the things of this life with which to make reparation to the friend who has kindly invited me to come back, for the wrongs I did him; but I shall do all in my power, spiritually, to aid him, and I thank him from my soul for his kind thoughts of me. Good day.

Frank Germon. I have a friend who is following the same profession that I followed when in the body. He is anxious to become a believer in this Spiritual Philosophy, but he is very much afraid of being humbugged. Having been something like twenty-seven years upon the stage, he has learned something of life, something of the honesty, something of the dishonesty of life. He says how do I know but what all this mediumistic power which I see and hear talked about, is nothing more than acting upon the stage of life—a mere farce, after all? He sits down and he writes a letter to me, intending to send it to me to answer through the mediumship of Mr. Mansfield. But he has not sent it, thinking that, if Spiritualism is true, I can answer it just as well as though he had sent the written document, which, by the way, is not according to the conditions required by Mr. Mansfield's mediumship; therefore I have come here to answer it. While he has the document in his pocket I am here to give him as straightforward and honest an answer as it is possible for me to do. It contains only one question: "Tell me how your last moments on earth were occupied." I answer, they were occupied in repenting the Lord's Prayer. I had been visited by a minister of the Presbyterian persuasion, and he had told me I must be converted to insure happiness hereafter. I said, "What shall I do?" He said, "You must pray." Well, I remembered the Lord's Prayer, and not knowing how, or not having strength of mind to form any other prayer, I kept repeating that, and died with it upon my lips. This friend was with me myself, my brother and the minister—that was all. My brother is with me, the minister is with me; he alone remains. If I have answered the question correct, I ask that he will acknowledge it; if not correct, that he will denounce me and Spiritualism. Frank Germon.

Minnie Wesley Tyler. Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary, and thanksgiving to the power vouchsafed us by which we return after death!

My father, whose name is Alexander Tyler, is missionary at Beyroot, Syria. Before leaving England he learned something of the Spiritual Philosophy, and the hope that it might be true

was treasured in his heart. And when I sickened and neared the new life in consequence of the terrible journey in reaching Syria, he said, "My daughter, if it be possible, come back to me; if it be possible, reveal to me your condition after death."

I have sought the wide world over almost, and I found no place but here. And here I tell him that the beautiful philosophy that he learned the alphabet of, ay, scarcely the first letter of the alphabet, is a truth! a grand, beautiful and everlasting truth! and as much of it as he knows let him preach to those who have need. [Will your father get your message?] I expect he will through his English friends.

Invocation. Breathe thou upon us, oh, Holy Spirit of Truth, that we may live and move in thee. Let thy kingdom come on earth, that is waiting and groaning to be delivered from ignorance—from the darkness of superstition. And leave us not alone in temptation, but deliver us from all evil, and thy kingdom shall be our kingdom, and thou shalt be our God, forever and forever. Amen. Jan. 12.

Questions and Answers. QUES—(From the audience.) Is there any violation of spiritual law in the principle of gambling or lotteries? If so, in what sense? A.—Yes; there is a violation of moral law, and in this sense; he who gambles intends, if possible, to receive something without an equivalent. He may say he gives an equivalent in his superior tact, in the cunning with which he outwits his opponent, but it is not enough. There is a certain recognized interchange of material commodities and spiritual things, recognized not only by the human senses but by the soul—the inner man or woman. The law of Nature is give and take, not take without giving. This is absolute; give and take; sow and reap. If you sow tears you reap tears; you do not reap wheat. Nature teaches you a lesson on this point that should forever settle the question. She gives you in return for whatever you give her; she pays you in your own coin; renders to you an equivalent for what you render to her.

Q.—Does your answer apply to lotteries when several people give the full value of the article and one gets the article? A.—Yes, it does; because each one hopes to be that one—to receive it without paying the just value of the article. It is the principle that is wrong. It is not the mere circumstance, but it is the principle to wish to gain, without an equivalent.

Q.—What is the value of the sacrament called the Lord's Supper? what the great value of it as regarded in the spirit-world? A.—It is of no value in the spirit-world whatever; but as the symbol of an idea it is of value here, because here you need these constant prickings and reminders of duty. Here, beset, as you are, by the realities of human life, you need to be constantly spurred on to duty—to what you owe to the spirit. Jesus inaugurated this symbol of an idea in all simplicity; he did not intend it for all the Christian world—so he says. We have him for authority. He intended it to apply simply to those with whom he was most intimate—with his friends. He met them socially; they, sitting down to a simple supper, he knowing his end was near. And he says, "As often as you do this, do it in remembrance of me," or think of me; let your thoughts go out to me; knowing that if they did, he would gain so much power over matter to return to them and aid them. It is the operation of a simple but grand law running through Nature and through mind.

Q.—And what are we to think of those ideas that have been associated with it in the different branches of the Christian Church—transubstantiation of the Catholic and con-transubstantiation of the Lutheran Church? A.—You may think just this: that there has been a wide perversion of this simple and sacred symbol.

Q.—Last week I laid a letter on the table and received an answer, and it is in regard to that answer that I would like an explanation. The letter contained a very earnest question to my mother, and it was answered by my brother. I do not know that this brother is dead; I have been told he was. Now, why did this answer come from the brother, and not from the mother to whom it was addressed? Can the spirit that controls tell me? A.—In all probability it arose from the fact that the brother was here in communication with this circle, and the mother was not.

Q.—Has there ever been, or is there now going on any manifestation, as far as you are capable of judging, except what is absolutely necessary? A.—No; everything that is, is by virtue of necessity. You live by virtue of a necessity in the great economy of Nature; you die by virtue of that same necessity. And this is true of all departments of existence, from the falling of the pebble in the water to the slipping of the child in prayer. Everything that is, is of necessity.

Q.—Well, then, we had better accept it as coming from a greater wisdom, making the best of it, without complaint. A.—Certainly.

Q.—Are we using a wrong term when we speak of fatalism? A.—No, not if it conveys the true meaning of the idea.

Q.—And what should we recognize as the true meaning of it? A.—The word fatalism is a hard word to some souls, and to others not. It is a fixed, absolute fact to some, and to others it is sunny, hued, and roses grow about it; but if it conveys the idea, it is just as good as any other term. You may change the term to suit the fastidiousness of your hearers, but the idea will remain the same.

Q.—And should we regard the term destiny as identical? A.—Certainly I should.

Q.—How is it that all nations, whether Christian or Pagan, have believed in a Trinitarian God? A.—Well, it comes doubtless from the fact that man, as a savage, ever perceives that he is true. In the infancy of his being he is susceptible to impressions from Nature and Nature's God. They have impressed him with this truth: that he is a trine being; and so he reasons outwardly in this way: If I am three fold, God must be; because he cannot conceive of a God unlike himself. He makes his God according to the quality of his own being, and generally fashions him in the exterior form after his own image. And whatever the leading characteristics of a nation, they endow their God with like qualities. If they are a warlike people, they will have a warlike God; if a peaceable people, they will have a peaceable God.

Q.—Is there any particle of matter in existence that is not the keystone of all the rest? or, in other words, if any particle of matter should be destroyed—if that were possible—would not chaos be the result? A.—Yes.

Q.—A few moments ago you assented to the proposition that it would be better to accept everything as it was, and make no effort against it. A.—The proposition was this: Is it not better to accept things as they are, and make the best of them? I answer in the affirmative. Surely we could do nothing better; to war against them would be futile.

Q.—Does this not have a tendency to make people inactive? A.—If humanity was entirely dependent for the amount of activity it displays from without, then this would be the case; but it is not—as there is a propelling force from within, urging human nature to the highest possible perfection—it is otherwise.

Q.—Why do all religions represent God as incarnated in the human form? A.—Simply because they must have a personal idea to worship, and as the highest representation of all ideas is themselves, of course they incarnate their God in the human.

Q.—History teaches us that this idea of the Trinity and incarnation is common to all religious beliefs. Why does not the Christian Church recognize this? A.—They do not want to admit it, because to admit that would be to admit the possibility of their God's being a fraud.

Joseph A. Southard. My father sent out a thought to know if I was in the spirit-world. That thought has reached me. I left him about forty years ago. I have been in the spirit-world less than seven years—between six and seven. I died at sea, was shipwrecked, and nearly all hands were lost, and those who survived had no knowledge of my being lost, so the news never reached him. But I am alive, and have heard all his calls for me to return, and have endeavored to come on many occasions; but, like many others, I first feared the process of death in return, and next doubted my ability to do what I wanted; so I have stayed away. I am very glad to see him in so happy and calm a state awaiting his change; and when it comes, it will be all, and even more, than he expects.

John Barker. How do you do? You do not know me? John Barker. [How do you do, sir?] I am well. [Come for the second time?] Yes, a little ahead of that—third time. I come to make a few inquiries, as I am not able to get quite so much into the atmosphere of home as I would like. I got permission to come here, and make a few inquiries, and to get a little earthly magnetism to serve as a light to see what is going on here. You see I am learning the ropes. [You were familiar with another kind of ropes, here.] You know I rather turned my back on them, but I see they are useful ropes now. Have my folks given up the idea that I am alive yet? [I do not know certainly. I think from what I can gather that they have.] Do you know where my wife and little Bessie are? [I think they are with your sister; in the same place you left them.] Rather hard on those that are left. [Yes, it is pretty hard for you.] Not so hard for me as for them. I am all right. [They cannot realize that you are able to make yourself known and understood.] Do they realize that I am dead, according to the usual definition of the term? That is what I want to know. [I think they do.] They do not expect then, that I may happen in at any hour? Then I shall know what to do. Thank you. Good day.

Daniel Guild. My name was Daniel Guild. I died in Boston fifteen years ago this month; and I wish by coming here to get into communication with my son William, who is in Boston. I have a communication to make to him specially, which will be of great service to him if he allows me to make it. I do not know as it would be advisable to make it this way unless he wishes it. If he does, I will. [Your age?] Sixty-seven. Jan. 12.

Nellie Atkinson. My brother says, if Spiritualism is true, let my little sister Nellie come, and demonstrate her presence to me. I am that sister Nellie. But it is twenty-seven years since I was little sister Nellie, so he must not expect to find me returning as a child, for I have matured in the spirit-world. But I am his sister Nellie, notwithstanding all the change that has come over me, and I desire to convince him of the truth; desire to show him that spirits can return, that they do live after death. He does not believe it; he has no faith in any life after death. His name is William Atkinson. I was in my twelfth year. I have been gone twenty-seven years.

In reference to the communication of John Barker, the Chairman explained that he was mate of the ship "Java," which was lost when some three or four days out from Yokohama. The owners of the ship have never heard a word from her. They never spoke any vessel after leaving New York City. The shipwreck was caused by an earthquake, or seaquake, as it is called. It was the first voyage of the ship "Java." His family I am quite well acquainted with. The master of the ship, Capt. Basset, has been here. [A GENTLEMAN IN THE AUDIENCE—I know him.] CHAIRMAN.—Did the message sound like him? [Oh yes, indeed.]

Seance conducted by John Wesley; letters answered by William Berry.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED. Monday, Jan. 16.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Deacon George Howard, of Tanglewood, Me., to his family; Sophia Jones, to her sister; Capt. Alexander Stone, of the U. S. Army.

Tuesday, Jan. 17.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Joseph H. L. Taylor, to his friend Daniel Mason; Nellie Abbott, of Lawrence, to her mother; Capt. Graham Basset, to his friends; William Lewis, of Boston, to his mother.

Wednesday, Jan. 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Matthew Hagan, of Boston, to Father Riley; William Tibbitts, of Boston, to his friends; Jennie Johnson, of New York, to her mother.

Thursday, Jan. 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Frederick Ward, to his wife; Hannah Fisher, of Dorchester, Mass.; Deborah Smith, of Elliot, Me.; Sarah Thompson, of O. town, Me.

Friday, Jan. 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Jonathan Wilds, of Boston, to his grandson; George W. Jaeger, of New York, to his mother; Rosalind Davis, of Chicago, to her sister.

Saturday, Jan. 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: O. K. Goodell, of Medford, Mass.; William Cutler, of Medford, Mass.; Lydia Fisher, of Medford, Mass.; Minnie Dalton, of Middleboro, Mass.; to her sister; Dolores.

Sunday, Jan. 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Richard Oney, to his friends; Esthe Invermann, of Boston, to her father; Emma Borrow, of Boston, to her mother.

Monday, Jan. 23.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Moore, to his friends; Jacob Walker, of Camden, N. J., to his mother and sister; Nettie Walker, of Camden, N. J., to her mother.

Tuesday, Jan. 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: "The Doctor," of Laramie, to Henry Phillips; Julia, of Cincinnati, O., to her mother; William March, of Indiana, to his wife.

Wednesday, Jan. 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Annie Hammond, of Cincinnati, O., to her mother; James Alexander, to his brother; James McCall, of Manchester, N. H., to his wife; Baron Von Hamboldt, to students contiguous to Boston.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

ANCONA, N. J.—The first Spiritualist Society of Ancona held meetings each Sunday at 2 P. M. H. P. Fisher, President; J. Madison Allen, Corresponding Secretary. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. on Wednesdays. H. P. Fisher, President. ADRIAN, Mich.—Regular Sunday meetings at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. in Old Fellows Hall, Adrian street. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at same place at 12 P. M. Mr. C. Chase, President.

ANDOVER, O.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. on Wednesdays. H. P. Fisher, President. ADRIAN, Mich.—Regular Sunday meetings at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. in Old Fellows Hall, Adrian street. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at same place at 12 P. M. Mr. C. Chase, President.

APPLINGTON, Wis.—Children's Lyceum meets at 2 P. M. every Sunday. BOSTON, Mass.—Music Hall.—Meetings will be held every Sunday afternoon, at 2 P. M. under the management of Lewis B. Wilson. Prof. William Denton will lecture during April. Music by an excellent quartet.

ELIOT HALL.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. on Wednesdays. ADRIAN, Mich.—Regular Sunday meetings at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. in Old Fellows Hall, Adrian street. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at same place at 12 P. M. Mr. C. Chase, President.

BALTIMORE, Md.—Calvert Assembly Rooms.—The "First Spiritualists" congregation of Baltimore held meetings on Wednesday and Wednesday evenings at 7 P. M. in Calvert Assembly Rooms. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M.

CORRESPONDENT HALL.—The Maryland State Association of Spiritualists held meetings every Sunday in this hall. Levi Weaver, President; Jacob Weaver, Vice Pres.; Geo. Brown, Secretary; Wm. Leonard, Treasurer. Speakers engaged: J. M. Peabody during May. Children's Progressive Lyceum 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. on Wednesdays. Levi Weaver, Conductor; Mrs. Richard Walcott, Guardian; John Henry, Librarian; Miss Anna McCall, Musical Director.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. on Wednesdays. ADRIAN, Mich.—Regular Sunday meetings at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. in Old Fellows Hall, Adrian street. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at same place at 12 P. M. Mr. C. Chase, President.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich.—The First Society of Spiritualists held meetings at Stuart's Hall every Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. on Wednesdays. ADRIAN, Mich.—Regular Sunday meetings at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. in Old Fellows Hall, Adrian street. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at same place at 12 P. M. Mr. C. Chase, President.

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Mar. 18.

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CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The Missouri Democrat, in giving a notice of a call from the Young Men's Christian Association of St. Louis to the business men of the city to meet with and assist them to get a better footing and more influence in the city, fully endorsing the project, and gives its pleasantest smile and sweetest compliments to its sectarian brethren and their efforts to get the control of the business and politics of the city. We are glad to see every effort to unite Church and State in this country, by making the civil power yield to the Church, rebuked by the people in every instance of popular elections. It was partly the fear of sectarian bigotry that turned the city election in St. Louis this spring, and the State election last fall in Missouri, and stirred the political elements to the bottom in Connecticut. If sectarian influence can be brought to bear in the selection of national candidates, there will be an outspoken sentiment in the election that will show those who seek the ruin of this country, (undoubtedly, perhaps,) by a union of Church and State, that there is an eye ever watching with its eternal vigilance the liberty of the people in religious matters. St. Louis is not probably the only place where a young men's Christian association tries its hand at leading the political sentiment of the place; but it is one in which there will be a failure, however much it may hide its sectarian head under the ample folds of charity. There is surely work enough in the field of charity, temperance and social reform for this and every other religious organization, without attempting to subvert the fundamental principles of our government by sectarianizing the business and politics of city, State and nation. Counting Catholics out, St. Louis is not a Christian city. Counting it as Christianity, (which we do), it is a Christian city; and in the breach between the old and the new, or Catholicism and Protestantism, stands the invincible phalanx of Spiritualism to keep them apart and prevent either from getting control of the country; and whilst we belong to neither, we can face the enemy in either direction, when we know it to be such.

THE SOCIAL EVIL.

The following are the opening and closing paragraphs of an excellent article by an anonymous writer in the St. Louis Democrat on the question that has so sorely puzzled the authorities of this and all other large cities, and which has not yet been reached for want of proper treatment of the patrons from both sexes:

"Whatever we are or possess, is composed of three things—the soul, the body, and the goods. For the preservation of these three, there are three corresponding grades of learned men, each ordained respectively to take care of that special branch which is committed to his charge—the theologians for the soul; physicians for the body, and lawyers for the safety of the goods.

We entrust our souls to theologians, who are disbelievers; our bodies to physicians, who never take physic, and our goods to lawyers, who never sue one another.

In addition to the above learned men, we have a class who assume to have solved the great problem of reducing the spread of the social evil by registration. Now, this great problem has puzzled the minds of learned men from the earliest period down to the present day, and still it remains unsolved.

If the fear of the surgeon does not restrain parties, all imaginable laws and regulations will not accomplish the desired object of diminishing the evil. The doctor and his instruments are a more potent terror than the commandment of Moses. Every young man and woman, for their own caution, must be educated in the knowledge of their own bodies and natures. The plaster cast at Pope's College would do more effective service in correcting the social evil than all the homilies of the Board of Health, or the fees of the registration officers. If, in connection with such frightful cases of secret disease, there could be attached a hospital where the specialty of permanent or thorough cures was established for the benefit of the public, free of charge, and where, unobserved, the sufferer could be healed, another evil would be checked, and the trade of the charlatan and quack would be broken up."

BAD USE OF POWER.

It is certain that the Christian churches of St. Louis or of New York could, by good and proper use of their influence, put a stop to public drunkenness, and shut up all the grog-shops in both cities, if not entirely reform in this respect the population. It is also certain that the Christian churches of the enlightened nations can at any time stop all farther wars, and stop the distilleries and general use of alcoholic drinks, if they would use the power they possess for that purpose. Since they do not use the power they possess for these great reforms, and since both wars and drunkenness have been carried on generally and extensively under Christian rule, we propose to hold them to a strict account for the bad use of the power they possess. They preach peace and temperance, and practice war and drunkenness—at least, aid and abet both. The Catholics alone have votes enough in their control to stop every grog-shop in New York or St. Louis; and why do they not do it, and save the enormous expenditure for poverty and crime? One reason only we see why they do not; and that is, that drunkenness greatly increases the general ignorance on which the church depends for its existence and power, and hence it must not cut off its own support. Unitarians, Universalists, Swedenborgians and other enlightened sects do not depend on the ignorance, and hence they do generally cooperate with Spiritualists and other reformers in efforts to reform society; but we are not yet strong enough to overcome the ignorant masses that swarm around the altars of more popular societies, as well as around the liquor stands of drunkenness.

A traveling correspondent of the Interior, writing from the Holy Land, gives us the following theological gems:

THE SEA OF GALILEE,
Oct. 29, 1870.
CANAN.

It was a beautiful morning when we left Nazareth, the heat being moderated by the cool breeze which swept over the hills of Galilee. An hour's ride brought us to Cana, where Christ wrought his first miracle. The mother of Jesus, no doubt, was accustomed to visit this village of Galilee, removed by so short a distance from her home, and an invitation to the marriage of a friend furnished the occasion for this first display of that miraculous power which subsequently filled the land with the fame of Jesus of Nazareth. Cana is a small village, with nothing to attract the traveler excepting a few groves of olives and figs, and its sacred associations. A Greek church occupies the site, and is built of the material of the house in which the miracle just alluded to was wrought. This is a low, unobtrusive building. Near by is the fountain from which the water was drawn which was converted into wine.

This traveler must be grossly ignorant of the

recorded miracles of Jesus to call this the first, when the apocryphal books contain records of scores, if not hundreds, wrought before this one, and certainly as well authenticated as this.

Who will believe the story about the old house being built into a church, and the very spring being now known where the water was procured for a wedding, when no scrap of record was made of the event for over a century, and then only by such fabulous writers as those of the apocryphal and canonical revolvers?

THE THIEF ON THE CROSS.

One would hardly think the World's Crisis could argue, or interpret, the penitent thief said to have been crucified with Jesus, and who so loudly repented, out of heaven, especially after the apostle makes Jesus say emphatically, "Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." Either Jesus did not say it, or he did not mean what he said, or did not know what he said, or else both must have gone that very day to Paradise for their crosses, for the crucifixion could not be Paradise. When any passage of Scripture stands in the way of a creed, our brethren have a facility of explaining and expounding it, to cut off entirely its plain meaning, and such the above parable has in so explaining this that it may save Jesus from death, and send the thief away with the sleepers, where he is yet waiting for the coming of the kingdom, when he shall be recognized as one that repented and was forgiven by Jesus in person. It is a long time to wait, when he was promised his Paradise that very day.

BEHIND TIME.

Bro. J. Gay, who preaches about a future and physical resurrection, says: "We mourn, but not without hope; and are looking for the resurrection morning, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and live." This reminds us of the Jews who were looking for a Christ long after the only one they were ever likely to have, had come and gone, and some of them may be looking yet, for aught we know, while the Christians attribute it to their blindness in not seeing the Godship in Jesus. So Bro. Gay is wholly blind to the evidence, which is abundant, that the dead are raised and do live already, and that there is no further need of hoping or looking, except to realize the fact, and enjoy it as do those who know their friends whose bodies are buried are still living and visiting them from their spirit homes. But it seems in all ages the fate of some to be blind to the great truths about them.

WISCONSIN RIGHTED.

We are glad to learn, through the Religio-Philosophical Journal, that the Legislature of Wisconsin has repealed the disgraceful statute, passed one year ago, imposing fines and imprisonment on those who healed the sick without regular diplomas from some medical faculty or five years' practice in the State. We were really ashamed of the State whose constitution and first statutes we helped to make, when we saw its disgraceful imitation of Ohio, in attempting to prevent people from getting well without medicine and without employing a regular physician; but we are glad to see that one year was long enough for the people to be duped by tyranny under the name of protection. A rose by any other name is said to smell as sweet; and it may be said that tyranny by any other name will oppress as unjustly.

RE-INCARNATION.

A pamphlet of some sixteen pages has reached our table, entitled "An Appeal to the Leaders of Spiritualism in England and America," being extracted from the Aurora, published in Florence. It is an appeal in behalf of Allan Kardec and re-incarnation, with a protest against the cavalier treatment of the subject by Emma Hardinge and others. It seems like an appeal to the Spiritualists to acknowledge Allan Kardec as the Swedenborg of Spiritualism, and his teachings as authority and belief. We have no objection to any one calling him master, as the writer does, who chooses to do so, but we are not prepared for a master nor for a leader, and seriously object to being recognized as one of "the leaders," preferring to paddle our own canoe and nobody's beside.

A. P. McCOMBS, editor of the *Illavo Republican*, published at Havre De Grace, Md., at the conclusion of an able criticism on the late convention of theological bigots held in Philadelphia, says:

"We deny that this is a Christian government. The majority of the people of the United States are Christians, at least in name; but the protecting arms of the government is extended to every inhabitant of the land; and whether he be Christian, Jew, Mahometan, or heathen Chinese, and whether he worships and prays to the Christ of eighteen hundred years ago, the coming Messiah, Mahomet, or the Imperial Joes, or all of them or none of them, as his conscience or judgment may dictate, he is entitled to exact and full consideration, and equal protection in the exercise of these rights by our civil law; and he who dares to dictate to control or influence any man in his religious opinions through civil enactments is an enemy and a traitor to the fundamental principles of true republican government. Liberty of conscience is as dear to American freemen as the crimson current that warms their hearts, and will never be given up without a mortal struggle. In this republic, let the temporal and spiritual institutions of the land stand independent of each other forever."

San Antonio, Texas.

The lecture of Mr. White, Saturday evening, was not as fully attended as it should have been, owing to the want of notice, but the audience present listened, highly interested, to his presentation of the spiritualistic idea of the future life. At the close of the lecture much amusement was furnished the audience by the attempt of an individual to reply. Mr. White bore his broad reflections with remarkable patience, and, with a few words, left him in a confused condition, from which he did not seem to recover. The short discussion was decidedly refreshing and entertaining, and the speaker of the evening was not annihilated, as one would have supposed him about to be by the style in which his opponent commenced the debate. It is doubtful if he ventures into the arena against Mr. White again.

Mr. N. Frank White lectured again Sunday night, at Muench's Hall, to a better audience than that of Saturday night, yet not so large as should have favored him, for we believe there is an appreciation in our city of the gift of eloquence, which Mr. White certainly possesses to a remarkable degree. The subject (infidelity) was handled in a masterly manner, and held the audience (from which the bellows individual of Saturday night was missing) in rapt attention to its close. The "raps," to which the speaker called attention, were distinct upon the platform, and to be heard from any part of the hall. Mr. White lectures again to-night, in the Casino, if it can be secured; if not, in Muench's Hall. It is to be hoped the citizens of San Antonio, with regard to belief, will give him a good hearing, and not permit him to leave with the poor idea of our appreciation of talent.—*Daily Herald*.

The Boston Transcript intimates that many of the members of the Massachusetts Legislature who recently voted for the re-enactment of the Prohibitory law, are known to furnish intoxicating liquors to their guests, and to accept invitations to drink whenever they are asked.

SOUTHERN LOCALS, Etc.,

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

A Trip to Nashville, Tenn.

April 18th we left Louisville, Ky., for a journey south. At the Louisville and Nashville Railway Depot we enjoyed a brief conversation with D. W. C. Rowland, Esq., the Superintendent of Transportation on this line. Mr. Rowland is a genial gentleman. He understands his business, and is fully aware of his heavy responsibilities; and while realizing the importance of his official position, and while maintaining it with becoming dignity, still he does not assume that arrogance and bombast which too many, holding offices of lesser note on rail ways, and others, who are subordinates in hotels, seem to take delight in. We are compelled to admit that officials on railroads and in hotels and in mercantile houses in the South are, in the majority of instances, capable of setting an example worthy of imitation to their co-workers of the North and East. This conviction has been dawning upon us slowly for some time, and now we give it emphatic utterance. Superintendent Rowland put us in charge of Conductor W. H. Witky, who runs train No. 1, which leaves Louisville at nine A. M. for Nashville.

The Principal Towns

On this route, (which, by-the-way, is the only route to Nashville), are Elizabethtown, Cave City, (nine miles from Mammoth Cave), Bowling Green, (branch to Memphis), Franklin and Gallatin.

On the Road.

Kentucky is behindhand on railway lines; but a progressive spirit is fast infusing itself into the people. Several new roads are contemplated, and one or two are in process of construction. The country is sparsely settled, and a majority of the towns that the trains stopped at for the first fifty or sixty miles did not amount to much. The soil—red clay mixed with gravel—looks rather unproductive, and the country is but lightly timbered. The railroad men say that this is the poorest section in the whole State. We believe them, for, on approaching

Bowling Green, Things looked differently. More thrift and enterprise and neatness were manifested in the towns, and the farms appeared to a much better advantage.

For a dollar greenback one gets a first-class dinner at Bowling Green, and the waiters are very attentive. The more frequent your calls upon the colored individual for this and that, the more he thinks of you. And then he has such an easy, graceful, swinging style of movement that you really enjoy seeing him get around. Of course we are writing now as an uneducated Yankee, who went South with his imagination full of notions of malignant and infernal diabolical

"Ku-Klux." And who was treated so like a prince that he is almost tempted to give up his long cherished idolatry about the immaculate qualities of "Yankee Notions." We are now at Bowling Green, taking dinner, and when suggesting that hot cakes are better than cold ones, we get the kind we like, and are not told, as we were in a place not a thousand miles from Chicago—when offering the same thought—to "eat what was before us and dry up."

"No. 44."

Since our sixty miles' ride on a locomotive, on the North Missouri Railway, we have cast our glance in a most professional manner on engines. We are thoroughly versed in the nomenclature of the engineer's fraternity. We can grasp the "throttle valve" in a manner that brings delight to experienced engineers. Our glance at the "steam gauge" indicates wisdom. But when it comes to "firing up" we resign the shovel to other hands.

Realizing that we were approaching a better portion of the State, we thought an outside view—a ride on the engine—would give us a more perfect idea of the country. While Conductor Witky was enjoying his cigar after dinner, we suggested this idea to him. He smiled, evidently thinking that we, too, belonged to the "witty" family, and conducted us forward to the engine (No. 44), and introduced us to the engineer, Mr. Samuel Chapman, and the fireman, Mr. Charles Hope.

Mr. Hope gave up his "box" to us. We said to Mr. Hope that we "hoped" we should not be in the way, and that we regretted depriving him of his seat. Mr. Hope said he "hoped" that we would annihilate such fears without ceremony; and Mr. Hope also added that it was his "hope" to make the ride a pleasant one. Mr. Chapman said he "hoped" so, too, and just then the "signal bell" rang, and off went the train.

Now, reader, we won't be selfish. You shall have a seat in "No. 44," and we will see the country together.

"Down Grade."

See! we are approaching a "down grade." You can tell; for, as you look ahead, the line of the track suddenly disappears. We are reaching the little rise of ground, and now the "grade" is in full view. How curious it looks—that is, to the unprofessional eye, one of whom, remember, we are not! It looks as though we had a hill to go down, and then, away yonder, one to ascend.

How fast we travel! Gracious! hold on tight! Let us look for something, and pray with all our might that we shall not find it, viz.: a broken rail! How fast we go! Whizz—slam!—bang! Telegraph poles seem to have a strange affinity for one another. And now, when we are really driving along at a rate of fifty miles an hour, the fences are almost undistinguishable, trees look like cornstalks, and those delectable telegraph poles seem to be dancing a "Can-can." Here we are now at

Franklin,

a very pretty town, so neat and tidy—houses well painted, fences whitewashed, etc. This seems like New England. Mr. R. D. Salmon (one of the heaviest stockholders of this company) has an elegant residence near the railway station. His grounds are laid out with exquisite taste. Cedar trees, well trimmed, add beauty to the scene, and highly-finished statues are grouped artistically together. Ease and grace and comfort seem depicted everywhere. This is a type of the Southern home. Franklin is the last station on this line in Kentucky.

Away we go again. Nature assumes her best postures through this region. Here we are at

Gallatin, Tenn.,

the county seat of Sumner County. This is a growing town. A short stop here, and on we go. Think of it! the 18th of April, and it seems like midsummer! The trees are fully leaved out, the fields and hills look beautiful in their covering of green. Vegetation, too, is far advanced. The season is early, they tell us. How soft and balmy the air! Ah! we are beginning to get a touch of the "sunny South." The scenery is grand. This is the Italy of America. An Easterner going West is charmed with the extensive horizon. No huge mountains rush aloft to kiss the stars, and bind him in, and, as it were, check the circumference of his activities. The horizon is immense. He lives, seemingly, in a bigger world. But after this has ceased to be a novelty, the individual yearns

for delightful scenery. In this, the West fails. Those prairies present nothing but a dead level, and it becomes monotonous. But here is Tennessee. Now that we are approaching

Nashville,

We become convinced of the intrinsic beauty of the country, for it possesses the extensive horizon which gives man such energy and inspiration, and also that happy undulation of the surface of the country into hills and valleys and ravines, which is so essential to the lovers of the picturesque in Nature.

Edgeville.

This town is separated from Nashville by the Cumberland River. There are many elegant private residences here. Now we have a fine view of Nashville. Steamers cluster together on the levee. We can see the big warehouses; the State House looms up, and the first impression is that Nashville is a lively place.

Here we are in Nashville. And now as to what we saw there, we must address the reader in the classical phraseology of the weekly story papers, and say,

"See the next Banner of Light."

CERIAS B. LYNN.

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