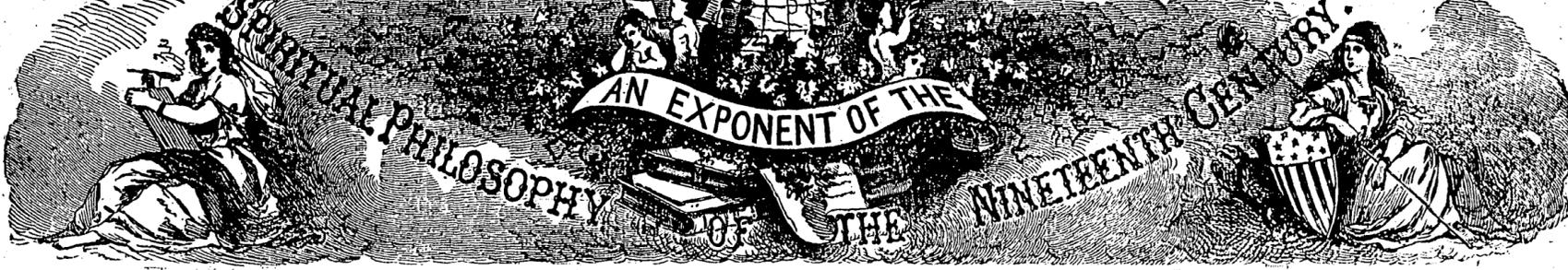


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXXI.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1872.

(\$3.00 PER ANNUM,  
In Advance.)

NO. 14.

## Free Thought.

### CONFIDENTIAL SUGGESTIONS, TO THOSE WHO BELIEVE IN PROGRESS.

Brethren and Friends—It is confidently affirmed that there are several millions of believers in Spiritualism in this country, and the fact is conceded by those who are most hostile to its principles and its progress. It is of course impossible to determine our numbers, even with probable accuracy, since we have no organization that represents the body, and no reliable statistics. It is, however, undeniable that our numerical force is very large; that the influence of our cardinal principles and ideas is widely and deeply felt; and, hence, that we possess latent powers sufficient, if they were called into action, to create a revolution in Church and State. If these silent forces, now so manifest to the careful observer, could be gathered up by some strong hand and brought to bear upon the evils of our corrupt civilization, we should soon witness results that would arrest public attention and astonish the world. Nor is it necessary to wait in listless inactivity the advent of some great master spirit capable of holding the four winds in his palm. We may do some important things, if we are so disposed, and we may do them now. And here I will briefly specify some of the things to which reference is made.

1. In the light of our philosophy we may institute a far more perfect system of Education. We may adopt such improved methods of physical training, intellectual discipline and moral development, as shall greatly diminish the number of those poor creatures who now live but to caricature human nature. We are poor interpreters of the grandest truths, if, at this late day, we are not prepared to better comprehend the powers and possibilities of the human mind than those who founded our institutions. We are grossly ignorant in the practical exposition of the noblest principles, if we are not yet ready to form a serious purpose and to perform an earnest work in this direction. We want a great Normal University for both sexes, where the more important living tongues, the whole circle of the Sciences—not omitting the Science of Life—all the elegant and useful Arts and honorable Industries, and every branch of useful knowledge, shall be taught by competent masters, and experimentally illustrated, not by the professors alone, but by the pupils. This we might have in successful operation within five years if, as a body, we were so disposed. Shall we take hold of this work in earnest, or shall we unwisely neglect the great opportunity Providence has placed in our way?

2. We can do something to purify the sources and channels of political influence, by our example in supporting only honest and capable men for official places. Those who are willing to barter their long-cherished principles for a sorry chance in a desperate political game; the gamblers for power, who go up and down seeking opportunities to do mischief; who stake the national honor as freely as one throws his last napoleon on the gaming-table at Baden or Homburg; men of doubtful loyalty, with confused ideas of justice, elastic consciences and unclear records, are men on whom we should turn our backs, and leave them to the retribution that awaits all who consciously violate their most sacred obligations.

3. We should bring the whole weight of our influence to bear on the criminal code. We know more of the intricate springs of human feeling, thought, motive and action than those who framed the laws against crime and criminals. Men are hung every day for deeds that are the offspring of disease, often inherited, and for which they are no more responsible than others are for the infusion of syphilitic poison or scrofula into their blood. Society goes on perpetrating these bloody deeds in the name of law and religion, and shall we do nothing to arrest this barbarous business?

4. The Press, which should be a chief bulwark of individual virtue, domestic peace and public order, is rapidly becoming an engine of immense evil. From day to day it spreads out the shocking and loathsome details of the whole catalogue of crime. This mass of putrescent matter is devoured at the breakfast-table, and anything is left, it is reserved to season the evening repast. The young foster a morbid appetite for unclean things, and they inevitably grow like the vile stuff they feed upon. The truth of this observation might be illustrated by numerous examples, but one will be quite sufficient: Some time since, a characteristic specimen of young America (the case occurred under my own observation) came running to his mother—his face aglow with enthusiasm—and shouting at the top of his voice, "Mother! there's glorious news this morning!" "What news, my son?" inquired his maternal guardian. "Why, mother, there's three murders, two burglaries, a rape, four cases of assault and battery, and the biggest kind of a fight!" Very likely that mother read sensation stories and the "Day's Doings" before he was born. Against this prostitution of the press, and this corruption of human nature, we should set our faces like steel. The country should at least sustain one paper of an opposite character.

We want a journal that shall faithfully record the noble deeds of good men and gentle women, who labor and suffer in patience; whose hands are always open to the needy, and whose feet are swift to go on errands of mercy. Such a record would improve the moral health of the community. It would furnish numerous and powerful incentives to charitable deeds, and thus become a minister of blessing to the poor. By all means let us have one paper that is not disfigured by the trail of the serpent. We want a daily or weekly exposition of whatever of good there is in man—a paper that shall come to our firesides radiant with characters of light and labors of love.

We find fault with the existing institutions,

while we do little or nothing either to improve them or to establish others more worthy of the age in which we live. We ought, however, to manifest a becoming interest in the welfare of society by contributing to found other and better institutions, which shall be an honor to the country and a blessing to mankind. Nor is it necessary to postpone this work until we can all precisely agree about everything else. That time will never come. Such unity of opinion is neither possible nor desirable; and the absence of impossible conditions is no justification of idleness. Hitherto we have done nothing really worthy of a great cause. We take time to gratify private curiosity in the realm of mystery. We follow those who exhibit the greatest signs and wonders, and would dine on a fresh miracle every day if it were possible. But as to any practical work—any labor of love and public utility, we are, comparatively speaking, idlers; or, at best, unprofitable servants. More money can be raised to build a single sectarian temple; to purchase a yacht for pleasure parties; or to defray the expenses of a single evening entertainment, than whole States have given to a cause that demonstrates the certainty of our immortality. I do not mean to say that Spiritualists are naturally less liberal than other people; nor do I dispute the fact that they contribute to support many public institutions. On the contrary, I am painfully reminded that they often help to strengthen those that wield a despotic power. But we have founded no institutions that represent our own clearer light and deeper comprehension of the necessities of mankind. We have yet to determine the outlines and fashion the character of the first important public institution. Much less have we fairly infused the pure spirit and lofty freedom of our ideal into a single enduring symbol of the Spiritual Philosophy.

I have some definite proposals to make which will form the subject-matter of another article. In the living spirit of the Gospel of To-day,  
Yours truly,  
S. B. BRITTON, M. D.

### THE GRAND PEACE JUBILEE.

BY JOHN W. DAY.

Notwithstanding the first untoward circumstance in the erection of the Coliseum, the work is now rapidly progressing to a close, and it is announced will be ready for the commencement of the great oration on the 17th of June. There are to be sixteen flights of stairs in the Coliseum, two at each end under the galleries and leading from the main entrances, then on either side of the stage front there will be entrances; and four on each side leading from the side by steps from the parquette to the stage floor, and in the rear of the auditorium, and the broad flight leading from the parquette to the gallery. In the introduction of gas to the building four miles of piping will be required. The latest estimates make the number of burners four thousand. Every one of the tall columns will carry two brackets, with twelve burners each.

The indefatigable labors of all parties concerned with Mr. P. S. Gilmore in the gigantic undertaking, are ripening to fruition, and a musical entertainment such as has seldom, if ever, been furnished in the history of civilized men, will soon be recorded as having been successfully carried out in Boston. Musicians from the Old World, speaking different tongues, but brothers in the soul of their song, combining with the younger artists of the New, will seem to utter thrilling notes, prophetic of the hour when "nation shall no more lift the sword against nation," but fraternity shall claim all as links in its golden chain. As the details of the enterprise are so well and so fully given in the daily press, a repetition in your columns seems unnecessary. The following hymn by Mrs. Helen A. Brigham has been submitted to the committee on music, and is worthy of a wide perusal:

#### THE WORLD AT PEACE.

The morning light is breaking,  
The world's long night is o'er,  
The song of angels waking  
Swells on from shore to shore.  
The song by angels given  
To hail redemption's birth,  
Now echoes back to heaven—  
"Good-will and peace on earth."  
No threat of foes engaging  
Sends up its hoding sound;  
No clash of battle raging  
Is heard the earth around.  
Nor weak may fear the stronger,  
Nor grief her slain deplore,  
The sword is king no longer,  
The nations war no more.

Their thousand banners meeting,  
First free to every breeze,  
And fit to flag gives greeting  
On all the friendly seas.  
High waves each banner glorious,  
In love and joy unfurled,  
For peace lifts up victorious  
The banner of the world!  
All hail, thou hope of ages!  
Blest day desired of old,  
By prophets, bards and sages  
In every land foretold.  
The world's long strife is ending;  
The Truce of God appears,  
When Peace, her throne ascending,  
Shall reign a thousand years!

Some remarkable meteoric stones have recently been carried from Greenland, by an Arctic exploring party, to Sweden. The largest of them weighs twenty-one tons, and has a cross section of forty-two square feet in the largest part. Fragments of the meteorites were found embedded in the basaltic rocks on which the stones were resting, and Prof. Nordenskiöld conjectures that the great meteoric shower in which they fell must have been coincident with an eruption of molten basalt through the crust of the earth. There were awful spectacles in those days.

The people of Chicago are taking airs because they have the Tabellara Fenestrata, the Frogtaria Crotonessa, the Sarirella Spindida and Stephanidiscus Niagara in their drinking water.

## The Lecture Room.

### JAMES M. PEEBLES AT MUSIC HALL.

The University of Change; All Things Governed by Law; Hosa Ballou; "What is the Spirit of Man? A Greek Church Funeral; "What is the Soul's Destiny?"  
(Reported for the Banner of Light by John W. Day.)

In his opening remarks the speaker said: The hour is dark and stormy and dreary and sad. [Referring to the storm outside.] On this April day, instead of seeing the earth clothed in garments of green, instead of beholding the opening buds and inhaling the fragrance of flowers, we mark that the face of Nature is veiled in the white robe of the snow. For, as the poet hath it, "Winter, lingering in the lap of spring," spreads its list tokens over valley and hill. Nature's changes are ever performing their endless round. No man bathes twice in the same stream; no mortal inhales twice the same elements into his system from the air around. Everywhere are marked change, decay and death. Before the farmer can hope for the vernal wheat-field, the kernel must first die in the damp, cold ground; before our souls can attain to the enjoyments of the immortal life, the body must first waste and decay in the dark bosom of our common mother—earth. Before we can hope to greet our loved ones freely and without restraint in the land beyond, we must cast aside the earthly garment of dust. And yet, in a scientific sense,

#### NOTHING IS LOST.

In the divine economy of Infinite Wisdom and Truth, every atom is for use, and is eternal and indestructible. The storm that roars so fearfully with thunder tones in the summer time purifies the air, and gives renewed vigor to life—animal and vegetable. The shower that rusts the Western farmer's wheat makes glad the pastures of New England. The stars that seemingly fade away from our portion of the sidereal heavens, go to illumine some other part of the broad and grand creation of God; the beautiful dewdrops that, in the early morning, reflect like diamonds the leveled sunshine, blessed away by the rising day-god, mount up in vapor, to descend again, refreshing a thirsty land; and flowing through brooks to rivers, from rivers to the broad ocean; and no nothing is lost in Nature. Thus the great cycle of change rolls round and round. In other words, God governs the earth by ever-recurring facts and established laws. There is no miracle—so called—in the universe. There is no personal Devil seeking to devour the children of men; there is no endless hell, roaring with the fires of their unspeakable torment; because God is in all things, as the divine presence, as a living principle in all forms, from the grain of sand to the starry worlds, and thence to the brightest archangels of heaven!

#### "IS EVIL GOOD?"

Hosa Ballou, once well known here as a Universalist minister, was, on a certain occasion, preaching in New Hampshire, from the text: "For of him, and through him, and to him are all things; to whom be glory forever. Amen." And in the course of the sermon he said distinctly that God governed the universe, was the sole principal cause of all things, and that all things were moving on to one end; and hence there was no absolute or endless evil; but that all things were essentially overruled for good. When he had finished his discourse, an Orthodox clergyman present rose and asked if he might submit a question for his consideration. "Yes," replied Ballou. "Then," asked the Orthodox champion, "is evil good?" "Not till we see the end of it," replied Ballou. "What a beautiful answer! We must see through it all before we can see how, in some mysterious way, our sorrow is assuaged and the dross of seeming evil is transmuted into the fine gold of good. It is related of Sadi, a Persian poet, that he was once in the northern part of that country, in the winter time. His feet were cold, and his body was chilled, as he walked along amid a severe storm, and he began to contrast his situation with the rest of mankind, and to complain against God. "And, while he was thus murmuring, he overtook a poor fellow traveler who had no feet; his thought was changed at the spectacle, and he blessed and thanked God that at least he had feet, though they were so bitterly cold. Louis Kosuth could never have become the eloquent champion he was for human liberty, had it not been for the severe discipline of an Austrian prison. John B. Gough could never have been the remarkable orator he is to-day, in the cause of temperance, had it not been for the fearful experience through which his line of life passed. He tells his life; he says: I was situated in certain ways; behold me as I was; see me now as I am! and his words have a power over his auditory which they never could have had had he not felt the scourge and curse of inebriation.

#### NO RETROGRESSION.

I hold that there is no such thing in the universe of God as absolute retrogression; therefore from a grain of sand, to God's highest angel, the same law of progress, unseen to us, is calling all things ultimately up the steps of the ages. "But," says some one, "did not the prodigal take a downward course when he left his father's house and home?" I answer that each step was one toward a better state of mind and conduct, for by it he was led nearer to and through those damning experiences that he required to arrest his attention, point out his folly, and lead him to higher things. By those experiences he learned to appreciate his father's house and home. And so, when I see men seemingly loitering away the golden hour of advantage, I feel that a divine hand is over them all—that there is a bound fixed for them, beyond which they cannot go. Comelike they may seem to burst beyond the control of our social or moral systems, but, like that comet, the law of the Eternal shall bring them inevitably back to our system once more.

#### DEATH NOT AN EVIL.

Then that which is called death, is not an evil. Thinking men do not die because Adam fell—because Cain (pardon me, I had almost forgotten what Cain did)—because Cain killed his brother, or because Bonaparte crossed the Alps; but because of a natural law, by and in obedience to which, death severs the partnership between the spiritual body and the physical framework. If, some fifteen years ago, I had been asked what was the immortal spirit of man, I should have said it is a thin, gossamer like something that floats about after the change of death, somewhere—I hardly know where—till the great resurrection day, when it will return, taking on again the tenement of clay, and rise to some located heaven, where it will serenade the Almighty forever! But now I should say this, if asked the same question: The spirit is something or nothing—that is clear. If the spirit is nothing, we will not spend our time talking about the salvation of a precious nonentity; but if it is something, then it is a refined substance, which can pass through the apparently dense materials of earth, as sunshine passes through glass.

#### WANTED—A CLEAR DEFINITION OF TERMS.

Man is a triune being. Now if there is any one thing that Spiritualists lack, it is a clear definition of terms. What many call the power of clairvoyance, our friend A. J. Davis considers to be, and denominates as, the "superior condition." And this is only an example of the difference between the signification attached to terms by many others. I like to compare man to an orange, which contains the three divisions of rind and pulp and seed. I would liken the rind to the physical form of man; the pulp to his spiritual entity; and the seed to the particular portion of God—or God made manifest in the flesh—which is his interiorly. Now, when death comes, and we throw off the exterior covering of a physical form, we are still dual; and the inferior essence survives even change in the spirit-form—and so, back through every link of the mysterious chain, all is traceable to the great fountain of Causation.

#### "HOW DO SPIRITS INFLUENCE MEDIUMS?"

And here comes in the power of psychology. The speaker said this was spread through society in a broader measure than generally supposed. Men who drive good bargains are always psychologists; revivalists; to a man, are psychologists—It is the supreme secret of their influence over susceptible temperaments. When Mr. Peebles was about fifteen years old he was psychologized by a Baptist clergyman—he was under his influence and felt his feelings, and of course supposed he had "got religion;" but as soon as he went out into the fresh air, he came out of it. [Laughter.] I am often asked: "How do spirits influence mediums?" The speaker gave an account of his experience as a psychologist, on board the steamer "Sonora," bound for California some years since, wherein he had told the Captain that he could bring the ship's purser under his influence, and make him dance, see Indians, insects, or anything he chose; but both parties denied his power. He took the purser's hand, brought him under the influence of the psychological power he possessed, and while in that condition he saw all that the operator desired—he was a part of the magnetizer for the time being. One evening, after the first experiment, Mr. Peebles asked his subject if he knew who he was? The gentleman replied by giving his name, but was informed that he was not the purser, but Henry Clay. The lecturer then proceeded to tell this improvised statesman that the country was in great danger—that yonder was a vast audience who wished to know his views, and desired him to ascend the rostrum and give forth his advice. The subject sprang upon the table and proceeded to deliver a speech which the lecturer impressed upon his mind—he (Mr. Peebles) standing behind him and being successful even in causing him to make the gestures which he desired. On that occasion his (Peebles's) soul was within his body, but was influencing the other man to speak his words and do its acts. But if he had died that night, and his spirit had become free from the physical form, his power—in reason—would not have been decreased by such an event. No; he could have taken—as all spirits do—the hand of the medium in his spirit-hand, (just as he had done in the physical) and psychologized him in just as natural a manner. The medium would have become spasmodic, as in the case of trance mediums generally; by-and-by he would have become entranced, and then the lecturer's spirit could have given—had it desired—an address through that organism. Yesterday he was a mortal, living on earth, and psychologizing his fellow-mortals—to-day he is a spirit, entrancing and using a mortal organism according to his will. The law is the same: mind or spirit controls mind or spirit, whether one or both be in the mortal state of existence.

#### THE MUSLIM GRAVEYARD.

While in the East, the lecturer went across the Bosphorus from Constantinople to Scutari, with some friends, not only to see the Derivishes, but also to visit a Moslem graveyard, which was there located. He found the place quite pleasant, with many trees; nearly every monumental stone was crowned with the turban or the crescent. He desired in this connection to correct a mistake which was wide-spread among the people of our country, and which owed much of its prevalence to the misrepresentations of Christian missionaries—viz: that the Mahometans believe their women have no souls! This statement is utterly false. On every Mahometan tomb you will see the same Paradise promised to the woman as to the man; and the Mahometan buries his mother next to himself. He says of his family: "I can have many wives, but only one mother," so she has the post of honor (to him) and is buried by his side. On his return, between Pera and Stamboul, the lecturer met a train of people coming down the

street making the most hideous groanings and lamentations—it was a Greek funeral. First came a man bearing a coffin-lid—which was appropriately decorated—on which was the man's name; following this came two persons bearing a crucifix; after them came the corpse, dressed in its best attire, and then the people. He went with them to the grave, and there they disrobed the corpse, wrapping it in a kind of coarse linen; they took back the coffin to the city when the ceremony was over, so that one of those traveling caskets frequently buries thousands. His object in bringing up the matter at the present time was to remark concerning the miserable groanings and lamentations with which these professed Christians followed their departed to the grave, evidently disbelieving in the supreme hour of their grief the doctrine of immortality, as set forth by their own "Master," who is represented as saying, "I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." The uneducated American Indian, far away amid the wilds of the Northwest, who trusts in the boundless power and beneficence of the Great Spirit; feels that all is well, and that those he loved are safe in the happy hunting-grounds of the spirit-land; while the Christian standing in the broad light which reason and science are pouring with increasing lustre down the centuries, has nothing left in the hour of bereavement save to "turn his face to the wall" with him of old, and weep.

#### POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

While in Europe, the speaker took great interest in exploring the tombs of the peoples he visited. In Naples, he went down into the catacombs, which are cut in the soft stone, extending in one direction for thirteen miles, and in another for nine. He then visited Mt. Vesuvius, and could never forget what he saw from its summit. It requires two and one-half hours to ascend the mountain, because of its being covered with slippery sand, broken rocks, lava, etc., and sometimes the traveler finds places where he will go back two feet to one in advance; but when he has conquered the natural obstacles, and from the top looks over the Campagna and the Bay of Naples, and sees almost beneath his feet Pompeii and Herculaneum; he feels repaid for his labors. The history of the burying of these cities, as written by Pliny, is well known. About sunrise, on the 24th day of August, in the year of Christ 79 the sky was clear, and still as a summer morning. About nine o'clock, the bay became violently agitated with strange movements of its waters; between ten and eleven o'clock, the earth trembled, and at twelve, it seemed as if the very cap was lifted up from Mt. Vesuvius, and a thick column of black smoke went towering toward the heavens. By-and-by it became fiery, and heated stones and cinders whirled through the air. Then came the liquid, burning stream of lava, pouring down the side of Vesuvius in a river three miles in width and six miles long. Herculaneum was speedily buried many feet beneath the fiery flood; but Pompeii, being six miles from Vesuvius, was only buried some forty feet beneath the sifting ashes blown hitherward by the high wind then raging. For some years past, the Italian government has devoted a certain sum to the excavations at Pompeii, till now nearly all the city has been unearthed. The speaker said some of the happiest hours of his life had been spent in walking the streets, where the old Roman scholars had trod in the vanished years. There it was—a city of the past; the ruins in the streets, from five to six inches deep, made by the Roman chariots, still to be seen, as when the sun of earlier days shone on the crowded way—everywhere the evidence of busy life. In this house of Diomedes there were found, when unearthed, the colored remains of seventeen human beings. Diomedes's daughter was so perfectly preserved that some of her auburn hair remained clinging to the skull, and the gold ornaments and jewelry upon her person were all found uninjured. A woman was found—among the other relics of that great panic in the city—with her child clutched to her breast, just where she fell when the suffocating ashes and dust overcame her—striking proof of the power of a mother's love. The lecturer's first thought after reflecting upon the deathless nature of a mother's love, was the resurrection of the body, and he said, "How long these bodies have been waiting for the resurrection morning! Surely, if that is not an unreasonable theory, I do not know of one on earth!" To the mind of the speaker, it was just as reasonable to ask the bird to go back to the egg from which it had escaped, the oak, to the acorn, as to demand of the immortal soul, to endeavor again to take up the casket which had proved too small for its undying energies.

#### "GONE TO PLAY WITH THE ANGELS."

Along the road were exceedingly beautiful inscriptions upon the tombs. Signor Damiani, a finished scholar, who was with the lecturer, translated some of them. One of them, on a child, was: "Gone to play with the angels." Another: "Reader, you ought to pause and weep here, for I was very beautiful." In all these changes of life and death, there continually comes up the question, "What is the soul's destiny?" and we may ask the sacred book of all ages, and we shall find but three answers to it. Take the question home to yourself. Here you are, all living and happy; but a hundred years hence, you will all—in every probability—be gone to the spirit-world, and what is to become of you? According to the speaker, the first answer—annihilation—was a simple absurdity. The most ingenious chemist, with all the mystical power of his compound blowpipe, has never been able to annihilate a single atom of matter; he is a much more industrious spirit! In fact, with regard to matter and spirit, there is no beginning, no ending. I believe in every man's conscious, eternal pre-existence. It is an old statement, that "from nothing, nothing proceeds." Once out of existence, we can

never get into it; once into it, we can never get out of it. Is not God the special spirit power and presence? That is all there is. The physical body is only a form whose material particles pass away every seven or eleven years; the spirit-body changes in eleven or twelve hundred years. This spiritual body is not the man; the individual me is the interior presence of God, which asserts a divine right to live forever.

ANNIHILATION! why, take it home to yourself! Think of the last day and the last hour, the last thought of conscious life, and then the dull, black pall of forgetfulness! And you say, as you think of these: Why these high desires, these earnest longings for an immortal life? And yet, after all, how much better would annihilation be than the state of things portrayed by the popular church doctrines all over the country, in the second answer of the question "What is the soul's destiny?" The speaker said that those who proclaimed that God forced existence upon his children without consulting them as to the step, and when he knew that this very creation would result in plunging the vast majority into the bitter, biting torments of an endless hell, made God an Almighty Devil, instead of, as he believed, the Infinite Spirit of life and love! [Applause.] I leave the blasphemous thought. The last of the three answers as to what is the soul's destiny—and to me the true one—is that it is to inherit a conscious, immortal life hereafter. And here comes, with our philosophy and phenomenal facts, a glorious gospel of progressive salvation, to lead us, and inspire us to nobler ends.

"WHAT IS THE PROCESS OF DIVINE?" How many times I have asked this question of the unseen intelligences, and they uniformly tell me that they are not conscious of pain. The throes so often witnessed at the bed of death are only exhibitions of Nature's power as it strives to break away from that which can contain it healthfully no longer. The speaker referred to the case of one of the distinguished men of the past, who on his death-bed remarked, "Oh, if I could hold a pen I would write: How beautiful it is to die!" and said he was sometimes pained by the exhibition of grief he saw at Spiritualist funerals, and when they gathered around the dying bed, how he would like to impress upon the minds of those who recurred, the fact that what they call death is simply a part of Nature's preparatory exercises previous to the ushering in of a grander state of existence—that every apparent struggle and groan of the so-called dying, are but the efforts of the soul to attain its new birth into the world where fadless splendor reigns! In a summer in June you see a bird come and build in the locust in your garden. The eggs are prepared, and the young, in process of time, are ready to break the shell and assume the heritage of a broader freedom to which they were born. Suppose now, when this event was about to be consummated, the forest birds all around should flock to the nest to bewail with the parents over the natural process which was to deplete their home of its tiny eggs, and teach their little birds to fly away. As the cooling dove, and the chirping sparrow, and all the others mingled their voices in lamentation, would not you feel like saying to them: "Oh, poor birds, can you not see that that which you now so lament is the logical sequence of natural law—these little birds must be hatched in the egg, and they must also break out from its narrow prison, ere they can make music in the groves?" So have I felt, as sometimes I have witnessed the grief displayed by those whose faith should shed a brighter ray, and I feel to say to them, as to the birds: "Dear brothers and sisters, don't you understand that this dying is only a natural and divine process, ordained as a deliverance from pain and care into the broader liberty of the spirit-world?" The speaker wished, that if ever alone in his life, it should be when he was passing out of the mortal tabernacle, for the clinging influences of affection only tended to hold the spirit to the earth it was leaving, and increased the efforts it must make to be free.

HOW LONG IS THE SPIRIT UNCONSCIOUS? Many had asked the speaker how long the spirit remained unconscious. He would give them the answer which the angels had often given to him. Those who suffer death by railroad accidents, lightning, or any sudden removal from the body, remain unconscious sometimes for days. They pass out by a shock, and they must fully recover from it ere consciousness is restored. But when persons die by degrees—becoming gradually ripened for the change—they are not unconscious for a moment! The speaker detailed the account of the test received by Judge Edmonds from the spirit of Isaac T. Hopper. Judge Edmonds was a warm friend of Hopper, and when he was sick unto death, used to visit him every day. On one occasion, going to his house, he found him much weaker than usual, but had no idea that he would so soon pass away. That evening, at the house of the Judge, the medium's hand was controlled, and the following communication was given: "I am in the spirit-world.—I, T. H." The Judge went to the house, and found the message to be true. The speaker said that afterwards the same spirit controlled and wrote: "I am in the spirit-world, and I now understand what the Anokist Paul meant when he said, 'Ye shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed.' I was not for a moment unconscious." His wife was the first to greet him, and then came the poor and downtrodden slaves whom he had so often assisted. The good Saint John had said: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord!" that is, blessed were those who died having lived a life of good deeds, as did Christ of old. The record of their good works preceded them to their heavenly home, and their effects in mortal remained a harvest-field of joy on earth for them to behold in the future! [Applause.]

WHEN DOES THE INFANT BECOME AN IMMORTAL BEING?

What becomes of the suicide? what becomes of the infant? are questions very frequently asked. The lecturer said the spirit of the infant was met at the gates of death by those immortal ones whose hearts were drawn to them in unspeakable tenderness; that these heavenly teachers strove, as far as possible, to undo the effects of the shock of their early removal—with all their inexperience—from earth-life, but that finally they were obliged to gain from earth that knowledge which could not elsewhere be won. To the question, "When does the infant become an immortal being?" the lecturer would answer: "From the sacred moment of embryonic conception. If he held in one hand an alkali, and in the other an acid, and should quite them, the result would be a third combination. So with the divine incarnation of an immortal soul; it begun with the earliest steps in the process of conception; from that first moment the child was an immortal, conscious, progressive being! Oh, how many fathers and mothers will, on the spirit shore, meet their murdered children—that ought to have been children, young men and old men, in accordance with Nature's law, but whose lives were cut short, and they sent, as blasted buds, to the angel world, to be cared for till such time as they could

be brought back to the earth-sphere, to gain the experiences they ought to have had before they were deprived of conscious life in the material world.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE SUICIDE.

The suicide simply goes where he is not wanted. In the speaker's neighborhood once resided a young lawyer, who was full of ambition for worldly success, who, led by temptation into forgery, and seeing discovery imminent, placed the pistol to his head and fell a corpse, slain by his own hand. When he came to consciousness he met his mother, who looked upon him with strange emotion, and, when he said, "I am free from mortal life! I am happy!" she said, "No, not time will reveal to you the work undone on earth, the folly of the net which brought you here!" He was astonished, but soon, as he informed the speaker, through mediumistic power, he learned that in getting away from his body he did not escape from himself or from one of the acts of his earth-life, but that he had reached a place that was not prepared for him and where he was not wanted.

What do you think would be your reception, should you rush into your neighbor's splendid mansion and burst in among the family in the parlor? Would they not all show you, by a look, that your company was not desired? The spirits of those who passed on under the ban of self-murder were always returning (as was many others) to undo, as far as possible, the mischief they had made—to get more light and more earthly experience; and this, to the lecturer's mind, was the explanation of the vast amount of those desiring to influence the mediums of earth. Especially was this true of those who, in their lives, had preached the doctrines of Orthodoxy. They (in the spirit-land) saw the awful results of their teachings on mankind, and so they rush back to endeavor to control (though very poorly) the mediums of our day, that they may be enabled, in some little degree, to counteract the effect of their doctrines. While this was true of the Orthodox pastors, those noble deists—Theodore Parker, Thomas Paine, Henry C. Wright, and all the glorious line of freed spirits in the upper spheres, were full of love for humanity as over, and ready to assist all (whether in or out of mortality), to the truth—to be right, and to do right. And this occupation of assisting the darkened spirits into the light, was also, to some degree, the work of Jesus. Peter said that "Christ . . . being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit, . . . went and preached unto the spirits in prison," which were "disobedient," so runs the record, "in the days of Noah." So Jesus teaches the angels, and they give good gifts to those of mankind who will receive. They are the same they were on earth—those kind-hearted, noble-souled lovers of the race who have passed beyond mortal sight, have only gone one step higher; but still, through our mediums, they are constantly doing good because they love to do good, and to lead us to do so also.

THE SOURCE OF BLESSINGS.

The great secret of being blessed, is to bless somebody else; and I think the happiest hour of my life was when, a few years ago, I met a minister far in the West, who said to me, "You were my Saviour!" And let me ask of those here present: "Who have you saved?—who have you taught?—who have you redeemed?" In blessing others, you are blessed, in saving others, you are saved. The speaker thought the glorious and beautiful lesson of Spiritualism could be summed up in a case which happened in Elkhart, Ind. The family were firm Methodists, believing nothing, although music was frequently heard in and about the house, though there was no material instrument perceivable from which the tones were drawn. At length the mother was stretched upon the bed of death, and while the tears of the family fell like rain, she heard the angel music once more drawing nigh, and she raised herself up and asked her husband if he heard the music. "Yes," he said. "So do I," was her answer, "and I see those who make it: Here stand our five little children, who wait to welcome me to my home in the heavens. One holds a robe, another a wreath of flowers. Oh, I am happy—soul and body. Do not weep, husband; do not say to me, 'Good-by,' but say to me 'Good morning.' Soon we shall meet again, and part no more forever!" A beautiful spiritual gospel is this. In life the angels commune with us; in death they cheer and welcome us. Let us so live that others may see our good deeds, and if we cannot lead them to accept our noble faith, let us force them to recognize our good works and lives. [Applause.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

A SPIRIT-VOICE.

BY RUDDLELL.

There's a voice on the air now humming  
The music of long ago;  
It comes to my saddened spirit  
In accents soft and low;  
It sounds in the tasselled willows  
That lazily swing to and fro;  
In the flower-leaf and humble daisy  
That sprinkle the vale below.  
It speaks in the sprays of the ocean  
That sweep to the sounding shore;  
It is blent with the running ripter,  
With the noise of the cataraet's roar;  
It comes through the fields of memory,  
And wakens the slumbering flowers;  
Throws o'er the shadows of evening  
The light of the morning hours.  
T is a voice from the choir of the angels—  
That warbles its notes above—  
That speaks to my listening spirit  
In the sweetest strains of love.  
Oh, once those musical accents  
Filled all my life's domain,  
And blessed my soul with raptures  
That never may dawn again!  
In all my weary windings  
Through the paths of this stormy climate,  
In the world's din of battle,  
In the hush of the even-tide,  
That voice, on the wings of the zephyrs,  
Is borne from the realms above,  
And fills my spirit-chambers  
With dreams of its early love.

SHOEING HORSES.—We find the following sensible remarks in an exchange, on shoeing horses, which far they may have a general application we cannot say; though we should hope the rule would prove an exceptional one. The writer declares that it is a most impossible to get a horse shod without having the frogs cut away. All veterinary surgeons, all horsemen, all leading blacksmiths, agree that the frog should not be pared on any particle—not even trimmed. No matter how pliable and soft the frog is, cut it away smooth on all sides, and in two days it will be dry and hard as a chip. You might as well cut off all the leaves of the trees, and expect them to flourish, as to pare away the frog and have a healthy foot. The rough, spongy part of the frog is the foot what leaves are to the tree—the lungs. Never have a red-hot shoe put upon the foot to burn it level, if you can find a blacksmith that is mechanic enough to level the foot without red-hot iron, employ him. The burning process deadens the hoof, and tends to contract it.

Original Essay.

TANGIBILITY OF SPIRIT FORMS.

An article in one of the New York Journals, referring to certain recent phases of spiritual manifestations, states that, "in Oswego, N. Y., a blind girl is made the agency by which the spirits assume form and likeness, while in this city, but more especially in Moravia, N. Y., they have been able to materialize themselves so far as to be not only distinctly visible, but also able to speak."

A great misapprehension seems to exist in regard to the nature of these cases and to the matter of fact involved. Not questioning the occurrence of many circumstances as related, I wish to call attention to and urge a closer investigation of this subject, in order to ascertain more clearly the principles upon which these and kindred phenomena are based, and thus acquire a better understanding of their nature and the object for which they persistently recur.

The subject before us for consideration is one of philosophical inquiry, rather than an argument to meet the wants of the bereaved and sorrowing. It is therefore addressed to thinkers, to investigators, and those interested in the correlations of matter and spirit. Too long have people been led by curiosity in this matter, and the minds of many have been invariably too much absorbed by the phenomena to study calmly the beautiful philosophy which underlies the novelty and wonder involved.

It is evident to any mind accustomed to study phenomena, and especially such as occur or originate in the hidden or the interior recesses of Nature, that resort must be had to new and yet deeper methods of analysis in chemical physics than any heretofore in use; that, if we would with certainty reach the grand truth occulted by the sublimation and ascent of matter through atoms to sensitized ultimates or essences, a deeper insight must be employed, a more penetrating research must be instituted than has yet been made by scientists in all their investigations during times past.

This phenomena which occur in the atomic or essence-realm—in that unexplored realm of unparticle matter which bears analogous relations to dense and tangible matter that the invisible actinic rays bear to the sensible solar spectrum (and which unparticle matter is a phase of spirit)—demand, I repeat, analyses commensurate with such ethereal elements—investigations of an order not yet practiced in the schools of research.

Evidently science deals mostly with visible matter—that extreme of entity which is palpable to the senses, which has density or form—while the Harmonical Philosophy deals with the same matter in a vastly different form, the opposite extreme of the same entity, matter in its translated or ascended condition—a condition advanced above the molecular and often above the atomic state; in short, it deals with unparticle matter. This is too nearly akin to soul to be reached by ordinary chemical agents. Therefore science knows little or nothing of this realm as a substantial reality, simply because it ever eludes the coarse, formal and materialistic methods of research employed, in the same manner that life and soul have and ever will elude the scalpel.

Scientific investigations fail to get out of or beyond massed or the molecular phases of matter; they rarely reach atoms, never essences; and consequently, at this point ordinary research is utterly blank, and its methods are futile. The chemistry of the school ceases, its limit is attained, as we make exit from the molecular realm and enter this realm of essences—as we reach the dividing line between the ponderable and imponderable, or rather between so-called matter and spirit. Beyond this line is an infinite domain, and in it lie inexhaustible resources, perfected and potentialized elements, sequestered because refined atoms; all which will challenge the everlasting investigations and study of the "coming chemist." The swarms of the present day have as yet hardly discovered, that this utterly boundless realm exists.

Atoms that have once been selected by the sentient loom of principles which builds the living human organism, and which have been woven into its fabric and held in its community of elements, vitalized, breathed upon by the divine breath of its spirit, never lose superiority over the original atoms not thus breathed upon, even when these atoms are released and again cast forth into the boundless ocean whence they came. In this way they not only have acquired a vast superiority over atoms not thus humanized or interwoven—which have not sustained this close relationship to the human spirit—but furthermore they never lose their acquired magnetism, or their improved clarity and susceptibility to affinities, acquired also in this relation. The powers and energies of primary atoms are enhanced a thousand-fold, and permanently so, before they are disintegrated from the human constitution; former electrical states become exalted to permanent magnetic relations; and we hardly recognize in their new and potentialized chemism the same elements after their liberation. This magnetism with which these atoms are now charged, can only be imparted by this perfect and most intimate association in the human structure, where these permanent polarities are acquired by virtue of nearness to and residence with the immortal spirit.

The human organism is constantly receiving accessions of new atoms in the process of rebuilding or recuperation, and is as constantly evolving. In a vastly improved state, those atoms which have been long enough in its organic association to become thus advanced or perfected. I do not here refer to atomic exhalations from living or decaying animal bodies, or to those of the vegetable kingdom, for these atoms are not yet sublimed or perfected. These still belong to the material realm, and remain held by its affinities to be worked over in the planet's economy, and in their progress prepared to rebuild the compound human structure. They are not yet potentialized as they are destined to be after they have been woven into the fabric of the human vitality. Essences born at the expense of or by the decay of these humanized molecules, are eternal atoms, exhaling to part company forever with this tangible phase of matter, which atoms as yet are entire strangers to the material chemist.

In an audience, these atomic emanations of various qualities are often in great abundance. In them are found all "elements," for these emanations represent the totality of the physical man—the entire microcosm—and this is an epitome of the universe; so that vitalized atoms of nearly all qualities and for all purposes are at hand. Some elements, however, may not be in sufficient abundance proportionately for the purpose required—are not available by reason of temperament or of individual conditions causing temporary inharmoniousness in polarity of atoms, or of some elements being withheld by mental or physical infirmities. In such cases the successful production of tangible "spirit forms" or fragmentary shapes expected to appear, cannot be effected; nothing in the way of this kind of manifestation can be done.

Now, when manifestations like those at Alton, Oswego, or Moravia, N. Y., are produced, the synthetic chemists of the other life "electricity" or otherwise control a great profusion of these evolving or sublimated atoms—enough to form, when condensed, a visible hand or arm. The atoms which are to compose it have been humanized, and consequently have a thousand-fold greater affinity, atomic and molecular motion, than corresponding atoms on the material side which have not thus been humanized; and, having once been associated in the form of an arm, as before observed, most readily take this form again when marshaled into action and order by the energetic will and methods of the unseen chemical synthesist. In a moment, with the quickness of electricity it may be, these atoms are again dismissed into "thin air."

The remarkable rapidity with which these tangible forms are produced, is due to the advanced or perfected condition of the elements engaged—to the high degree of sublimation attained by these atoms in the human alembic of refinement. The utter silence attending the formation and dispersion, is due not only to the perfected nature of the atoms and the management of their affinities, but also to the exalted phase of the magnetic element employed, which element is a million times more refined than electricity or magnetism as popularly understood, and is proportionally as far within the boundaries of the nature of external sound; for it is a principle that the deeper we penetrate into the hidden recesses of Nature, the more profound is the silence of her workings—the less jar and noise there are to reach the external ear.

The formations just referred to are of a transient nature, because the atoms or essences cannot long be forcibly held by the unseen operator, and a successful experiment requires more trained skill and knowledge of elements, and a better combination of circumstances than is dreamed of in our philosophy. Hence a failure of manifestation does not necessarily prove the whole thing to be a trick or fraud.

Now it is evident that these productions are far from being the veritable arm, or face, or person of a spiritual being—not a portion of the body now worn eternally by a spirit-friend, as is generally supposed, and as stated in the article referred to; in other words, not the spiritual body or soul. Spiritual matter (uncondensed) can only be seen with the spiritual sight. The presentations referred to as occurring at Moravia, N. Y., are seen by the multitude, and as individuals of a mixed multitude cannot all be seen—not all equally clairvoyant at the time, the inference is that they all see matter, and not spirit, in these formations. Hence the beings of the higher life have by no means "materialized themselves," as is stated—have not manifested "their own face or arm," as the case may be, but some chemical synthesist, who can condense atoms and mold them, has effected a transient formation, which resembles not always the person expected or known even, but modeled some individual departed from us, whom he could most easily represent under the circumstances. When these aggregations of etheralized atoms do present a model which is unmistakably recognized, a great and valuable success has been attained. In either case, such model or projection, rightly understood, has an inestimable value, a broad humanitarian purpose in view, teaching all conditions of mind; as nothing else can teach, that this planet-nursery is not the measure of our existence.

These chemists, or whatever they may be termed, are not necessarily in the room, as stated; they may not even be in its immediate vicinity. They can produce these effects, when once the magnetic line is established, from an immense distance, so self-centered and coherent is this all-penetrating line, and so absolutely do vitalized and perfected atoms obey the behests of law, controlled by the will of the ascended philanthropic operators. It is very true, these chemical operators may be near by the effects produced, but not necessarily. To all intents and purposes, they are standing where the performance occurs, as to all intents and purposes, the telegraphic operator stands near by to give you his dispatch, though in person he may be hundreds of miles away.

When an unrecognized formation is presented, it is designed, by its unusual occurrence, to call public as well as individual attention to it; and the selectest attention of savans as well as others ought in all justice to be given it, regardless of the charge of unworthiness—the usual cry of ignorance and prejudice. Must the new orbs that glitter in the deep heavens of truth be shut out of our telescope by an intermeddling and crucifying public opinion still?

The grand object at which the ascended aim in producing these material projections is, to establish the sublime fact of immortality; to answer the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" These wonderful evolutions from the spiritual realm presuppose intelligence and skill behind them, and no other inference, with loyalty to reason, can be drawn than an affirmative answer to this mightiest of all questions.

Curiosity is not the highest attribute of our spiritual nature; and after the fact of immortality is once established in the mind—as these things only can establish it—let us not profane the sanctuary of reason by being constantly led by curiosity for details, in persistently asking those of the higher life about trivial matters, ordinary affairs, or perishable things or sentiments, as is so often the case. Herein a great mistake is made, and the door unwisely opened for troublesome contradictions. These emanate from the sphere of opinions existing in the other life as well as in this. Let us drop an unwise curiosity, therefore, when once this proof of immortal existence is fully obtained; waive questions that we ourselves may answer by earnest study and careful thought; modestly omit persistent teasing at the very door of this great conviction, and work out subsequently by ourselves, through intelligence, reason and philosophical study, more than oracles can give, and all the truth and wisdom that we can with benefit entertain. In this light, the problem of our immortal career and a better knowledge of our future surroundings having in part been reached and solved by our own endeavors, our faith will glow with a diviner truth and a more lasting harmony. J. B. Loomis. New York City.

HAD HIM AT LAST.—"How much a peck for potatoes?" asked a gentleman in market on Monday morning. The price suited him, and he was about to purchase, when a thought suddenly struck him. "Wait a moment, my good woman," he said, "I fear these potatoes were picked on Sunday." "No, sir, they were not," she replied, "but, to tell the truth, they grew on Sunday!"—Investigator.

If an icicle forty-five miles in diameter were thrust toward the sun with the velocity of light, say 12,000,000 miles a minute, it could never touch the sun, but it would melt as fast as it came. If this be true, the experiment might as well be abandoned first as last.

Banner Correspondence.

Florida.

CORA L. V. TAPPAN, writing from Roddus Point, St. John River, near Jacksonville, says: "Dear Banner—Banished from labor and loved ones, from the rough winds and warm hearts of the North, by the stern demands of physical law, whose mandate we may not with impunity disobey—in most delightful yet solitary exile—the mail brings no more welcome visitor (save only the letters from dearest ones) than your shining folds laden with messages of love and wisdom from two worlds." Having, since her sojourn in the South, received many letters of inquiry from both friends and strangers in the North concerning Florida, its climate, etc., she decided to take a public way of replying concerning this "most Southern," "most ancient in history," "least advanced in the progress of civilization" of the United States. Of its discovery she says:

"In the year 1512 Juan Ponce de Leon, (an attendant of Columbus on both his voyages of discovery) sailed from Porto Rico in search of the fabled island where the 'Fountain of Youth' was said to flow. On Pascua, Florida, (Palm Sunday) he reached the eastern coast of the State, and finding it void of every trace of life, and sent by stately Palmettos, he gave to the peninsula its beautiful name. Like many another wanderer after the fabled fountain, he failed to discover its secret springs, though he searched far and near; but unwilling to confess his entire failure, he returned to his comrades with glowing accounts of the richness and fertility of the soil, the vast mineral and other resources of this wonderful land."

There is a peculiar romance in the very name of the State, and when we recall its history—painfully fraught with strife and bloodshed—we are still more interested. It was the former home of the native Indians, who for three hundred and fifty years waged relentless war against all invaders of their rights and homes, some of whom to this day inhabit the everglades, and declare they have never been vanquished—the home of Osceola or Assaola, the brave and undaunted chief of the Seminoles, of whose history is never faded in his last hours, and who, in the defense of his country and race; him who when once betrayed into signing a paper that robbed the Seminoles of their rights—on ascertaining the nature of the instrument thus written—raised his knife in the air and sent the blade through the paper, destroying it; him who waged relentless war against all invaders of his and his nation's rights—especially the United States Government—for a period of twenty or thirty years, costing us hundreds of lives and thousands of treasure, and who, when finally taken captive, and so enslaved by age and suffering as to be unable to raise his own eyelids, asked his attendants in his last hours, "What are you doing holding the soldiers staring at him, said, with dignity and pride, 'Go tell your chief that, had he been taken captive by me, and died a prisoner in my land, no strangers should thus mock his dying moments; with which words his unconquered spirit fled to these fairer hunting-grounds where no spoiler comes."

This soil has been the battle-ground of at least five nationalities—the native Indian, the Spanish, French and English, and last, the all-conquering and grasping Anglo-American, or Yankee.

On entering the St. John's River, near Fernandina, one is soon struck with the quiet beauty of the evergreen shore, and the wide expanse of the river (over varying in width from a narrow channel to a surface of many miles), the low, mountainous level of its banks, covered with trees, or bare and barren with white sandy soil, and here and there a villa or plantation house, surrounded with palm-trees, and sometimes orange groves. In winter the country is not so green, and is liable to sudden changes in temperature. Frequently visitors from the North are quite exasperated because of a white frost or chilling rain, and if they happen to be invalids and consumptives, the effect upon them is very depressing, often fatal. Most people expect too much of Florida. They expect every month of the year, and the wilderness of Alpiu mountains to the west, and the wildness of Alpiu mountains to the west. They expect in mid-winter to find the shores and woods festooned with flowers of every shade and delightful fragrance. They expect oranges to hang ripe on the trees every month of the year, and blossoms from the same to fill the air with withering odors. They want smooth grassy lawns, and sugar and cotton plantations always in a state to be inspected and admired. In fact there are three classes of people to whom the beauties of Florida must forever remain a sealed book, i. e., invalids, especially consumptives, and those who go on to take this trip as a "dernier resort;" and who, all die here or return home to pay the debt of nature from over-exhaustion and disappointment. Second, pleasure-seekers, who come expecting to find tropical luxuries with a healthful climate and abundant accommodations. Third, people who are always dissatisfied, and wander from land to land, from country to town, harboring in their own minds the demon of unrest—to them there is nothing of beauty, grace or loveliness in Florida.

But for those who love Mother Nature in all her moods, there is no lack of beauty, and an abundance of comfort. The very fact that you can breathe the air all winter with a lung consumed with cold; can, if you are strong enough, walk in the woods and find flowers every month in the year; can live out of doors a good share of the time and feel the sunshine and fresh air revive and strengthen, is in itself sufficient. The thermometer never is below freezing, is seldom lower than 35°, and frequently even in February and March indicates 80°.

She concludes by again recommending those seeking the State for healthful purposes, or for pleasure, to bring with them contented minds; then, as in her case, they will find health and strength in the mild air, the blessed sunshine, the sights and sounds of nature, and the loving care of willing hands.

Massachusetts.

DANVERS.—R. L. Hale writes, "The few following thoughts occurred to me on reading the recent attacks on Mr. Woodhull for so heroically giving utterance to her honest convictions of truth. It is an old saying that where jealousy exists love cannot reign. But I believe there is more truth in reversing it, that where love reigns jealousy cannot exist; for they are as distinct in their nature as heaven and hell. Every one has a derivative or greater application, which from the other our greatest misery. There is no affinity between them, and it is only as the one departs that the other can enter. We find it is so in all conditions of life. One by its strong magnetic attractions uniting lovers, forming bands and organizing communities; the other dispersing and destroying them. I love that has formed in all religious and political bodies of the past, and jealousy that has scattered them and compelled those that dare think to form new ones. Thus we see the necessity of this great destroyer of our happiness. Step by step it has forced us on from one condition of life to another, until we have reached the present (spiritual one), which was the great consummation of all that had preceded it. But even here the arch fiend is at work. In every aperture, though strongly guarded, he is fast working his way in. The pioneers who have faithfully toiled to spread the new truth, see in a newer revelation an approaching foe, and vainly try to protect their glorious truth by walling it in; but they can only block for a while the rushing current which will break through their barriers to roll with greater velocity, bearing away all bars and creeds not consistent with the right, crushing to powder our altars and idols, and forcing us onward with it, or leaving us among the fossils of the past."

District of Columbia.

WASHINGTON.—F. Burlington, writing May 28th, says: "I am reminded, by a quotation from one of your private correspondents, published in this week's issue, that I laid aside last week's 'Banner,' after completing my feast, with the intention of sending you a line of thankful appreciation, but was interrupted, and allowed it afterwards to slip my mind. I was especially pleased with the editorial, 'What Phenomena Can You Usually,' generally, attractive, and most unusually. May you live long, and prosper."

Young ladies with new solitaire diamond rings never refuse to play the piano.

Spiritual Phenomena.

SEANCES WITH FOSTER AND MANSFIELD.

DEAR BANNER—As I was recently spending a few days in the city of New York, I yielded to the invitation of a friend, and with her visited Charlie Foster, the celebrated test medium. I was introduced simply as "a friend" of my companion, and the manifestations began. The medium tore a piece of white paper into a dozen small bits, and requested me to write the names of such persons as I desired to communicate with, and then fold them exactly alike, so I could not tell one from the other. I did so, and shuffled the folded slips until no ordinary eye or mind could detect a particular name.

The medium gathered the papers in his hand, pressed them lightly to his forehead, one at a time, and presently handed me one of them, saying, "Brother John's name is there. Glad to see you, my sister," and then followed a message of which I cannot remember the exact words. The slip of paper contained the name of my brother, who had been dead for ten years.

Then said the medium with a shudder, "Some one's here who came to a violent death." He was interrupted here by callers, and did not return for several minutes; and by that time, so lost was I in reverie over my brother's communication, that I had forgotten all else but his dear blue eyes, beaming face and gentle voice, as he smiled a sad farewell upon us and fell asleep in the balmy May sunshine of the last decade.

Foster returned, and resuming his seat at the table, exclaimed, "Somebody is here who was shot! Colonel! Who is the Colonel?" "I can't imagine, I am sure," I said. "Colonel Baker?" who was shot at Ball's Bluff?" he exclaimed; and shaking my hand in a sort of rapture, he said, "E. D. Baker is with you continually in your mission, and will help you all he can," and again, as in my brother's case, I failed to further retain his exact words, so will not attempt to repeat them. "Grandfather Scott's present," shouted the medium. Here was another singular test. The lady who was my companion knew no more about my ancestry than the medium did, and the signal certainly did not come from my own mind, as I was not thinking of my grandfather. I had always heard that a medium could not tell anything which was not in the mind of some one present. "That name is not in your list," said Foster. I knew that it was not, but could not see how he knew it.

At a subsequent visit I went prepared with a number of previously-written questions folded in separate papers. Foster took the folded slips, and without hesitation wrote pertinent answers upon every one of them. "Then," said he, "I am told that the initials of the person who communicates will appear upon my hand in characters of blood." His hand lay passive upon the table for a moment, and then, in clear, loud, unmistakable vividness, appeared the letters "E. D. B." in a large bold hand. They were not outside but under the cuticle, and faded gradually away while I was gazing and wondering how they had been made.

My curiosity being awakened, I went with another friend to Mansfield, the writing medium. Found him in an elegantly-furnished apartment, a perfect curiosity shop of the beautiful, which I should love to describe did my time or your space permit.

Giving me a number of pieces of white "proof paper," he told me to write questions, one at a time, and fold them in the paper so that no mortal eye could see them, and leave a blank space at the bottom for a reply. My first question was, "Is Col. E. D. Baker present?" The medium sat for some little time with his hands upon the paper, and then asked me if the person addressed had been dead a great while. Didn't want to tell him, but hesitatingly replied, "several years." Said he, "he seems inactive," but presently the fingers of his left hand began moving, something like the clicking of a telegraphic machine, and with his right hand he pencilled the words:

"Thankful, thankful, Mrs. Dunway, for this opportunity of talking with you. This is more than I had anticipated or hoped for. How can I advise you? Ask me one question at a time, and I will do the best I can to respond.

Very truly, EDWARD DICKINSON BAKER. I. C. is not present at this moment.

"Who is I. C., whom you mention as not being present?"

"Excuse me, my dear lady; I thought you made reference to my friend Cole. I now see my mistake.

Captain Dierdorff and James Victor Smith are present, and would be kindly remembered to the Portland people. Yours truly, E. D. BAKER."

Afterwards in looking over my first question as I had written it, I discovered that I had omitted the letter 's' in the word 'is,' and in connection with the following abbreviated word "Col.," looked as though I had meant to ask for "I. Cole." (My handwriting is a little like Horace Greeley's anyhow, as your printer will perceive before he gets done with this copy.)

"Would you advise me to continue my newspaper in connection with lecturing?"

"Most assuredly I would; and here let me say you shall prosper beyond your most sanguine expectations. Your mission is a holy one, and all progressive spirit-minds shall be with you. Do not fear, my sister. Your hands shall be held up, your steps directed in your mission of love to the people. Edward Flint, Ben. Halladay's old partner, has gone to see if he cannot impress Ben. to assist you in his line of business. I think he will succeed. Halladay's heart is all right—only touch it in the proper place. Yours truly, EDWARD D. BAKER."

It is perhaps necessary to explain that Ben. Halladay is the owner of all the steamers and railroads of Oregon; and that I have paid him large transportation fees in my lecture and newspaper work, and he has up to this time refused me passes to travel. Whether there ever was an "Edward Flint," or not, I do not know, and just how to touch Ben. Halladay's heart in the right place with anything but cash, I have not yet discovered.

allow me to continue? I will do for you all I can, and the best I can. Above that you cannot expect of E. D. BAKER."

"Can you tell me when you first assisted me to speak?"

"My dear lady, let me say, in reply, it was the first time you made a public political speech. What I told you at E.'s was even so. Your guide, EDWARD DICKINSON BAKER."

"Can you advise any means by which I can communicate with you often?"

"I know of no means, Mrs. Dunway, unless you avail yourself of the means provided through a mortal medium. Now there are many phases of mediumship—many mediums; but while we can control some reliably, others lack the passiveness necessary to a reliable control. If you find any whom you can rely implicitly upon, I will do the best I can to control them, and advise you from time to time. To you the expense will be nothing; I will pay the medium's bills so long as you do your duty. E. D. BAKER."

"Can you advise me as to my political course?"

"As to that you need no particular advice. You shall be not only impressed, but inspired at your desk and on the rostrum. Have no fears for that. You are not your own, but those who have you in their care. Then heed those promptings from within, which are willing up from your soul daily; they are the God-part or the divine of your soul. EDWARD D. BAKER."

As I feel that everybody is, or should be, interested in investigating the wonderful phenomena of spiritual manifestations, I have yielded to a conviction of duty in presenting the Banner reading public with the above facts. The rolls of proof-paper upon which the original questions and communications appear, are in my possession, and can be seen by the curious. I have never been a Spiritualist, but have lately been much impressed to investigate the theory, and can now do no more than publish the result of such investigations, leaving the reader to form his own conclusions.

For several months past I have been constantly engaged in lecturing upon political subjects on the Pacific Coast, drawing crowded houses nightly, and awakening a general interest in the gospel of peace on earth and good will to men and women, and prophesying a coming reign of purity and peace, which I confidently believe will be ushered in when the equal rights of women are everywhere acknowledged; and when woman, coming nobly to the work of her own womanhood, will arise from the inertia of prejudice, the trammels of ignorance, the follies of fashion, and the manifold vices of her present political and social subjugation.

I think the great mistake of Spiritualists in their reform work is their discarding of the Bible, which is, to me, the strongest spiritual record yet put forth; and though there be many obsolete and abominable practices upheld in it, we should take its date of origin into account, and remember that media can only reflect, to a great extent, their own peculiar ideas. There can be no doubt, in my mind, that the mission of Christ was a divine one, and not only myself, but millions, have been prevented from examining and accepting Spiritualism from the fact that so many of its public devotees have shocked their finer sensibilities by scoffing at and ridiculing those beliefs which long years of education and conviction have rendered sacred.

Mrs. A. J. DUNWAY, Editor and Proprietor of the New Northwest, Portland, Oregon.

Boston, May 28th, 1872.

MANIFESTATIONS THROUGH MRS. MATTHEWS AND DR. ROUNDY.

DEAR BANNER—I have recently attended some seances, given by Dr. Roundy and Mrs. S. A. Matthews, which have interested me as much as any phenomena of the kind I have ever witnessed, the manifestations given in the dark not being characterized by that rough, boisterous nature which we often see in circles of this kind. The mediums seem to be conscientious and entirely honest in the demonstrations that occur through their organisms, so much so, indeed, that it gives me pleasure to endorse and commend them to the notice of an investigating public. The seances that I attended were conducted after this manner. They were given in the homes of friends and cultured people in our city, under circumstances which removed even the possibility of collusion or deception. Mrs. Matthews is a lady of delicate and sensitive organization, in feeble health, modest and unpretending in appearance, impressing one at once with her candor and truthfulness. Dr. Roundy is of sanguine temperament, filled with enthusiasm, apparently having the utmost faith and confidence in the manifestations which occur. One thing I am sure of—if there is deception, the mediums are as much deceived as others who are present.

The circle is formed after the primitive manner, the persons present being seated around a large table, joining hands and resting them upon the top of the table. A small table is placed just behind the mediums, some two feet from them, and on it are set a half dozen bells of different sizes, a tambourine, a feather fan and a speaking trumpet. After all are seated, with their hands touching each other, a few simple directions are given by the doctor, and the light is turned off, making the room totally dark. Mrs. Matthews is thrown into an unconscious trance, and remains so during the evening. After singing by the company, raps are heard, each individual spirit giving its own peculiar sounds—gentle raps, loud raps, muffled raps, usually closing by a few tremendous thumps by the leading spirit of the circle, known as "Black Hawk." These raps are heard upon all parts of the table, on the chairs, and about the floor and ceiling of the room. A lively tune is played by the violinist, and immediately the bells become endowed with life, leaving the table where they have been quietly resting, and starting on a voyage over our heads up to the ceiling and all about the room, vigorously ringing in time with the music—three or four bells at once, a rubber whistle and the tambourine sailing around and vying with each other in producing sounds sufficiently startling, if not always musical.

It was evident to all that the instruments passed beyond the possible reach of the mediums who were quietly seated in the grasp and under the surveillance of their nearest neighbors. Presently a cool breeze fans our faces, heavily laden with the most delicious perfume, and we become aware that the fan is passing around in the hand of an unseen friend, cooling our heated brows, while sprinkling upon us with generous measure this sweet fragrance of flowers.

We are happy, and our joy overflows with song, until suddenly three short-quick whoops through the speaking trumpet, from the Indian, Black Hawk, break in upon us and announce that he is ready to converse with us in audible voice from the unseen but no longer "silent land."

We listen attentively while, with labored effort, he speaks to us. After a few words of greeting

he passes around the circle, talking with each member personally, and often giving the most surprising and satisfactory tests from their spirit-friends. He closes with some excellent advice and a beautiful description of the spirit-country from whence he came, and goes away with our blessing and a kind good-night to all.

Last evening there were some four distinct perfumes given us during the sitting, which continued about two hours. The whole seance was made up of a succession of marvels, deeply interesting and satisfactory to the Spiritualists present, and strangely bewildering and startling to a gentleman who said he never saw anything of the kind before. In all there were nine people present, who, I am sure, are ready to testify to the truth of this account.

In conclusion, I would say that I believe in, and fully and truly believe in, the faithful and true mediums, whose powers are well calculated to help humanity to know the glad truth of immortal life and eternal progress.

Faithfully yours, A. E. CARPENTER. Boston, May 15, 1872.

THE DERIVATION OF LANGUAGE.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Your correspondent, "H. N. S.," having twice criticised a paragraph in my essay on the "Twilight of History," I may be excused for attempting to set him right. In the essay (Banner of Light, April 13, 1872.) I used the following language:

"As the famous Rosetta stone of Egypt tore away the screen that concealed the mysteries of her monumental history, so the Sanscrit supplied a torch to our hands, by whose light we could penetrate far into the impenetrable darkness of the origin of most of the languages of Europe. We behold their relationship with some of Asia. A single grammatical form, in any one of these languages, exhibiting a more perfect and flexible structure than in any of the others, was direct evidence that it was not derived from those retaining the *esse perfectum*. The high and low German and Scandinavian tongues at once began to justify their brothers of the Teutonic languages, while the classic speech of Greece and Rome became an *fraternal* term with the barbarian Illyric, Celtic and Nordic. These, with their many subdivisions, extended a hand of fellowship to the sacred tongues of the Vedas and Zend-Avesta, and the Semitic tongues of Persia and Armenia, of Bokhara and Afghanistan."

"H. N. S.," in his last letter, remarks:

"I had supposed there was no one thing over which man has supervision, whose tendency was in the direction of improvement more surely than that of language. I still entertain a strong hope to that effect."

Has man "supervision" over the "growth" of language? In his second letter he returns to the charge, and by again quoting but a few lines from the above, evidently believes I do not hold to the derivation of one language from another.

Immediately following the above language, if he will turn to the essay, he will find these words:

"The Germanic, Lithuanian, Slavonic, Celtic, Latin, Greek, Persian and Sanscrit were traced back to one common source, generally designated as the Aryan race, derived from the Sanscrit *Arya*, the white race *par excellence*. By the examination of these derived languages, and inferring from any word found in them all must have been derived from the *Arya* tongue before the gradual separation," etc.

I make these quotations to show that I do not hold the theory he has endeavored to father on me. Now the question is, does the use of the word *derived* in the first quotation above justify such an inference?

It is well known to all students of language that the use of different words—bearing no relationship—to designate the same thing, or state of feeling, when found in the different branches of the Aryan family, must have originated after the separation of the primitive Aryan tribe. For instance, the numbers up to one hundred or more in the Aryan languages may be traced back to one common source. But the word *thousand* cannot be so traced. The different words used to express that numeral, are "direct evidence that it was not derived" from the same source as the others. So many grammatical forms; if they could all be traced to a common source, in what would consist the progress?

I was not aware that any one conversant with the Science of Language could find fault with that expression in its connotation. Permit me, however, for the benefit of "H. N. S.," to state the same idea in a somewhat different form:

RULE.—The presence of a single more perfect grammatical form furnishes indubitable proof that the language in which it was found could not be the offspring of any other in which the same form existed in a less perfect state."

If he desires to question that statement of the case, it becomes a controversy between "H. N. S." and Prof. Max Müller, and not with my humble self. One word more. "H. N. S." asks:

"In the development of languages, is not improvement always the rule, and deterioration the exception?"

Grammatical terminations were once independent words, and had their own purpose and meaning. *Godly* and *truly* were once god-like and true-like. The *d* at the termination of *love-d* is a guide board to another word, and only through "deterioration," or phonetic decay, has *love* become a single word. Max Müller says: "We are accustomed to call these changes the *growth* of language, but it would be more appropriate to call this process of phonetic change *decay*."

"Flashes of Light from the Spirit-Land."

These "Flashes of Light," given through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant, compiled by Allan Putnam, sending forth their beautiful acclamations in a book of four hundred pages, acutely and well calculated to illuminate the path of the investigator, and banish the dark superstition and ignorance that may exist in his mind. The title is emblematic of its contents, and truly expresses the nature thereof, only the light it imparts to the investigator is of a permanent character.

William White & Co., by the publication of this work, have put in the field a missionary that will be instrumental in making many converts to the beautiful Harmonical Philosophy.

Mrs. Conant has been a medium from her infancy. In early childhood the "angels spoke through" her "lips," as they did through those of Jesus and Swedenborg, and the ideas they then advanced were calculated to cause Old Theology to tremble, and finally to disintegrate and crumble to pieces. These ideas, whose nature is reverberated by all true reformers, and through whose instrumentality a lively impetus was given to the tidal waves of progress, controls the circle of spirits from whom these "Flashes of Light" have emanated. Among them we notice the poet, Rev. John Pierpont; the radical and uncompromising advocate of human rights and religious freedom, Thomas Paine; the eccentric, dashing character, Lorenzo Dow; the clear-headed philosopher, Prof. Robert Hare; the theological encyclopedia, Rev. T. Starr King; and the distinguished scientist, Sir Humphrey Davy. Under the influence of this circle of wise sages, beautiful poetry, philosophy, and the sublime relations of the laws of Nature, and comprehensive views of the leading reformatory movements of the day, are freely given. There is not, perhaps, another person now living through whose brain have been transmitted so many brilliant gems of thought as have been given through the mediumship of Mrs. Conant.

These "Flashes of Light" were first seen and heard at the Banner of Light Circle Room, which being beautifully decorated with the likenesses

of many spirits and prominent Spiritualists, has been appropriately devoted to the work of illuminating the world. Promptly at a designated hour for the seance to commence, Mrs. Conant takes her seat, submits to the influence of the controlling spirit, and then gives expression to an invocation, addressed to the Supreme Intelligence. Sometimes the invocation is enunciated in poetry, which falls like a fragrant flower from a flower, elevating the feelings of all present.

But the chief merit of the book does not consist of its invocations or poetry. The answers to questions cover a wide range of matter, on almost all conceivable subjects, and are of a highly interesting character. The poet, the philosopher, the theologian, the historian, the chemist and metaphysician are members of her spirit-band, and the knowledge which they have gained in the Spirit-Land has enabled them to banish the errors conceived during earth-life, and when a question is once answered by them, it will be rarely, if ever, found incorrect. The questions are all of an appropriate character, touching some law of matter, spirit, mind, mediumship, etc., and are clearly and concisely answered.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal, Chicago, Ill.*

Scientific.

COSMOGRAPHY: A Description of the Universe.

NUMBER THREE. BY LYSANDER S. RICHARDS.

WATER—Occupying the greatest space upon our planet to-day is water. It covers three-quarters of the crust, and is composed of two elements, hydrogen and oxygen—eight-ninths of the latter, and one-ninth the former. Separately, they exist as gas; and it is incomprehensible to some, that, existing in the air in their separate capacity as a gas, invisible, by what manner of proceeding are these gases converted into a substance as visible, tangible and ponderable as water. The moment these two gases come in contact with each other in proportions as above—two to eight—a chemical union takes place, a condensation of the gases, and water is the result. Most gases can be condensed into fluids, and nearly all fluids condensed into solids. Liberate the heat, and contraction, hardening, condensation, is the necessary result. Water is decomposed, or converted into its two gaseous elements, by electricity. Rain is due to the condensation of vapor in the atmosphere. Take a glass retort, fill it partially with water, place the nose of it in a glass receiver, rest the latter on a cold-water bath, and heat the retort by a spirit-lamp until vapor rises from the heated water. The vapor then passes through the nose into the receiver, the air of which is made cold by the vessel resting on cold water; and the vapor coming in contact with this cold air, it condenses—concentrates—into globules or drops of water. This is the process of distillation. Years ago, the sailors at sea, when out of fresh water, were in the habit of filling their bottles with salt water, heating it over the stove, and cooling the escaping vapor. Condensation was effected, and drops of fresh water lodged in their paths. Heat separated the salt from the liquid, and nothing but fresh, aqueous vapor escaped. They are now fortunate in having machines to accommodate their wants in a more easy manner. Now, apply the huge lamp, our sun, to the great vessel, the earth, three-quarters covered with water, and we have distillation on a liberal scale. The rays of the solar mass strike the ocean or any sheet of water, and heat the surface; and as heat expands everything with which it comes in contact, the water is expanded, constantly enlarging and growing thinner as the heat spent upon it continues, so that, at last, it is expanded into vapor; and, becoming lighter than the air through this expansion, it is obliged to rise, and will continue to rise until it reaches that elevation where the atmosphere is as light as the vapor, and there it rests, or floats here and there until a cold current strikes it; and as it is the law of all substances coming in contact with colder to contract or concentrate into a smaller space, so the vapor, meeting the cold current, contracts, condenses into drops, becomes heavier than the air, and, obeying the laws of gravitation, falls to the ground in the form of rain. In hot climates, the tropics, double the quantity of rain falls than in the temperate or colder climates, which is due to the increased heat evaporating larger quantities of vapor; and, notwithstanding the excess in the amount of rain in the tropics, the showers in the temperate zone, though less severe, are more frequent and evenly distributed. Snow is formed by vapor rising to greater heights in the atmosphere—consequently, cooler—and is frozen in the form of vapor—frozen vapor—congealed, not condensed into drops of rain. Go to the mountain side, ascend seven or eight thousand feet, and you come to what is called the snow line. Below the verdure shows the frequent visits of rain; above, you are in the region of snow. Ascend a little higher, and you reach perpetual snow. Continue to ascend, and ultimately the limit of snow is passed; now and then a flake is seen, but no accumulation. Water, or aqueous vapor, in the atmosphere surrounding our planet, extends about six miles in height; above that elevation, the air is comparatively dry. Hail is frozen rain Snow forms in the atmosphere in summer as in winter; but the radiant heat of the earth, in the former season melts the snow-crystals ere they reach the ground. With hail, the frozen drops are of such size they are not as easily affected.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Quarterly Convention of Spiritualists of Hillsboro' and Cheshire Counties.

The Convention was held in Lyceum Hall, Manchester, N. H., April 26th, 27th and 28th. The call being read by Albert Story, the following Association was formed, by choosing for President Albert Story; Vice Presidents, Stephen Aspell and Mrs. M. E. B. Sawyer; Secretary, T. S. Voss—all of Manchester, N. H.; J. W. Fletcher, of Westford, Mass., opened the meeting with remarks on the progress of Spiritualism. He was followed by S. W. Shaw, of Providence, R. I., who made some very interesting remarks on the coming crisis.

Mrs. S. A. Rogers, of Haverhill, Mass., gave a short discourse on the truth of Spiritualism. Song by the choir. Albert Story and others expressed pleasure in being able to meet as an organized body. Voted to adjourn till 7 P. M.

Evening Session.—A much larger number assembled than at the former meeting. Conference of 30 minutes, in which time Mrs. A. E. Carpenter, of Boston, gave a discourse on the progress of Spiritualism, sustaining his well-earned reputation. Voted to adjourn till next day.

Saturday Morning Session.—Conference meeting, and magnetic experiments by S. W. Shaw. Adjourned until 2 P. M.

Afternoon Session.—Conference meeting. Speaking by J. W. Fletcher and A. E. Carpenter. A beautiful song by the choir. Lecture by Mrs. M. E. B. Sawyer—subject, Practical Spiritualism; followed by Mrs. A. P. Brown. Voted to adjourn till 7 P. M.

Evening Session.—Conference of 30 minutes. Singing by the choir. Speaking by Mr. Morgan, Mrs. S. A. Rogers and A. E. Carpenter. Lecture by Mrs. S. A. Rogers—subject, "Our Birthright," a short and pertinent discourse. A. E. Carpenter followed with an interesting remarks. Song by the choir. Lecture by J. W. Fletcher—subject, "Will it pay?" After singing, A. E. Carpenter, of Boston, gave a discourse on the progress of Spiritualism, sustaining his well-earned reputation. Voted to adjourn till next day.

Sunday Morning Session.—Conference meeting, and magnetic experiments by S. W. Shaw. Adjourned until 12 P. M.

Afternoon Session.—Conference meeting. Speaking by J. W. Fletcher and A. E. Carpenter. A beautiful song by the choir. Lecture by Mrs. M. E. B. Sawyer—subject, Practical Spiritualism; followed by Mrs. A. P. Brown. Voted to adjourn till 7 P. M.

Evening Session.—Conference of 30 minutes. Singing by the choir. Speaking by Mr. Morgan, Mrs. S. A. Rogers and A. E. Carpenter. Lecture by Mrs. S. A. Rogers—subject, "Our Birthright," a short and pertinent discourse. A. E. Carpenter followed with an interesting remarks. Song by the choir. Lecture by J. W. Fletcher—subject, "Will it pay?" After singing, A. E. Carpenter, of Boston, gave a discourse on the progress of Spiritualism, sustaining his well-earned reputation. Voted to adjourn till next day.

Sunday Morning Session.—Conference of 40 minutes. Mrs. M. E. B. Sawyer, agent for Merrimack and Sullivan Co's Spiritual Association, said the people were very much interested in all the lectures she had given them. Song by the choir. Lecture by N. S. Greenleaf, of Lowell, Mass.—He spoke words of cheer for all in the cause of Spiritualism. Adjourned Session.—Meeting called to order by Vice President Austin, Conference of 30 minutes. Speaking by Mrs.

A. P. Brown, Mrs. S. A. Rogers and A. E. Carpenter. Song by the choir. Lecture by A. E. Carpenter—subject, "Practical Spiritualism, and how to do it." Mrs. M. E. B. Sawyer spoke on Spiritualism and Truth. Adjourned till 7 P. M.

Evening Session.—Conference. Speaking by Mrs. S. A. Rogers, A. E. Carpenter introduced the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the citizens of Manchester, in their efforts to sustain and perpetuate liberty of conscience; therefore—

Resolved, That our thanks are due to Francis Abbott of Toledo, O., for the brave protest which he has recently presented before the General Convention, called for the purpose of putting the Jewish Sabbath and the Christian religion into the Constitution of the United States.

Singing. N. S. Greenleaf, introduced a deeply prophetic and logical lecture on Practical Spiritualism, pointing out its future mission. Singing. Lecture by Mrs. A. P. Brown, subject, "What is the religion of 1872?" She gave a good contrast between church faith and Spiritualism.

Resolved, That the citizens of Manchester extend their sincere thanks for the hospitable entertainment extended to them by the good people of Manchester during their stay at the Convention.

The convention closed by singing a beautiful song. Manchester, N. H. T. S. Voss, Secretary.

Free Religious Association.

On Friday morning, afternoon and evening, May 31st, the annual convention of this organization was held. Notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather, good numbers were in attendance at each meeting. The Rev. O. B. Frothingham, of New York, presided. The chairman, in calling the meeting to order, alluded to the origin and progress of the Association, and to the discouragement the members had received from the come-outers of every denomination who had preceded them. Like the Israelites of old, they had gone out into what was seemingly a wilderness; but what had, turned out to be a garden; like them, too, they were still journeying onward to the promised land. They went out with faith in the idea that the human mind was responsible to itself, that its religion was to be its own religion spontaneously developed as it went along. And so they had been wandering for five years, without a creed, but endeavoring to get the sympathy of faith. They had tried to come to a foundation stone on which all religions rested. Now they were waging war against everything that turns aside the human mind from its effort to find the truth. If Christianity and superstition stand or fall together, then they made war on Christianity, and not otherwise. It was better that the human mind should be free than to be religious. Freedom they must have. The Association emphasized anew the liberty of religion in the State and society, and the freedom of mind against every kind of despotism.

The Rev. John W. Chadwick, of Brooklyn, N. Y., read a paper upon "Liberty and the Church in America." There were three relations, he said, which could exist between the Church and the State. There could be a State religion, an ecclesiastical Government, and a Church and State independent. The State religions give a premium to fools and hypocrites; this was amply proven in the history of England. The true religion was that of the perfect freedom of religion under our national Government. There was no necessity for any religious formalities or requirements to the State, and in alluding to the opening of Legislative sessions with prayer, mention was made of the excellent chaplain of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, who "made stump speeches to the Almighty on railroad bills and woman suffrage." In speaking of the proposed religious amendment to the Constitution, he said that to make the Constitution theistic even, would be to expatriate some of the best men in the country. Equal rights was the American idea, and there was no right so sacred as thought on the highest themes. The logic of the proposition would involve a sectarian fight for the control of the Government. By stamping God on the Constitution, the nation would not become Christian; not a man, woman or child would believe in Christianity more than before. The needs of the present pointed to a Sunday freed from all governmental restraint. The American people and the American nation to-day, were a great deal better than the American Government. There was a field for organic reform in the administration of the government. What was wanted was not a religious amendment to the Constitution, but a religious amendment to men's lives.

The Rev. Rowland Connor was the first to open the discussion, and referred to the meeting recently held in this city to secure a religious amendment to the Constitution. The argument of Professor Seelye on that occasion he considered very good, except in one particular, where he quoted from a recognized infidel and an avowed atheist, Benjamin Franklin, to prove that the United States was a Christian nation. The people who advocated the religious amendment seemed to him to have a very singular lack of perception of the fitness of things. Their idea is that all America are Christians; that the very best things that have ever been done here are by Christians; and therefore they say, "Let us throw our Christian flag to the breeze; let us recognize Christianity." But they did not see that it would never do in political matters. It would be as impolitic as a patriotic citizen waving a flag on a crowded street, frightening the horses and disturbing traffic, and equally as much out of place.

Mrs. Celia Burleigh read a paper in continuance of the subject, which was a plea for liberty and progress. She was followed by Lauretta Mott, who defended the Apostle Paul from an attack made upon him by Mrs. Burleigh for conservatism in regard to allowing women to speak in meetings. From her reading of his writings, it seemed that he did not refuse women the right to become religious teachers—rather advocated it—but deprecated their participation in the discussions that were taking place in the church. She wanted truth and freedom to go hand in hand, and urged her hearers to be ready to defend the religious liberty of which they had heard so much of practical value. A letter was read from a Presbyterian clergyman of western New York, addressed to Mr. F. W. Clark of the Young Men's Christian Union, in response to a request that he would contribute to the geological cabinet of that institution. It was interesting as showing the extreme bigotry of some members of the evangelical church, the writer refusing to part with any portion of his collection of minerals, unless it could be proved that the petitioners belonged to a "soundly pious society." The discussion was continued by A. Bronson Alcott and the Rev. Dr. Bartol, the latter defining religion to be the right action of every faculty and affection of the human mind.

In the beginning of the afternoon session the Secretary, the Rev. W. J. Potter, read letters from the Rev. Charles H. Malcolin, a Baptist clergyman of Newport, R. I., and others, regretting their inability to be present at the convention. Mr. C. D. B. Mills, of Syracuse, N. Y., then read an essay on the question, "Does religion represent a permanent sentiment of the human mind, or is it a perishable institution?" The question was, he thought, a very important one, tracing the progress of religious belief from the fustian and up through theocracy to Christianity. He announced his conviction that they would go further yet. Pure worship is the worship of the perfect, the prayer of the soul to ideal excellency. Religion is the apprehending all things as they are—will-

ingness to do and to suffer; and this religion will never perish while worthy ambitions quicken the human soul; it will go on and on until the soul shall have exhausted the infinitude of God.

Mr. Horace Seaver was the next speaker, and took ground opposed to that of Mr. Mills. The infinite was beyond his comprehension. He believed that this world was the "be-all and end-all," and that what kind needed no such teacher and guide as religion, because humanity and reason teach them what to do. When men will think for themselves, then will they come out right.

Mr. Giles B. Stebbins, of Detroit, a Spiritualist, briefly replied to Mr. Seaver, averring that all things tended to outward evolution from an inner centre, not—as Mr. S. argued—from the outer to inner. In other words, the world of circumstance was the result of its centre state, the spirit realm. He then read extracts from a book written by himself, entitled "Chapters from the Bible of the Ages," (which is for sale by Wm. White & Co., 135 Washington street.) He was succeeded by Mr. J. B. Hatch, who ridiculed what he called "nasal piety," and expressed his belief that it was declining.

The evening session, which began shortly before eight o'clock, was signalled by the reading of an essay on "The Religion of Humanity," by Rev. O. B. Frothingham. The following compend is all which we have space for at the present time:

After a brief review and analysis of the new social arrangements of the Age of Steam, which regarded the present arrangement of society as an archaic, and as only destined to effect for the nineteenth century what the Church of Rome did for the tenth; he advocated that there should be set apart for teaching and inculcating the new social arrangements, a class of minds who should be trained to instruct the ignorant. They should constitute a college, founded on scientific authority, based on a book which should command the respect of mankind. If error was ever dangerous, it was when it beset the minds of those who held high political office, and high offices in educational institutions. Every religion might, in one sense, be called a religion of humanity, because it was intended for the good of humanity. Even a book with a faithful barren as sign of the Cross, had sentences so grand and beautiful that the heart melted to read them: "One minute of justice is better than a thousand years of prayer." "When a good deed is done, write it down seven times," says the same book; and "When an evil deed is done, wait seven years before you write it down; the man may repent in the meantime."

Neither of the separate existing religions met all the needs of humanity. They all of them contained something of truth. The new religion of humanity was not an eclectic selection from other religions. It discarded the supernatural in every regard. Between the human and divine, the finite and the infinite, the conditioned and the unconditioned, the religion of humanity drew a line drawn. In the religion of humanity this chasm was bridged over. In the new religion the most divine was regarded as the most human. The religion of humanity extended over all humanity. Comte's conception of the grand man was entirely unavailing. Human nature had hitherto been regarded as a mere existing religion, one extending to the skies and the other grovelling on the earth. The religion of humanity blended the two, and restored the integrity of nature in human nature. Man's consciousness of God was man's own self-consciousness. Existing religions made a great point of their theology. The religion of humanity by the law of evolution, supported an individual God, and blended itself with the qualities of God. In this kind of speculation the religion of humanity took no part. For theology, the religion of humanity substituted anthropology, the science of man, biology and physiology, the science of life and of growth.

Every established religion had its books of revelation. The religion of humanity had none. The books that remained true knowledge were its sacred books; the best literature was its Bible. Every established church had its fixed belief; the religion of humanity believed as it went along. Established religion had its scheme of salvation; the religion of humanity sought salvation by promoting social and individual happiness and virtue. The religious sentiment was not enough to-day to protest against churches and creeds a thousand years old. Men would still set up their idols, though the form of Jesus vanished as a cloud. The religion of humanity adapted itself to a new social law—the law of evolution connected with crude forms struggling upward to higher ones instead of with a Paradise from which we had fallen. The new law of evolution rendered necessary a new set of beliefs, the precise opposites of the old ones. Sacrifice was not the shedding of blood, but the transfusion of blood into new veins. Instead of pressing man with a multitude of sins to death, it pressed him upward to life; instead of seeking to save a race from ruin, it sought to guide a race to peace.

By the same rule the forms of piety were all reversed. The new religion looked with hope to a rising fall and happiness, and did not mean over a fallen state. The secondary virtues of humility and other things were no longer virtues, but only out of the soil of this new religion than the close and confined air of ecclesiastical shackles. In the old religion people were virtuous for heaven's sake; for Christ's sake; in the new they were virtuous and did good deeds for man's sake. The new religion did not believe in life dreaming, in sentimentalism, but in vigorous action, in clear intelligence, and in men making it their duty, by their lives, that the tabernacle of God was in man. Under the new religion a man did not dream of living in an imaginary heaven, but he had an intense desire to live like a man here. (Applaud.) He turned to put into a life here that which he had put into a life there, and he found that his life here was the very death of men and wore it into forms of power and beauty. There was no reason why the new religion of humanity should not have its own architecture, music and forms of worship, or as Christianity did with the Pagan temples, take possession of them and reconsecrate them. The new religion of humanity was no new thing, only it was newly organized. It commenced when Rome was overthrown in the name of mankind, and afterward crept into the church. The essayist then pointed out where the disciples of the new religion were to be found and what their characteristics were. He instated George Holyoke and our own Mill in England as the first disciples, who were read in a forcible and animated way, and was listened to with intense interest and was loudly applauded.

Lucretia Mott then made a short address, during which she made some complimentary comments on the address of Horace Seaver of the Boston Investigator.

Mr. Alexander Loos, of Philadelphia, gave an account of the German Freie Gemeinden, or Independent German Congregations of the United States. He then proceeded to describe the spirit which animated the religious life of these associations. They were the natural upshot and outgrowth of German thought, starting from the point of Luther's vigorous protest against the intolerant authority of the church to control the infinite progress of the human mind.

Samuel Longfellow addressed a few parting words to the association—"Make your life, light, and your thought, action." He urged them not only to cast off the tyranny of ecclesiastical bonds, but the prejudices of private opinion. The convention adjourned shortly after ten o'clock.

In the Banner of Light of the 11th inst. is published a very able lecture by that eminent thinker and speaker, William Denton, on the text taken from Shakespeare: "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." Many excellent thoughts are well expressed in the lecture; but it is not by any means orthodox, as the speaker is a free, bold thinker, and chooses to follow the path his judgment points out, regardless of authorities, ancient or modern.—The Massillon (O.) Independent.

Annual Convention of the Massachusetts State Spiritualist Association.

Reported by H. S. Williams.

The Association met at Eliot Hall, Boston, Wednesday, May 23d, and was called to order at 10 A. M. Vice President Richards in the chair, who called on the Secretary, H. S. Williams, for the records of the last annual meeting, which were read. The Vice President then made some remarks with reference to the past and present work and condition of the Society and its future usefulness. He thought the business of this Association in its public meetings was to attend to the interests of Spiritualism exclusively, and hoped that in the present Convention we should avoid all outside questions, and confine ourselves to our legitimate work, leaving other issues to our societies and conventions, where they properly belong. He then declared the meeting open for business; and, on motion of M. V. Lincoln, appointed the following committees:

On Business—J. C. Ray, of New Bedford; M. V. Lincoln, of Boston; Mrs. W. W. Carrier, of Haverhill.

On Resolutions—Dr. H. B. Storer, George A. Bacon, of Boston, and N. M. Wright, of Lynn.

While the Committee on Business was preparing a report, some remarks were made by Dr. H. B. Storer, H. S. Williams, George A. Johnson, E. S. Wheeler, and M. V. Lincoln, upon the present condition, prospects, and future destiny of the Association, and the duty of the Spiritualists of the State in relation to the same. The Business Committee then made the following report:

Morning session to be devoted to conference. Afternoon session, at 2 1/2 P. M.; report of Committee on Resolutions, discussion of the same, and election of officers for the ensuing year—recommending that the present officers hold over another year. Evening session at 7 1/2 P. M. to be devoted to the completion of all unfinished business, and to addresses by members of the Convention.

As an appropriate subject for the morning conference—suggested by speeches already made—the Chairman on Resolutions offered the following:

Resolved, That while this Association admits methods for agitating the public mind upon the subject of Spiritualism, worthy of the hearty support and encouragement of all Spiritualists in the State who believe that "the agitation of thought is the beginning and the end of all things," and who come when it should seriously determine whether to continue its existence as a regularly organized association, and that we recommend this as the first subject for discussion at this Convention.

A motion to limit speakers in ten minutes was lost. This resolution provided for effecting the accomplishment of the object intended, namely, the serious inquiry in the mind of every one whether the Association had really outlived its usefulness, or still possessed the elements of life and growth to resurrect it from its present dormant, inactive state. The earnest discussion which followed, in which George A. Bacon, Dr. H. B. Storer, Dr. H. E. Gardner, Dr. H. B. Storer, of Boston; Dr. G. N. Johnson, and B. F. Chesley, of Lynn, engaged, developed an unexpected and very encouraging faith in the value, usefulness and permanency of the Society, and demonstrated beyond question that its friends had never seriously entertained the idea of its dissolution. The conference was very instructive and convincing, and of great interest throughout the session. On motion, voted to adjourn.

Afternoon Session—Meeting called to order at 2 1/2 P. M. George A. Bacon in the chair. Giles B. Stebbins—an able representative of Spiritualism from the West—entertained the Convention very acceptably with an impressive and impressive speech, on the subject of the resolutions offered, which, on motion, it was voted to limit speakers to fifteen minutes.

Dr. H. F. Gardner moved to lay the resolution on the table for the purpose of allowing the Committee to introduce other resolutions as a substitute. The motion was lost.

Some discussion then arose—in which A. E. Giles, Dr. H. F. Gardner and others participated—with reference to the proper interpretation of the Constitution, parliamentary rules, &c., after which a motion was made to indefinitely postpone the resolution before the Convention, which was lost. Dr. Gardner then renewed his former motion to lay the resolutions on the table, which passed, when he proceeded to read the following resolutions, which were accepted for discussion:

Resolved, That we proceed to the election of officers for the coming year.

Resolved, That we earnestly recommend to all Spiritualists in this State to proceed at once, in every city and town for practical work in Spiritualism, and to notify the officers of this Association of their action.

Resolved, That if the opinion of the officers of this Association a sufficient number of local societies are formed to constitute a delegate Convention, they shall call a Convention on an anniversary week in Boston, in May 1873, for the purpose of revising the Constitution of this Association.

Resolved, That for the purpose of carrying out the spirit of these resolutions, we urge upon our friends here present from all parts of the State, who are willing to labor for local organizations, to send their names to the Secretary.

Dr. Gardner proceeded to make some practical suggestions in regard to the carrying out of the resolutions, showing that the proper basis of support to a State Association was the cooperation and support of town and local societies; they, having organized, should send their best minds as delegates to represent them at the regular annual conventions of the State Association. He thought, that, on the same general plan a National Association could be made a success and a power in the land, and in no other way.

He was followed by E. S. Wheeler, G. N. Johnson, A. E. Carpenter, Rev. J. L. Hatch and others, in support of the resolutions. After a full and free discussion, the question being called for, the resolutions were unanimously adopted as a substitute for the resolutions on the table. On motion, the Chair appointed M. V. Lincoln, of Boston; Mrs. J. L. Dodge, of Chelsea; A. C. Robinson, of Lynn; Mrs. W. W. Carrier, of Haverhill, and Dr. Dewey, of Boston, to act as nominating committee to select a list of officers for the ensuing year, said committee to report at the commencement of the next session.

On motion, voted to adjourn. Evening Session—Vice President Richards called the meeting to order, at half past seven P. M., and made a brief speech, enforcing his previous remarks at the morning session, and expressing satisfaction with the proceedings thus far, as compared with some former meetings. He thought the friends had avoided side issues, and all good, except that which we were here specially to consider—Spiritualism.

The Nominating Committee, through its Chairman, M. V. Lincoln, made the following report: For President, Dr. H. F. Gardner; for Vice President, George A. Bacon, both of Boston; Corresponding Secretary, Dr. H. S. Williams, of Boston; Recording Secretary, Miss Abbie K. T. Rounseville, of Middleboro.

On motion, the report was accepted and adopted, and the above named persons declared elected to the several offices for the ensuing year. Subsequently, on motion of B. F. Chesley, of Lynn, the vote was made unanimous by acclamation.

Dr. H. F. Gardner (with considerable reluctance) accepted the office of President, and, upon taking the chair, made a brief and appropriate speech, in which he called special attention to the work proposed in the resolutions then adopted, which he thought would be in a practical direction, and which, if carried out, would bring permanent success in promulgating our faith among the people and establishing the truths of Spiritualism throughout the State.

On motion, the Secretary was called on to read the list of names comprising the Executive Committee. On motion of M. V. Lincoln, they were unanimously elected for the ensuing year. The balance of the evening session was devoted to short addresses from George A. Bacon, E. S. Wheeler, B. F. Chesley, A. E. Carpenter, A. C. Robinson, John Wetherby, Dr. H. B. Storer, I. C. Ray and Mrs. Albertson. C. Fannie Allyn (being called upon) made the closing address of the Convention, which was highly appropriate to the occasion. She closed with an inspirational poem, when the Convention adjourned, to meet at the call of the President.

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

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

For Spirit Message Department see Sixth Page.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1872.

Office in the "Parlor Building," No. 135 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 1, UP STAIRS.

AGENCY IN NEW YORK, THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 115 NASSAU ST.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE, LUTHER COLBY, ISAAC B. RICH, LEWIS B. WILSON. EDITOR. ASSISTANT.

All letters and communications pertaining to the Editorial Department of this paper must—in order to receive prompt attention—be addressed to LUTHER COLBY, Business Editor, and not to the Editor, but invariably to WILLIAM WHITE & Co.

The Gift of Flowers.

People everywhere recognize the indescribable beauty of the act of decorating the graves of our fallen brave with chaplets and wreaths of flowers; but its real beauty lies in its spirituality. It is as delicate an office as the soul can well perform for the memory of those whom we call dead. For flowers have expression, have language; and in that is the secret and mystery of their meaning. As the sound of far-off music—faint, receding, and lingering in the chambers of the spirit—speaks in a language which pen or tongue cannot presume to interpret, so the fleeting fragrance of flowers, the breath of their very souls, the aroma of their little lives accosts the sensitive being with a strange subtlety of unspoken speech, and combines with gracefulness of forms and attractiveness of colors to produce impressions that do not easily fade or become forgotten. In all the wide realm of beautiful Nature she has scattered no richer or purer gifts than those which smile on a million banks, bluish in unknown dells, and make the meadows bright with their blessings.

"Flowers of the spring; daffodils That come before the swallow starts, and take The shape of March with bent and violet dim, But sweeter than the lily of June's eyes Or Cytherea's breath; pale pansies; That die unmarried, ere they could behold Bright Phoebus in the heaven; daisies of all kinds; Bold callias and the crown imperial."

The services at the graves of our dead Union soldiers on Decoration Day were hereabouts unusually impressive. Each year seems to increase and deepen the general interest in this beautiful ceremony. As the company of the living approached one grave after another, to lay their floral tributes on the green mounds that almost waited to receive them, it is known to us, as we sincerely wish it could likewise be known to all who thoughtfully participated, that the former tenants of the lifeless clay thus tenderly remembered stood by, gratefully approving the act and penetrated to the interior of their being by the generous motives that prompted it. "Could this demonstration of actual delight have been recognized by the multitudes who contributed to its creation, how many times more joyfully would they have turned away from the spot for knowing that what they had done was the immediate cause of so much genuine happiness. The dead, whose spirits mingled with the throng and surveyed the scene with gratitude unmeasured, were glad to know, as they did by their presence in spirit-form, that they were not forgotten. Their sufferings, their sacrifices, their fortitude, their faith—all were fully repaid by these repeated proofs of a devotion which makes the memory of past deeds of disinterestedness a fragrance and a blessing indeed.

As, year by year, this custom of strewing the graves of our fallen defenders takes a deeper hold on the popular heart, and strikes its roots further and further down in the soil of our social state, the obvious beauty which is now its chief recognized expression will be converted into that of a purer spirituality; and to lay flowers on a grave will be like holding direct communion with the dead themselves. This present act is but the hint and forerunner of the deeper and more perfect development of the true meaning of its inspiration. The dead, as they are called, are thus brought nearer and nearer continually. The silence of the grave does not smother the reality of the speech. This will, in time, become a monotony if it be not reinforced with a living and fresh meaning. It must be infused with the spirit, or, like all other customs, it will grow barren and die. It cannot, therefore, but take on spirituality more and more, and lift up with it the thoughts and sentiments of all who practice so beautifully appropriate a devotion. And so an act that had its origin in a mixed feeling of love for the dead and for the flowers that more than all other earthly objects symbolize that unutterable love, promises to blossom into a spiritual meaning at last, that shall invoke the closest sympathy of all true souls with the faith that is preached freely by angelic messengers and springs eternal in every receptive human breast.

The Business of Slander.

We happen to be acquainted with a little interior town of not many hundred inhabitants, whose pauper tax is justly complained of as being the heaviest expense with which its citizens are chargeable. Some account for it in one way, and some in another. Of course, rum had more or less to do with it. But that hardly accounted for the whole mystery. That was not the entire secret. At last a penetrating individual mildly ventured his explanation; being a long sufferer, he spoke from actual experience. They were none of them too strongly addicted to work, any way; but they had tongues in their heads that never could be charged with idleness. The trouble is just here, explained our Timon philosopher; the town is so full of poor people because they mind other people's business instead of their own. He had hit the nail exactly on the head; and his unerring hammer might be made to fall on a great many people outside of his immediate precinct. This incessant commentary on one another is the very seed-bed of slander. It is in such a heated mass of material as is thus raked together, and thoroughly composted, that it thrives with perfect luxuriance. Nothing is easier than scandalizing others, and the habit once formed clings to one like a burr to the clothes. It is everywhere the direct and sure source of poverty for the spirit, as it was in the little town alluded to of poverty for the pocket. The backbiting man and woman has his or her thoughts preoccupied about affairs that are not related to his or her own welfare. How to shape a new rumor so that it will be more sensational, how to put a still sharper edge on a piece of idle gossip, how to insert a fang into a fresh scandal that

ought rather to have its fangs promptly drawn—these things cannot very well be continually revolved in any person's mind, and that mind still added itself to sweet and high thoughts, or aspire to more elevated conditions, or pray and strive for a nobler development. Picking others to pieces is the meanest occupation that is followed anywhere by man. It is followed indiscriminately, however, in city as well as in country; among Spiritualists, we grieve to add, as well as among those who insist that they are wholly Orthodox. They, of all others in this later age, should spurn the temptation and trample it scornfully under foot. No evil is so corrupting as this one of slander. None bites harder, or corrodes the spirit more deeply. Let it ever be remembered that he who practices it receives the worse damage at the last, though his visible work be sometimes truly terrible. He makes a hell for his spirit, and people it with the company of a host of unclean devils. The only way to exorcise them is to say nothing of another, if not good.

Sensation Sermons.

We should class those of Rev. Dr. Fulton, of the Tremont Temple, as of this sort. Their very announced titles are prepared with a view to prick the blood of the crowd, and excite a desire to gratify curiosity. It is as much related to religion as the side-show of a circus is. Some ministers practice sensation deliberately, others from the force of an acquired habit, having accidentally discovered that they have a vein in their mental composition that can be worked to unexpected personal advantage. The whole thing, however, is personal, and a matter of conceit. People of the least discipline and culture of thought are at once disgusted. As it is the rankest mental traits that are appealed to, so the sensational preacher must be content with the exclusive applause of those who are the owners of them. There are degrees of sensationalism in the clergy class, as a matter of course; that of Dr. Theodore Cuyler, in his published book, is of one sort, and that of the epithetical Elder Knapp is another. Mr. Beecher is by no means guiltless of descending to the trickery, especially in his dramatic scenes which are so carefully studied for his Plymouth Church platform. He certainly has a keen eye out to striking, and, too often, to stunning effects; and as for the pathetic, he "comes it as strong," at times, as he prudently ought.

Now, there is but a single way of accounting for this sensational tendency in a certain class of men, and that is, by ascribing it to their passion for self-exaltation. It finally becomes a mania. If a preacher has anything to say from his pulpit that is truly worth the saying, he cannot very well help making an impression if he utters it out of the very fullness of his conviction. There will be no need of his employing any of the dramatic arts and tricks to make his words profoundly effective. His sincerity will be his true eloquence. When moved himself, there is little doubt of his ability to move others. But these eccentric, dramatic, grotesque, and too often disgusting tricks, this pulpit legerdemain, this preacher's prestidigitation, has grown to be a gigantic scandal, a nuisance, an imposition; and it obviously implies that those who addit themselves to it believe the power has gone out of their creed, and must be supplied from an artificial source. If it is not that, then what can it be? We hail all this sensational nonsense as but another of the signs of the times—an open confession of the fact that vitality is leaving the old dogmas, and is being compensated by galvanism. The whole thing is as transparent as glass. Whatever effect is produced by sensational preaching is but momentary, gratifying the senses or exciting the curiosity, and then as soon passing away. It is but skin-deep, and never spiritual.

James Gordon Bennett.

The daily press of Monday morning, June 3d, presented to its readers, both through the form of telegraphic despatches and editorial obituaries, the intelligence that this remarkable journalist had at last gone from the scenes which so long occupied his busy brain, to those of a grander certainty than anything on earth can afford. The New York Herald, of which paper he was the founder, appearing in deep mourning at his decease, said: "It is not our province to enlarge him; his career, as a journalist, is before the world, and is public property. His private life and personal character are the property of his family and friends." The other New York papers hasten to record the event, and to moralize upon the lessons always conveyed when one of strong mind and an earnest will apparently disappears from among men.

Mr. Bennett was born in the year 1800, of humble parentage, in the little village of New Mill, Banffshire, Scotland. In early life he was intended by his parents as a priest, and for that purpose attended a Catholic Seminary at Aberdeen for a short time; but he suddenly gave up the plan and started for the New World, arriving in Halifax, N. S., in the month of May, 1810. Here he was employed as a teacher. Then came to Boston, where he remained some time, varying proof reading for the publishing house of Wells and Libby, with teaching. In 1822 he accepted a position on the Charleston, S. C. Courier, and afterward went to Philadelphia, and for a little more than a year edited the Pennsylvania.

Leaving Philadelphia he fixed his residence in New York City, where he entered—after some preliminary disasters—on that career of successful journalism which attained such a fruition in the establishment and maintenance of one of the leading dailies of the United States. The first number of the Herald was issued from a cellar in Ann street—near by, and in contrast indeed to its present magnificent quarters—on May 6th, 1835. For the building up of his paper Mr. Bennett devoted his entire time and energy, sacrificing friends, social enjoyments, all the pleasures of life. His end was attained, and he has met the "last great change," so say the public prints, "as calmly and unflinchingly as he met the ordinary trials of life."

Mr. Bennett, in common with a large number of the leading minds of the present day, was a believer—though not professedly such—of the philosophy of Spirit return, as also his wife. Evidence which he obtained through repeated sittings with Charles H. Foster and other mediums in New York City, convinced him of the truth of Spiritualism, and he thus goes to the better life with a wider knowledge of its uses and surroundings than many others who were considered far wiser than he in matters theologic and religious.

A New Story.

Our next issue will contain the first installment of a fine story, entitled "Emma Linden; or, The Mother's Trust," by Mrs. H. Greene Butts, author of "Vine Cottage Stories," which cannot fail to interest the Banner readers.

Read the article on our first page, "Confidential Suggestions," from the pen of that profound thinker, Prof. S. B. Brittan, of New York.

Opening the Boston Public Library on Sunday.

At the regular weekly meeting of the Board of Aldermen, held Tuesday, June 4th, a public hearing was had on the order requesting the trustees of the Public Library to open the reading room certain hours on Sunday, to wit, from 2 to 9 o'clock P. M.

The discussion was opened by Addison Davis. He claimed that the first day of the week was no more sacred than any other. The Sabbath was only a day established for the Jews. For twenty five hundred years before the Bible was written, people obeyed the simple law of Nature, and rested when they were weary. There is no such thing as a Sabbath-day in Nature. The first infractor of the Jewish law was the Lord of the Sabbath. He offered \$1000 to any designated benevolent institution, if any one would show him a passage of Scripture which said that the Sabbath was holier than other time.

Rev. E. E. Hale thought the opening of the Library would be a great mercy to the public. Almost every intelligent Christian man spends more time in reading on the Sabbath than on any other day. The working class who wish to study during the Sabbath have only one opportunity to take out a single book, which is not at all satisfactory. Their best use of the Sabbath day is the use of good books. The attendance at the Christian Union is much larger than on any other day in the week. The Young Men's Christian Association would do well to open their rooms for the same purpose. The plan has been successfully carried on in Canton, and the effects have been good. It is no more evil to open the libraries on Sunday than it is to open the post-offices or the Sabbath school libraries.

William Denton said that knowledge is the food of the soul, without which it would die. He was surprised that the doors had been closed so long. Sunday is a day when people have an opportunity to read and study. Nature works every day, and people have to follow her. Corn grows upon Sunday, as well as upon other days. Man has as much right to work on the Sabbath as on any other day. Ministers are as guilty as other men in this respect. All days are equally holy and good, and those who make any barrier between them are enemies to humanity.

Prof. F. W. Clark said: The petitions are very plain. It is a dog-in-manger opposition which is offered. The question is not whether it will conflict with some one's doctrine, but whether it will be productive of more good than evil to the public. The example of the Cincinnati and Philadelphia public libraries was very plainly a success, and Mr. Baldwin, the President of the Young Men's Union, says he would rather close their library on any other day than on Sunday.

Charles M. Ellis: The reasons which have been made in opposition to the opening of the library on Sunday, for the past five years, are perfectly shameful. If there be a day when people should have admission to the library it was on Sunday. It would be carrying out the highest interests of Christianity and religion; if it were not he would not ask for the privilege. He wished that before long there should be a room opened for every one to enter during the Sabbath, and read the valuable books of modern literature. We ought not to shrink from doing a good work because it may be opposed by some religious sect. The speaker quoted Chief Justice Powers, Roger Williams, and thought the plan asked for would be a great benefit to the public and to religion.

O. K. Whipple called for the reading of the remonstrances, and stated that they metook the facts of the case. The petitioners ask for the opening of the reading-room, thus making the objection that books can be taken out at other times wholly irrelevant. Many of the magazines and periodicals can only be seen by some who value them, on the Sabbath. The act of reading is a quiet, innocent and useful advantage, and should not be prohibited. The pursuit of useful knowledge in the nineteenth century is nowhere restricted by God. The remonstrants are members of certain peculiar sects, and are trying to enforce one of their church laws which the Bible does not maintain.

Mr. Whipple was followed by A. D. Sargent, the opening orator for the remonstrants. The opposition was presented "pro bono publico" in the name of the Clarendon-street Baptist, Columbus-avenue Cong., Church-street Methodist, First Baptist, Mount Vernon Cong., Harvard street Baptist, Bowdoin-square Baptist, First Presbyterian, Springfield-street Presbyterian, and Hancock-street Methodist churches, and the Young Men's Christian Association, and the arguments were mostly couched in that vein which desires that "the reputation of Boston as a Puritan city and the leader in Christian principles" may be sustained. The speakers on this side were, in addition to Mr. Sargent, Messrs. J. W. Hamilton, Peter T. Homer, Rev. Mr. Clarke of East Boston, Rodney Lund and Dea. Ezra Farnsworth. At the close of the latter gentleman's remarks, it was voted, on motion of Alderman Clark, to lay the matter on the table for another week.

Isaac Post.

This well-known defender of our faith in its early days has finished his course on earth and gone to the reward of all apostles of the truth: The services of himself and wife Amy in sustaining the Fox girls in those dark and trying days when the manifestations were being given before large audiences and investigating committees in Rochester, in 1818, will not soon be forgotten.

He was buried with appropriate services May 12th, at Mount Hope Cemetery, Rochester, N. Y., the funeral discourse being delivered by Mr. Mills, of Syracuse, followed by an inspirational address from Mrs. Libbie Watson—J. W. Seaver and Mrs. Watson also making remarks at the grave. The Unitarian Church, in which the funeral was held, was filled to overflowing with those who respected the worthy citizen now gone from their sight—as far as earth-life was concerned—and lamented—not without "hope" and in many cases knowledge of a reunion beyond the shadow.

Ready for Duty.

Many Spiritualists in Boston and vicinity, not being acquainted with the fact that within this city are located those believers in the philosophy of spirit return who are authorized by the mandate of the civil law to solemnize marriage, and baptized by inspiration to offer consolation at the bedside of the dying or on funeral occasions, employ clergymen for such offices. We are therefore happy to call their attention to at least two gentlemen who are prepared, as justices of the peace, to perform the marriage service—Dr. H. F. Gardner, Pavillon Hotel, Tremont street, and Allen Putnam, of Roxbury. The first-named has publicly stated the fact in these columns; and we heard Mr. Putnam remark, not long since, in private, that he would be willing, if called upon, to officiate as a clergyman—which position he once held in the Unitarian Church—when required, either at funerals or weddings.



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...

The Banner of Light Free Circles. These Circles are held at No. 15 Washington Street, Room No. 4, on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons...

Invocation. Thou Soul of this handsome day, which like a glittering gem adorns the brow of eternity...

Questions and Answers. CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—[If you have questions, Mr. Chairman, I am ready to hear them.]

Q.—It is the opinion of some that houses constructed chiefly of stone or metal, or both, have an injurious influence, at least upon some persons...

Q.—What, if any, influence has the height of rooms upon the mind? A.—Plenty of fresh air is a known necessity to health.

Q.—How does the controlling spirit regard the Kindergarten schools of Froebel? Whom can his system be improved? In short, what are the means by which the body and the mind can best be educated?

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Perceiving there is still a misunderstanding with reference to the letters laid upon this table to be answered by some spirit or spirits, I will again make an explanation...

Edgar Leman. I am weak in coming here. I died of hemorrhage of the lungs, and I feel now about as I did the last few moments of my stay here.

William Prescott. Where are you from?—(addressing Mr. White) [I belong in Boston, at present. When I was young, do you mean?] Yes, [I was born in Kittery, Me. I lived in Newcastle upon a boy.]

Q.—Does the doctrine of Spiritualism conflict with the plan of salvation taught in the New Testament, viz: repentance, and faith in Jesus Christ? A.—No, certainly not; but it illuminates that plan—makes it understandable.

Q.—(From the audience.) I would ask the controlling spirit if he believes that any spirit in the material form has to pass through any scenes that are not absolutely necessary? A.—No, certainly not; because I believe in a God of justice and wisdom and love—in an supreme, overruling Intelligence governing in all things...

John K. Burt. I am under obligations to certain friends and relatives who have favored me with a call, but I have to say, I am unable to give them the information they desire, and I doubt, if I were able, that it would be wisdom for me to do so.

Mary Ann Adams. My name was Mary Ann Adams. I wish to communicate with my mother. As long ago as I can remember, my mother has been a member of the Methodist Church.

Ezra Forristall. Bro. White, how do you do? [You have the advantage of me.] I have, certainly, and as this is my first attempt, I shall be obliged to walk very cautiously, else I shall stumble.

Thou Sun of our souls, grant that we may understand that what the sun is to the solar system, that thou art unto us; that we, as lesser lights, revolve around thee, and gather all our strength, all our wisdom, all that we are from thee.

that we are not able to endure. And, finally, oh Great Spirit of Infinite Love and Wisdom, may we trust thee more fully, and may we so inspire thy children who dwell in the darkness of a mortal life to trust in thee, that they shall no longer murmur at the cares of life here, but shall feel that all is well, because ordered by thee.

Questions and Answers. Q.—(From a correspondent.) How can we tell what persons are adapted to sit together in developing circles?

Q.—Does the doctrine of Spiritualism conflict with the plan of salvation taught in the New Testament, viz: repentance, and faith in Jesus Christ? A.—No, certainly not; but it illuminates that plan—makes it understandable.

Q.—(From the audience.) I would ask the controlling spirit if he believes that any spirit in the material form has to pass through any scenes that are not absolutely necessary? A.—No, certainly not; because I believe in a God of justice and wisdom and love—in an supreme, overruling Intelligence governing in all things...

Q.—(From the audience.) I would ask the controlling spirit if he believes that any spirit in the material form has to pass through any scenes that are not absolutely necessary? A.—No, certainly not; because I believe in a God of justice and wisdom and love—in an supreme, overruling Intelligence governing in all things...

Q.—(From the audience.) I would ask the controlling spirit if he believes that any spirit in the material form has to pass through any scenes that are not absolutely necessary? A.—No, certainly not; because I believe in a God of justice and wisdom and love—in an supreme, overruling Intelligence governing in all things...

Q.—(From the audience.) I would ask the controlling spirit if he believes that any spirit in the material form has to pass through any scenes that are not absolutely necessary? A.—No, certainly not; because I believe in a God of justice and wisdom and love—in an supreme, overruling Intelligence governing in all things...

Q.—(From the audience.) I would ask the controlling spirit if he believes that any spirit in the material form has to pass through any scenes that are not absolutely necessary? A.—No, certainly not; because I believe in a God of justice and wisdom and love—in an supreme, overruling Intelligence governing in all things...

Q.—(From the audience.) I would ask the controlling spirit if he believes that any spirit in the material form has to pass through any scenes that are not absolutely necessary? A.—No, certainly not; because I believe in a God of justice and wisdom and love—in an supreme, overruling Intelligence governing in all things...

Q.—(From the audience.) I would ask the controlling spirit if he believes that any spirit in the material form has to pass through any scenes that are not absolutely necessary? A.—No, certainly not; because I believe in a God of justice and wisdom and love—in an supreme, overruling Intelligence governing in all things...

know that your Spiritualism is true—more than that, I know it is destined to redeem the world from error—to cleanse it from sin. I am sure of this, for the mighty band of holy intelligences...

Rev. James K. Brady. I was a believer in the truths of modern and ancient Spiritualism. I was also a father in the Catholic Church, and I did whatever I was able to, to incorporate these sublime truths into the doctrines of the church.

Mary Adelaide Sargent. My name was Mary Adelaide Sargent. I lived in Lawrence, Mass., and I have a mother, sister and brother living there. I come here to send a letter to my mother, to tell her that I have found father, and he sends a great deal of love to her, and wants her to try and be reconciled to the hard things of this life...

Mary Quimby. My sister has called for me. She wants to know if I am happy in the other life. Yes, I am. She wants to know if I found that life what I expected it would be. No, I did not. She wants to know if I have met father and mother and Jane. Yes, I have. She wants me to tell her what I did with. I died of cancer of the intestines, and my last words were—"Mary, bring the light."

Daniel Crowley. My brother John was in confession about a week ago, and he asked the priest how it was with me, his brother Daniel, in the other life—if I was all right. The priest could not tell him. He thought I was right, maybe, but he was not sure about it. So I thought I'd come to this place and speak for myself.

Bro. White, how do you do? [You have the advantage of me.] I have, certainly, and as this is my first attempt, I shall be obliged to walk very cautiously, else I shall stumble. I now know that Spiritualism is a divine truth; grander and more beautiful than any other that has ever been given to the world.

When I was here in the body, I had many opportunities of investigating this spiritual philosophy, and did so; but with all I saw, with all I had witnessed in various ways, I was unable to say, at all times, "I believe in the truthfulness of modern Spiritualism;" for here and there a doubt would creep in—perhaps it is not true, after all; perhaps all these manifestations can be accounted for in some other way than by referring them to departed friends.

When I was here in the body, I had many opportunities of investigating this spiritual philosophy, and did so; but with all I saw, with all I had witnessed in various ways, I was unable to say, at all times, "I believe in the truthfulness of modern Spiritualism;" for here and there a doubt would creep in—perhaps it is not true, after all; perhaps all these manifestations can be accounted for in some other way than by referring them to departed friends.

When I was here in the body, I had many opportunities of investigating this spiritual philosophy, and did so; but with all I saw, with all I had witnessed in various ways, I was unable to say, at all times, "I believe in the truthfulness of modern Spiritualism;" for here and there a doubt would creep in—perhaps it is not true, after all; perhaps all these manifestations can be accounted for in some other way than by referring them to departed friends.

When I was here in the body, I had many opportunities of investigating this spiritual philosophy, and did so; but with all I saw, with all I had witnessed in various ways, I was unable to say, at all times, "I believe in the truthfulness of modern Spiritualism;" for here and there a doubt would creep in—perhaps it is not true, after all; perhaps all these manifestations can be accounted for in some other way than by referring them to departed friends.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, March 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Address: Set Her Feet on the Rock, by Father Stevenson, of Danbury, Iowa; David Harper, of Harper's Ferry, Anna C. Birdie Wilson, Annie Everett, of Georgetown, N. C.

THE KING'S ROSEBUD. BY JULIA A. C. DORR. Only a blushing rosebud, folding up Such wealth of sweetness in its dewy cup, That the whole air was like rare incense hung from golden censers round high altars swung!

Passed to Spirit-Life. From Boston, May 20th, Orville P. Gross, wife of Mr. Oliver Gross, aged 42 years. Possessed of a clear perception and inquiring mind, she naturally grew out of the religious dogmas in which she had been educated into the true religion of Spiritualism.

Convention Notices. Call for a Spiritual Meeting. To be held in BARNET GROVE, at Phoenix, Oswego Co., N. Y., on Friday, June 20th, at 10 o'clock A. M. The object of the meeting is to establish a quarterly meeting for the friends of Spiritualism in this section.

Annual Festival. The First Religious-Philosophical Society of Hillsdale County, Mich., will hold their Sixth Annual Festival on Saturday and Sunday, June 22d and 23d, 1872, at Montgomery, on the Fort Wayne, Jackson and Michigan Railroad.

Semi-Annual Convention. The Spiritualists of Hancock County, Me., will hold their fifth Semi-Annual Convention Saturday and Sunday, July 6th and 7th, in Rye, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M.

Semi-Annual Convention. The Semi-Annual Convention of the Minnesota State Association of Spiritualists, will be held on Friday, June 21st, 22d and 23d, 1872. No return tickets free on the railroads this year.

Annual Convention. The Spiritualists of Colorado Territory will hold their third Annual Convention at Golden, Col., on the 6th and 7th of July. Several speakers are expected to be present.

Plenit in Connecticut. The Annual Plenit of the Spiritualists and friends of progress in this State will be held on Friday, June 15th, 1872, at Compromise Pond. Good speaking may be expected, and a good time anticipated.

Mediums in Boston.

DR. J. R. NEWTON, NO. 35 HARRISON AVENUE, WILL CLOSE HIS OFFICE IN BOSTON ON THE 20TH DAY OF JUNE...

OFFICE OF DR. H. B. STORER, 137 Harrison Avenue, Boston.

MANY PERSONS DESIRE CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS and counsel as to the state of their health from the spiritual world.

MRS. GEORGE W. FOLSON, An excellent Clairvoyant and Medium, at No. 137 Harrison Avenue...

Mrs. A. E. Cutter, ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN AND HEALING MEDIUM...

DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE, AT NO. 312 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON.

THOSE requesting examinations by letter will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state sex and age.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM, MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM, 49 Washington Street, Boston.

MRS. HARDY, No. 4 Concord Square, Boston. Hours from 9 to 4. Public sittings on Monday and Wednesday evenings.

MRS. M. CARLISLE, Test, Business and Clairvoyant Medium, 100 North Street, Boston.

DR. F. HATCH, Magnetic Physician, 55 LaGrange Street, Boston. The poor treated Wednesday free of charge.

MRS. C. H. WILDES, Test and Business Medium, Elliot Hall, 63 Elliot Street, Boston.

MISS SEVERANCE, 74 East Brookline Street, Boston. Hours, 10 A. M. to 6 P. M.

MRS. MARSHALL, Spiritual Medium, 19 Temple Place, Boston. Hours, 10 to 12, and 3 to 5.

MRS. FLANK CAMPBELL, Clairvoyant and Physical Medium, 100 North Street, Boston.

MRS. L. W. LITCH, Trance, Test and Healing Medium, 181 Court Street, Boston.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 34 Dix Place (opposite Harvard Street).

MRS. SARGENT, Healing Medium, 16 Dix Place, off Washington Street.

MISS SUSIE NICKERSON, Test and Business Medium, 51 Dover Street.

MRS. ELDRIDGE, Test, Business and Medical Medium, No. 1 Oak Street, Boston.

MRS. BLODGETT, Sealing Medium, 19 Pleasant Street, near Washington, Boston.

MRS. E. M. TEBB, Test and Business Medium, 258 Washington Street, Boston.

Miscellaneous.

DR. FRED. L. H. WILLIS, P. O. Box 362, Willimantic, Conn.

OWING to ill health, Dr. Willis has been compelled to give up his New York practice, and to a place where the method of professional life is not so great, and where the number of patients is not so numerous...

ART DE VISITE PHOTOGRAPHS Of the following named persons can be obtained at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston...

REV. JOHN PIERPONT, JUDGE J. W. EDWARDS, ABRAHAM JAMES, ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, MRS. MARY F. DAVIS, MRS. J. G. COLEMAN, J. M. PHILLIPS, D. H. HULL, MORSE HULL, WARREN CHASE, LUTHER COLLETT, WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. BROWN, DR. H. F. GARDNER.

PROF. W. H. DENTON, cabinet size, 35 cents. N. FRANK WHITE, imperial, 50 cents. GREAT HEALING, Indian Medical Cabinet of J. William Van Hook, 100 North Street, Boston, \$1.00.

THE SPIRIT OFFERING, 50 cents. THE SPIRIT OFFERING, 50 cents. THE SPIRIT OFFERING, 50 cents.

SOUL READING, Or Psychometrical Diagnosis of Character. M. to the public that those who wish, and will visit her in person, or send their photograph or lock of hair, she will give an accurate description of their character...

Agents Wanted for the AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HORACE GREELEY

OR Recollections of a Busy Life. Illustrated. The Life and Times of so great a Philanthropist and Reformer, cannot fail to interest every true American.

A \$5.00 BOOK GIVEN AWAY FOR \$1.25! POSTAGE PREPAID. 350 pages bound in cloth, illustrated with an engraving of Greeley's celebrated picture of the Victim of Temptation, and twenty-five other very costly and instructive cuts.

Planche's Song, SET THE TRUTH-ECHOES HUMMING. Words by J. O. Barrett, music by S. W. Foster.

MERCANTILE SAVING INSTITUTION, NEW BANK BUILDING, No. 387 Washington Street, Boston.

A WELL-KNOWN CLAIRVOYANT, INCLOSE \$1.00, lock of hair and handwriting, with age and sex stated, for clairvoyant examination and prescription. Address: Mrs. L. W. LITCH, 181 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

Miscellaneous.

Testimony of a Physician.

"I AM VERY ANXIOUS TO GET SOME MORE OF YOUR 'NUTRITIVE' [Dr. H. B. Storer's Nutritive Compound], AS I BELIEVE IT TO BE SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER MEDICINES PUT TOGETHER FOR WHAT YOU CLAIM FOR IT. WHENEVER I HAVE ADMINISTERED IT, THE EFFECT WAS SO FAVORABLE AND QUICK, I THOUGHT AT FIRST IT MUST BE A MERE PALLIATIVE, AND THAT WHEN ITS EFFECTS WORE OFF THE DISEASE WOULD RETURN WITH REDOUBLED VIGOR, AS IS OFTEN THE CASE WITH MOST OF THE DRUGS AND NOSTRUMS OF THE DAY; BUT I AM MOST HAPPY TO SAY THAT IN NO ONE CASE DID IT FAIL TO DO ALL (AND MORE) THAT YOU CLAIMED OR EXPECTED."

IMPORTANT NOTICE! WANTED, IN EVERY CITY AND TOWN, AGENTS, TO CANVASS FOR THE BOOKS, "MENTAL CURE," "VITAL MAGNETIC CURE," "NATURE'S LAWS IN HUMAN LIFE."

Another beautiful picture. THE "Spirit Offering."

NEEDLES AND NEEDLE CASES. A Handsome Case and One Hundred of the Best Egg-Eyed Needles, by mail, for 25 cents.

PATENT OFFICE, 48 SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON, MASS. BROWN BROTHERS, SOLICITORS.

Rheumatism. TO all who are afflicted with RHEUMATISM, Sciatica, Paralysis and Kidney Troubles, I can advise them from actual knowledge to try the MAGNETIC SULPHUR WAFERS...

SUB CURR FOR CATARRH AND NEURALGIA. HAVE the only remedy that will cure the above diseases, in no case will it fail. Sent by mail, large bottles \$2.00, small bottles \$1.00.

DUMONT C. DAKE, M. D., ANALYTICAL PHYSICIAN, No. 15 Ellis Park, Chicago.

THE MAGNETIC TREATMENT. SEND 25 CENTS TO DR. ANDREW STONE, Troy, N. Y., and obtain a large, highly illustrated book on this system of vitalizing treatment.

MAGNETIC PAPER. DR. J. WILBUR, Magnetic Physician, 40 West 14th Street, Chicago, Ill., cures diseases with Magnetic Paper.

NATURE'S LAWS IN HUMAN LIFE: EXPOSITION OF SPIRITUALISM; THE VARIOUS OPINIONS OF EXTREMISTS, PRO AND CON, TOGETHER WITH THE AUTHOR'S EXPERIENCE.

THE GOLDEN KEY; OR, MYSTERIES BEYOND THE VEIL. BY MISS NETTIE M. PEASE. A THRILLING STORY, Founded on Facts.

VOICE OF PRAYER, A SPLENDID POEM, BY WARREN SUMNER BARLOW. Author of "The Voices," which has been read and admired for its bold and outspoken language in defense of truth and the restoration and exposure of error.

THE NIGHT-SIDE OF NATURE; OR, GHOSTS AND GHOST-SEERS. BY CATHERINE CROWE. Price \$1.25, postage 15 cents.

THE EARLY SOCIAL LIFE OF MAN. Man in Geology; or, The Antiquity, Art and Social Life of Pre-Historic Man. BY DYER D. LUM.

THE GOSPEL OF GOOD AND EVIL. "I GREATED LIGHT AND DARKNESS, AND I CREATED GOOD AND EVIL, SAITH THE LORD."

THE HISTORY OF MODERN AMERICAN SPIRITUALISM: A TWENTY YEARS' RECORD OF THE Astonishing and Unprecedented Open Communion between Earth and the World of Spirits.

New Books.

THE HISTORY OF MODERN AMERICAN SPIRITUALISM: A TWENTY YEARS' RECORD OF THE Astonishing and Unprecedented Open Communion between Earth and the World of Spirits. By Emma Hardinge.

AN ABBRIDGED EDITION. Containing everything but the extraneous, has just been issued. Price \$2.75, postage 50 cents.

THIRD EDITION. SEERS OF THE AGES: ANCIENT, MEDIEVAL AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM. BY J. M. PEEBLES.

TREATING OF THE MYTHIC JESUS, "CHURCHAL JESUS," "NATURAL JESUS."

MODERN SPIRITUALISM. THE WAVE COMMENCING AND PRESENT ALTITUDE: Additional Testimonies of the Living and the Dead.

ITS DOCTRINES SYSTEMATIZED. What Spiritualists believe concerning God, Jesus Christ, the Holy Ghost, Baptism, Faith, Repentance, Inspiration, Heaven, Hell, Evil Spirits, Judgment, Punishment, Salvation, and the future life of the spirit.

NINTH EDITION OF THE SPLENDID VOLUME, POEMS FROM THE INNER LIFE. BY MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.

TABLE OF CONTENTS. A Word to the World, (Prose); The Song of the North, The Burial of Webster, The Parting of Sigurd and Gerda, The Meeting of Sigurd and Gerda, Love and Lullaby.

THE SPIRIT-CHILD, (By "Jennie"); The Revelation, (By "Hattie"); Hope for the Sorrowing, Compensation, The Angel of Freedom, Mistress Glenside, (By "Marion"); Let's Johnny, "Hilolo's" Spirit-Songs, My Spirit-Home, (A. W. Sprague); I Shall Live, (A. W. Sprague).

THE GOLDEN KEY; OR, MYSTERIES BEYOND THE VEIL. BY MISS NETTIE M. PEASE. A THRILLING STORY, Founded on Facts.

VOICE OF PRAYER, A SPLENDID POEM, BY WARREN SUMNER BARLOW. Author of "The Voices," which has been read and admired for its bold and outspoken language in defense of truth and the restoration and exposure of error.

THE NIGHT-SIDE OF NATURE; OR, GHOSTS AND GHOST-SEERS. BY CATHERINE CROWE. Price \$1.25, postage 15 cents.

THE EARLY SOCIAL LIFE OF MAN. Man in Geology; or, The Antiquity, Art and Social Life of Pre-Historic Man. BY DYER D. LUM.

THE GOSPEL OF GOOD AND EVIL. "I GREATED LIGHT AND DARKNESS, AND I CREATED GOOD AND EVIL, SAITH THE LORD."

New Books.

PROF. WM. DENTON'S WORKS. THE SOUL OF THINGS; OR, PSYCHOMETRICAL ORPHOLOGY AND DIVYNEROLOGY. By William and Elizabeth M. Denton. The truly valuable and exceedingly interesting work has taken a place among the standard literature of the day, and is fast gaining in popular favor.

LECTURES IN GEOLOGY, THE PAST AND PRESENT. BY PROF. W. M. DENTON. Price 15 cents.

WHAT IS RIGHT? A Lecture delivered in Music Hall, Boston, Sunday afternoon, Dec. 6th, 1863. Price 10 cents, postage 2 cents.

COMMON SENSE THOUGHTS ON THE BIBLE. For Common Sense People. Third edition—enlarged and revised. Price 10 cents, postage 2 cents.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE SPIRITUALISM SUPERIOR TO CHRISTIANITY. Price 10 cents, postage 2 cents.

ORTHODOXY FALSE, SINCE SPIRITUALISM TRUE. Price 10 cents, postage 2 cents.

THE DELUGE IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN SCIENCE. Price 10 cents.

BE THYSELF. A Discourse. Price 10 cents, postage 2 cents.

DR. P. B. RANDOLPH'S WORKS. AFTER DEATH, or the Disembodiment of Man. Price \$2.00, postage 24 cents.

THE MASTER PASSION, or the Curtain raised on Love, Woman, Courtship, Marriage, and the Laws of Society. Price \$1.50, postage 16 cents.

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF IKAVALLETT, and the Rosterian Story. Two volumes in one. An extraordinary work. Price \$1.50, postage 16 cents.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MAGNETIC UNIVERSE. A complete guide to self-development in clairvoyance. Price \$1.00, postage free.

THE IVYNE PYRAMID. Price \$1.50, postage 16 cents.

THE ROSICRUCIAN'S BOOK OF DREAMS. 3000 solutions of dreams. Price 50 cents, postage 4 cents.

THE ASIATIC MYSTERY. Price 25 cents, postage 2 cents.

LOVE AND HIS HIDDEN HISTORY. Price \$1.50, postage 16 cents.

PIE-ADAMITE MAN. The human race 100,000 years ago. The great standard work on human antiquity. Price \$1.50, postage 16 cents.

THE RIDDLE OF HERMES. Price 25 cents, postage 2 cents.

FOR sale wholesale and retail by WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

MRS. MARIA M. KING'S WORKS. THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE, as discovered by the Development and Structure of the Universe; The Solar System, Laws and Methods of its Development; Earth, History of its Development; Exposition of the Spiritual Principles of the Universe.

REAL LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-LAND. Being Life Experiences, Scenes, Incidents and Conditions, Illustrated by the "Spirits" of the Spiritual Philosophy. Price \$1.00, postage 16 cents.

SOCIAL EVILS: Their Causes and Cures. Being a brief discussion of the social status, with reference to methods of cure. Price 25 cents, postage 2 cents.

THE SPIRITUAL PHIMOSOPHY VS. IDOLATRY. What is Spiritualism? and SHALL SPIRITUALISM BE A GRIEVE? In two lectures. Price 25 cents, postage free.

GOD THE FATHER, AND MAN THE IMAGE OF GOD. In two lectures. Price 25 cents, postage free.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN, and what follows from it. In two lectures. Price 25 cents, postage free.

FOR sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

DR. A. B. CHILD'S WORKS. A B C OF LIFE. Price 25 cents, postage 2 cents.

BETTER VIEWS OF LIVING; or, Life according to the doctrine "Whatever is, is Right." Price \$1.00, postage 16 cents.

CHRIST AND THE PEOPLE. Price \$1.25, postage 16 cents.

SOUL AFFINITY. Price 20 cents, postage 2 cents.

WATER IS, IS RIGHT. Price \$1.00, postage 16 cents.

FOR sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

LOIS WAISBROOKER'S WORKS. ALICE VALE. A Story for the Times. Price \$1.25, postage 16 cents.

HELEN HARLOW'S VOW. Price \$1.50, postage 16 cents.

MY WIDED BLOSSOMS, in prose and poetry. Price \$1.50, postage 16 cents.

FOR sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

MORNING LECTURES. TWENTY DISCOURSES DELIVERED BEFORE THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS IN NEW YORK BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

CONTENTS. DEFEATS AND VICTORIES. THE WORLD'S TRUE REDEEMER. THE END OF THE WORLD. THE NEW BIRTH. THE SHORTEST ROAD TO THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

THE RIGION OF ANTI-CHRIST. THE SPIRIT AND ITS CIRCUMSTANCES. ETERNAL VALUE OF PURE PURPOSES. WARS OF THE BLOOD, BRAIN AND SPIRIT. TRUTHS, MALE AND FEMALE. FALSE AND TRUE EDUCATION.

THE EQUALITIES AND INEQUALITIES OF HUMAN NATURE. SOCIAL CENTRES IN THE SUMMER-LAND. POVERTY AND RICHES. THE OBJECT OF LIFE. EXPENSIVENESS OF ERROR IN RELIGION. WINTER-LAND AND SUMMER-LAND. LANGUAGE AND LIFE IN SUMMER-LAND. MATERIAL WORK AND SPIRITUAL WORKERS. ULTIMATELY IN THE SUMMER-LAND. 1 Vol., 12mo., price \$1.50, postage 20 cents.

FOR sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

LIFE OF PROF. WILLIAM DENTON, THE GEOLOGIST AND RADICAL. BY J. H. POWELL.

This biographical sketch of one of the ablest lecturers in the field of geology, is published in a neat pamphlet, comprising thirty-six pages. Those who would know more of this rugged, bold thinker and radical reformer, should peruse it.

Whoever may purchase this little brochure will find it well worth the money we receive for it will be sent to him. Price 15 cents, postage 2 cents.

FOR sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

New York Advertisements.

MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

THE mightiest control of the POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS over diseases of all kinds, is wonderful beyond all precedent. They do no violence to the system, causing no burning, no smarting, no vomiting, no narcotizing. The POSITIVE Powders cure Rheumatism, Headache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Diarrhea, Dyspepsia, Vomiting, Dyspepsia, Flatulence, Worms, all Females' Weaknesses and Derangements, Piles, Gravel, St. Vitus' Dance, Spasms, all kinds of Fever, Small Pox, Measles, Scarlatina, Erysipelas, all Inflammations, acute or chronic, of the Kidneys, Liver, Lungs, Womb, Bladder, or any other part of the body; Catarrhs, Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Rheumatism, Nervousness, Asthma, Stomachic, Headache, etc.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. Mailed 1 Box 14 Pos. Powders, \$1.00 1 Neg. " " 1.00 2 Boxes 2.00 3 " 3.00 4 " 4.00 5 " 5.00 6 " 6.00

OFFICE, 35 ST. MARKS PLACE, NEW YORK.

PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D., Box 5817, New York City.

If your druggist does not have the Powders, see your money at once to PROF. SPENCE, 155 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

The Hahnemann Magnetic Movement Cure. Combining Vital Magnetism, Electricity, Baths, etc.

A NEW, powerful, delicate and scientific method of curing all diseases without the use of drugs. No drinks, no pills, no medicine, and no "high, poor standard of cure" as the old-fashioned "doctors" call it. Thousands of patients from all the States and several foreign countries, given up by other physicians, but cured here.

Dr. Caleb C. Dusenbury, Dr. Phoebe A. Dusenbury, Apr. 13-30 No. West 45th Street, New York.

American and Foreign Patent Office. ESTABLISHED 1852.

PATENT for new inventions secured in all the United States and all European countries at greatly reduced rates. Patent rights a national goal and a national honor.

MAGNETISM AND CLAIRVOYANCE. In Healing, we are happy in stating to the public that we are now better prepared to receive and treat patients than ever before. Our institution is now a reality, and we are now receiving patients from all the States and several foreign countries, given up by other physicians, but cured here.

W. A. HILLMAN, Magnetic Physician, Dr. BENJAMIN RUSH through this medium alleviates pain and cures disease. More especially are the delicate organisms of woman and children benefited by his treatment.

PROF. LISTER, Astrologer, HAS removed from Boston to New York City, and can be consulted at 71 Lexington Avenue, between 25th and 26th Streets, Terms, \$2.00 per hour.

MRS. H. KNIGHTS has a NEW METHOD of treating chronic Rheumatism, which she has cured in many cases. She also treats Magnetically. No. 124 1/2 Street, New York, near Lexington Avenue. Ring the second bell.

THE UNITED STATES PATENT RIGHT OFFICE, No. 94 Chambers Street, New York, solicits Patents, exhibits, seals and buys Patents and Patent Models. "PATENT RIGHT GAZETTE," price 10 cents.

MRS. H. S. SEYMOUR, Business and Test Medium, 100 North Street, Boston, Mass. Hours from 9 to 4. Public sittings on Monday and Wednesday evenings.

MRS. MILDRED, Magnetic Healing Physician, and Developing Medium, No. 21, Seventh Street, New York City.

SARAH E. BOMBERY, Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, 70 Sixth Avenue, New York City.

MEDIUMS--BLASPHEMY--MORAVIA. THREE IMPORTANT PAMPHLETS BY THOMAS R. HAZARD.

MEDIUMS AND MEDIUMSHIP. A valuable treatise on the laws governing mediumship, an accounting of some of the extraordinary physical manifestations among the mediums, and the history of the different media. Price 10 cents, postage free.

BLASPHEMY: Who are the Blasphemers?--The "Orthodox" Christians, or "Spiritualists"?

ELEVEN DAYS AT MORAVIA. The wonderful experiences of the author at Moravia are here detailed for the first time. Price 10 cents, postage free.

THE THREE SENT POSTPAID FOR 25 CENTS. In order to meet the demand for these admirable articles, by HAZARD, THOMAS R. HAZARD, they have been republished from the Banner of Light in pamphlet form, on good paper, and at a price which can be calculated to make a favorable impression on the people. Here is an opportunity, Spiritualists, to disseminate your views, at a comparatively nominal cost, among the people. The price of the three pamphlets, the works may be within the reach of all. Here are one hundred and sixty-two pages of live, radical thought, sent postpaid for 25 cents. More spiritual knowledge condensed upon these leaves than can be found in twenty-five dollars' worth of less concentrated matter.

FOR sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

FOURTH EDITION--REVISED AND CORRECTED, With Stool-Plate Portrait of the Author. THE VOICES. Three Poems. VOICE OF NATURE. VOICE OF A PEBBLE. VOICE OF SUPERSTITION

By Warren Sumner Barlow. This volume is startling in its originality of purpose, and is destined to make deeper inroads among sectarian bigots than any work that has hitherto appeared.

THE VOICE OF NATURE replies to the "Voice of Reason and Philosophy" in its unchangeable and glorious attributes. While others have too often only denominated this author has erected a beautiful Temple on the ruins of Superstition. Judge Baker, of New York, in his review of this poem, says: "It is unattainably pure the author to be classed among the ablest and most gifted didactic poets of the age."

THE VOICE OF A PEBBLE delineates the individuality of Matter and Mind, fraternal Charity and Love. The Voice of SUPERSTITION takes the creeds at their word, and shows how they have been used by Satan, from the Garden of Eden to Mount Calvary.

Printed in large, clear type, on beautiful tinted paper, bound in beveled boards, nearly 300 pages. Price \$1.25; full set \$1.50; postage 16 cents.

FOR sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

LYCEUM GUIDE: A COLLECTION OF SONGS, HYMNS AND CHANTS; LESSONS, READINGS AND RECITATIONS; MARCHES AND CALISTHENICS. With Illustrations. Together with Progresses and Exercises for special occasions. For use of the Progressive Sunday Lyceums.

BY J. M. PEEBLES, J. O. BARRETT AND EMMA TUTTLE.

The Musical Department by JAMES G. CLARK. 16vo., paper, illustrated cover, 80 pages, 8 cents; boards, 10 cents; postage 16 cents; cloth, extra, gold-lettered, \$1.00, postage 16 cents.

FOR sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, WM. WHITE & CO., at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 155 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

