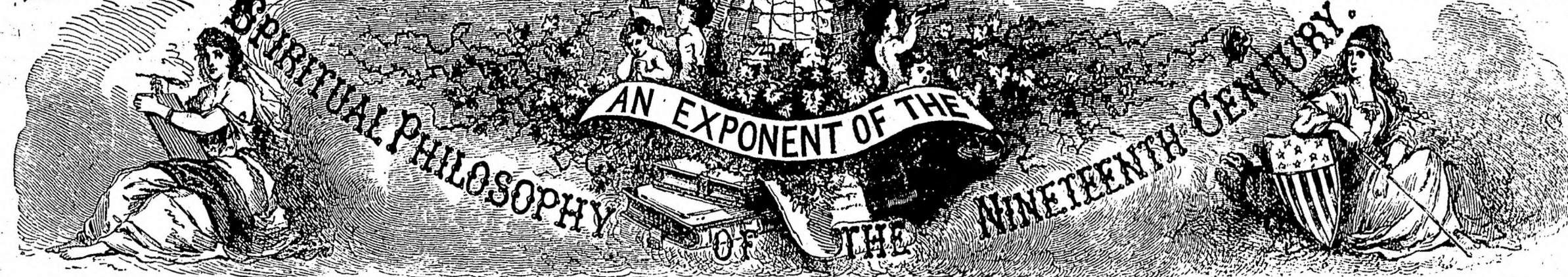


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXXII.

{WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
Publishers and Proprietors.}

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1872.

{\$3.00 PER ANNUM,
In Advance.}

NO. 10.

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

Our Revised Catalogue of New Books sent free to any address.

For Spirit Message Department see Sixth Page.

The Lecture Room.

THE POWER WE PRAY TO, AND THE POWER OF PRAYER.

A Lecture Delivered before the Boston Society of Spiritualists, in Music Hall, by Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham.

Reported for the Banner of Light by John W. Day.

INVOCATION.

Oh thou who holdeth us over in thy sacred presence, we would remember thee for the purpose of binding our souls in perfect union with the thought of thee; for the worldliness and ambitions of life, gathering about our spirits, are like the heavy atmosphere of the valley, sweeping over us with their dust and their clouds, so that we can only see a little here and there. So with a grand endeavor we would strive to rise above the mists—to climb step by step up the mountain sides of truth, sunning ourselves in the thought of thee and of a glorious immortality, that we may rest and be strengthened. We thank thee, oh, God, for that glorious expression of thy nature which we see, and for its eternal perpetuity. Teach us of thy broad ocean of inspiration, whose tides set back into the channels of our being; teach us to be more kind and loving; teach us to rise higher into the light of purity and peace, and so shall all our thoughts become prayers, and our lives shall be thank offerings to thee forever. Amen.

ADDRESS.

The Power we pray to, and the power of prayer. We know that among Spiritualists there is the greatest possible diversity of opinions. Some of them, listening to an invocation, want, in their secret hearts, to know what we are praying to, and what we are praying for. There are some of them that wonder if there is any power that hears us, beyond the people that have gathered; and they wonder if the prayer can rise into the open spaces of heaven, and if the soul gets its answer. Now they say, with our freedom of thought and speech, we certainly ought to outgrow all the limitations of old theology; and there are those that believe that if Spiritualists still make use of some of the old forms, they are doing it only to secure a hearing from those who would be induced to listen to them in that way. Therefore, as we are ready to acknowledge honesty of purpose—not because it is the best policy, however—believing, as we do, that they wonder sometimes at the course which we pursue, let us say to those not accustomed to hearing the Spiritualist speakers, that we do not claim to be leaders—we do not speak that our ideas and opinions may take the place of your opinions, but that they may be suggestions for your own selves to quicken deeper thoughts within you. We come as helpers, not as those who come into your world to do all for you, but only to add souls to reach the way of knowledge and truth.

Now if they ask us what is the power we pray to, we answer, it is God, the Father of all things. "But," says one, "I know a Spiritualist who does not believe in God. I know a speaker who has drifted so far out into the open sea of thought—freedom that he never prays to and does not believe in God." Now we believe that the great difference between people here, lies not so much in the variety of opinion as in the unfortunate difference of expressing it. We know that language has been said to be given for the purpose of concealing ideas, and we know that it does most effectually conceal them. And when we reflect upon the course that flows from one organization to another, if we could go down into the heart of the trouble, we should find that really in the expression, and not in the thought, exists the source of the difficulty. And so we believe, that every person that ever lived has certainly believed in a God. It is as impossible for men to drift away from that idea, as for them to drift away from themselves; but there are some who are so entirely wrapped in materiality that they can only be approached from that point of view. And there are also those who are so completely spiritualized in belief, that they wonder how any man can be so foolish as to be satisfied with anything from a materialistic standpoint. A man may as well wonder that a child can be better satisfied with his pictured primer than with a volume of scientific research.

We all know that man learns by comparison and illustration; and so, as the little child gathers its ideas from its illustrated primer, we ought to be thankful that these exist. The child is led by its lessons to a time when his ripening intellect, in manhood, demands something more; for the spirit of man is much like the body; the two are like the strings of the harp—when one is struck the other will vibrate. Now as the body has hunger, it is the lesson which leads us to endeavor to obtain that which shall keep the body in strength, and prepare it for useful activity. So the mind of man gets a truth which is only intended to sustain it for the time being—just as the food sustains the bodily wants—and, if it does its duty, it will bring another demonstrated demand for something higher to be gratified. So, as the child learns by comparison, man also learns; and, when we go back to distant ages, we find this demand for something higher, centered in one God who is an Infinite Spirit, which men could not comprehend because their sight was bounded by ignorance, but, as far as they could understand him, they worshiped. Now a certain class of religious worshippers must needs have something to bring their conceptions into clearer light; and so did they in olden times have the same need. We go into some gorgeously decorated temple, where the light streams in through tinted panes upon richly carpeted aisle and chancel; we see the pictures of martyr and

saint that adorn its walls, and the statues which are rounded out of grosser materials to the beautiful similitude of breathing life; and, as we gaze on those who assemble in this beautiful spot, and see them bending in adoration before the sculptured and pictured representations, shall we condemn them and call them idol worshippers? No; it is the idea that is speaking to the soul within them, through the avenues of the outer senses, from statue and picture, which they reverence.

And what the statue or the picture is to the worshiper of the present day, so to the Jews, in their generation, was the worship of Jehovah. Now it is natural enough that they should be inconsistent in their ideas concerning him, because they had not found the jewel of consistency in anything. They believed in a God who was infinite, and yet who was not so; a God who wretchedly failed in his gardening experiments; a God who was obliged to select the "cool of the day" to walk in, just like the mortals who worshiped him, and who called vociferously for his first children—Adam and Eve—when they had hidden themselves, for the simple reason that he could not find them without doing so. They believed in a God who was jealous and suspicious, just as the Jews themselves were; a God who, in addition to this, was vindictive and all-powerful, and would destroy them in a moment in the hot breath of his wrath, if they deviated from the chosen way. They believed in a God who was unchanging—"the same yesterday, to-day and forever"—and yet this same God was reasoned out of his decided plans by his servant Moses, because he said that if he did destroy this people, his fame would suffer among the heathen. They believed that "no man can see God and live," but Moses declared that at Sinai he saw the outlines of the God of Israel, and he spoke to him "as a man speaketh to his friends."

As Moses knew perfectly well that the children of Israel could not, in their blindness and ignorance, understand that God, who is a spirit—it was necessary for him, and he did it—to bring the idea down to the level of their comprehension. And as they could not see God, the next best thing was to see a man who had seen God. So the record brought by the Bible from olden days seems to us, at times, strangely inconsistent; and therefore is cast aside by some persons, who assert that they shall believe as much of it as agreed with their views, or shall not believe anything. But all the wisdom of the present day is not a something that we have created, or spoken into existence. It is an outgrowth developed from what has preceded us. Now we all know that there are natural conditions through which the hard earth, from the rocks and utter darkness of the past, has bloomed with flowers; and so in the world of reason. Understand us; from these narrow ideas of the past man has learned incontestably that God is a spirit, and that they that worship him must "worship him in spirit and in truth." As the worshiper beholds an idea portrayed in the picture or the statue, so the Jew, through these outside expressions of Jehovah, saw a spiritual idea beyond—and from this germ has gradually expanded other and broader views, as man has been able to bear them.

Then there comes the higher idea of God that is given us by the inspired teachers, among whom we count, by his life and deeds, Jesus of Nazareth. But this spiritual view of Deity seems to be broadcast over earth, and sited in each geographic division of country to the needs and enlightenment of the people thereof. We know of one great missionary who went into a very far distant land—at the supposed command of the Almighty—to save those human souls who were in danger of perishing because they had not heard the name of Jehovah. And he supposed that he could teach them of God, but he found they knew something of him already. They pointed the missionary to the luxuriant foliage and the delicate flowers, and asked him if he or any one in his country could make them. And, on his replying in the negative, they said: "Neither can we, but through some mysterious process they are produced by the Great Spirit; and it is he that we worship, and not your Jehovah." So a child of the desert, in obedience to the same fact, once replied to the question of a traveler—"How do I know that there is a God?—how do I know that it was a man, and not a camel, that passed my tent in the night? I know by the footprints in the sand. So I see God's footprints around me." And so the people of every land know of God. They do not need an outside presentation of the ideas of some other country to prove the fact of his existence, for deep down in the heart of man the Infinite Spirit has written his commands, and they can never be effaced. Thus we hold that every wandering tribe of human beings believes in the one Great Spirit, as far as it is possible for them to receive the idea of him. Of course these divine ideas vary, as man's development varies, but I believe we can all of us agree that there is one spirit in Nature, whose laws are eternal and uncreated; a Spirit who manifests before us through natural channels—the light of justice and everlasting love; and it is this Spirit of Nature that we call God; and it is this power that we pray to. [Applause.]

Now if there are those who still do not accept this idea of a God, we ask, "Can you fathom the laws of Nature?—can you, in your looking out upon Nature, realize that there is a power there that never contradicts itself? You will probably grant that there is a force—and that force we accept as God, our Father; it is that force that we admit; that force which we revere; that force that we worship as the Great Soul of all. When people have denounced men for Pantheistic ideas, we can only say that still we are all parts in this great human family, bound together by the ties of divine relationship that can never be sundered; and as we see God, we know that it is perfectly natural for some persons to see a part, and for some, much more of the force of Nature. For instance, one may be called upon to describe a certain body, and only be able to do so for a certain part of it; and still we know that all the

parts are bound together to make the true form, and are not injured by the partial description; and so, as Paul tells us of the parts of the human body, it is the same. So when we look at the God of Nature, we find he is the God of creation—the God of development—the God of seeming destruction, that the particles of one form may thereby attain to a higher position in another. So when we look at Nature, it is not many Gods that we see, but one intelligent power that knows no change through all the ages; and this power we cannot help worshipping.

It always seems strange to us to hear preachers call people to the worship of God, as if by a religious force-pump to put within man something concerning a desire which he has not, when, in order to worship God, we have only to understand as much as we can of this Force of Nature, and then we shall inevitably adore him; for, from the beginning to the end of Nature, there is no discord, no inharmonious; in all, blessings; and so, turning to praise, we find all blessing, all light, all good in the God of matter and spirit, now and forever.

Then this is the Power that we pray to. But some one says: "If this is the Power—this glorious Spirit that remains forever in its resplendent state of supernal perfection, how can you pray to it?" Here we believe in an intelligence that is eternally the same, and, in the depths of our sorrow, we are ready to exclaim, with the old Psalmist, "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." We pray because of our needs. And then the questioner says: "Why do you pray, if God is unchangeable?" That is asked, because people do not know what prayer means. They have thought God to be able to be changed by the supplications of humanity; that prayer would throw all the work upon God. Out of their sorrow, they have called God to come down in their midst to give them the "garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;" and when the religious work has waxed feeble, they have called for God to come down to them, and awaken again the fires of zealous devotion. As though it was necessary for God to come here for a special purpose, and on a complimentary ticket, to insure his presence in our midst! [Applause.] Now, is this our idea of God? Certainly not! Some person equally mistaken with the questioner above may say: "I do believe in the efficacy of prayer. I know of an instance, in point: A Christian had a friend who was an infidel, and, at a meeting for prayer, held in the interests of a revival, he asked the petitions of his neighbors for the salvation of his erring friend. And all the people put up their prayers; that this individual might experience the change of heart; and though he was many miles distant at the time, the infidel friend felt a strong influence at work upon his mind. He became convicted of his sin, he repented, and became a Christian; thus proving the efficacy of prayer." Now, if we are to believe that the man was saved because the people joined together to ensure his salvation by prayer, it will prove more; and we cannot accept a part without acknowledging the whole. If it brought to the decision of the Almighty any change, in any way; if the salvation of this man came because of the prayers of his kind only, then it shows that the Christians who prayed were far more charitable than the God whom they worshipped. Now, of course, we cannot believe in a prayer that can change God's purposes; because, if so, God would be perfect imperfection, instead of unchangeable truth. We know that our constitutions are capable of amendment, and this fact proves that each, as able of being amended, is not entirely perfect, and is proof of our fallible mortality. Now, if the aims and purposes of God can be abated or amended, it proves that they were not perfect at the first.

Now, what is prayer? It is simply the offering from the depths of the human heart; it is the aspiration of the human soul, as it reaches out to higher altitudes of thought. We know how our bodily vitality is kept up. We know that there is inhalation and an exhalation of the atmosphere around us—a drawing in of that which is revitalizing with the breath, and a rejection of that which is not fitted to sustain existence. In the same way true prayer operates on man's higher nature. Prayer is the outgrowth of the soul; its answer is inspiration—the breath of the Great Spirit of Nature; and when men see this fact, prayer will have a new significance to them. In olden days, men believed that prayer was to bring, or lower, the power beyond to the level of their needs; but we now know that the true office of prayer is to elevate us. In that way, we believe in prayer; it is a wish or aspiration which precedes our thought, and binds it to deeds, which are the answers of Nature. We may in the Bible see the expression, "Pray without ceasing;" but does the Bible command you to do an impossibility? We believe that this command should be received in every soul: "Pray without ceasing;" that is, at all times to work for the higher interests of our natures; whatever we have to do, to let it be done with good intent. In that way we shall "pray" indeed "without ceasing."

But the Bible also tells you that the fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much. "Faith," Paul tells us, "without works is dead." Now, are we to pray with this dead body of faith binding our petitions to the earth? No; we are to pray with that living faith—our works. When man sees truly what that faith is—that it is the "letter" that "killeth," but the "spirit" that "giveth life"—he will know that faith and works should go together in this world, one being the inspirer of the other: faith for the left hand, and works for the right, both going together, but each an existence, and both speeding up the illuminated mountain of human praise. So we judge that God is not affected by prayer in the infinite sense, but that man is elevated by the fervent wishes for good which he expresses.

We have been and are told by some, that man, until he experiences a "change of heart," has nothing in his nature capable of offering a pure prayer; but we assert, as Nature teaches, that, as

the bitter fountain cannot give forth sweet water, neither can the sweet fountain send forth bitter water—as we may know of the tree by the fruit it bears—so we know that a longing after higher things is a natural instinct of the human soul. However ignorant or degraded in social position a man may be, he is never satisfied with his lot in life, because, where ignorance shuts the gates of wider vision, intuition whispers of a something beyond which is yet to be attained. In the darkness of his heart, in the hour of his meditations, how many times has he prayed for strength to overcome temptation! What does all this teach us? Why, we find proofs of pure human prayer, and it is like going out into the regions of the mines in the land of gold: here is a shaft sunk deep down into the darkness; hither descending into the silent, gloomy depths, darker than the hour of midnight, with the flaming torch in our hand, we may see the golden treasure-house which the labor of man has revealed, teaching us of Nature's inexhaustible wealth. So we find the treasure-house of man's prayer.

Men stand on the surface, by the shaft, but they do not go down there; they say that men are totally depraved; the best that we can do for them is to suppose that the shaft was made for a receptacle of religious books and Christian tracts which the faithful few, awakened to the danger, should throw down to their benighted brethren. But we would not wait here, but follow the course of man's prayer to its source—we shall find it, and when we do, we shall see that in the blackest depths of the human heart there is always something worth saving; and we shall also learn that a prayer for light, for strength, for truth, proves man's progressive nature; that wherever he is, still he is the subject of good—that he will naturally seek it; and that it is wrong to repress the spirit's aspirations. To show the true and false kind of prayer, we bring up an old illustration, which is perhaps the more honorable because of its age. It is of two men, one standing upon the bank of a river and seeing a boat overturned, and a man drowning. Now this man is a Christian, and he says: "It is impossible for God to find in all Nature anything that he cannot do; God is all-wise, all-powerful," and so he kneels down and prays God to save the man who is struggling in the water. Now God, through Nature, says: If the man cannot swim, the law of gravitation must take its course and he will drown, and all the prayers of faith that could be offered would not save him. But here is the other man who hears the words of Paul: "Faith without works is dead," and he leaps into the water, and prays for the drowning man to be saved, by his works—he saves him. And this is the live prayer; and the other is the dead one, which ought to be buried out of sight without any more delay. [Applause.]

Everything in Nature has its own peculiar kind of prayer, as evolved in her answer to its instinctive demand for perfected life. Man's labors are twofold in their results, proving his power over materiality, and Nature's divine completeness in every detail. When we look through the microscope upon the statue, the apparently perfected work of the artist, we are able to perceive in the beautiful triumph of human skill, irregularities and details which the sculptor could not see; and so, looking everywhere through a man's labors, we can see points of defect which cannot be remedied. But take the microscope and gaze upon the heliotrope, or the smallest wayside flower—hold them beneath the glass, and what do you see? All the component parts of the blossoms are complete and perfect; the delicate tracery of the leaves becomes to you a fresh inspiration; and you say, "Man's works, at best, are imperfect; but God's works are perfect of themselves; and each one says: 'I show the beauty that I have, but there cometh those after me more beautiful than I.'" The flower leans toward the sunshine from which the very life that composes it is drawn, and prays for warmth and light, and the sun answers its prayer, and the flower is matured in its loveliness. So every germ drawn out of earth sends out its needs as prayers, and receives its power and life as its answer. When the waters of the cataract, plunging with a stormy roar, sweep down through the chasm before them, the mist arising from the spray mounts upward, bearing aloft to the sun its banner of rainbows. So in the world of man's life and trial, we see when we overcome temptation that new strength is ours—our thanks arise like the mist of the cataract, and God's smile hangs brighter glories there!

So prayer becomes of a deeper and deeper significance, and shows a far-reaching inspiration. Remember that it is not to change that which we know is immutable, that we pray, but only to take in an inspiration naturally, for the elevation of the soul. The best prayer that a person can offer—the one the world will approve—is the prayer of deeds. When you pray for the poor, or for the power to support your meetings, be sure to feed and clothe the hungry and naked—be sure to put forth your means to sustain your lectures. "Such action will be a prayer, and you will certainly see the answer to your works, in themselves. [Applause.] That is the most effective way to pray. Prayer is not the standing up before our friends in mock humility, proclaiming ourselves to be miserable sinners. Why! this general depravity does not amount to anything; its professors are not willing to say: 'I am guilty of the sin of covetousness—I ask pardon; I take that which is not my own; I am uncharitable and jealous; I hope to be forgiven.' Oh, no; they had rather stand together—in the multitude of voices trusting that they may not be heard—and say, 'I am chief among sinners.' We say the best way to pray is to labor and make ourselves better; and if we find ourselves uncharitable, let us pray for charity, but pray by speaking it in all our acts and deeds to our brothers and sisters of earth. There are those who can give pecuniary aid to others in their daily lives; and those who cannot will remember that charity does not always exhibit itself in gold or silver tongues—it also exhibits itself in gentle words and sympathetic smiles. Let

those with means also remember that charity is not to be expressed by them in this cheap way of words, but that being possessors of pecuniary power, she requires of them liberality as her exponent. If we would receive the true answer to our prayers—the blessing of an harmonious life—we must act up to our highest ideal of right doing.

What is the power of prayer? It is that which lessens the distance between divine perfection and our hearts, by raising us up to it, not by bringing it down to us. In our own brotherly love—in our own honest and earnest labors for the race—we can understand the power of prayer, and the Power to which we pray. So striving, with all aspiration and universally received and recognized inspiration—bridging all differences with charity, and offering up our prayers with the same spirit, we shall prove them sincere, and demonstrate their power through all the avenues of daily life.

PROTOPLASM AND BIOPLASM.

BY PROF. HENRY LINCOLN, D. D.

Discoveries in science follow each other so rapidly that the positions taken by the masters are subject to frequent change. Not many months ago Prof. Huxley created an unusual excitement in the public mind by his famous lecture on "Protoplasm." He made the startling assertion that the physical basis of life is the slime in vegetables and animals and men; that the vegetable eliminates the cell, as the germ of life, from inorganic matter, and the cell, thus formed, builds up all the structures of the animate world. The higher grades of organization are only improved methods of arranging the molecular elements of the cell; and consciousness is only a function of nervous matter, when that matter has attained a certain organization. Indeed, the learned Professor did not shrink from the conclusion that "our thoughts are the expression of molecular changes in that matter of life which is the source of our other vital phenomena."

The lecture seemed to most hearers and readers an eloquent statement and defence of materialism, and a denial of all knowledge of mind or of spiritual forces. The lecturer disclaimed the rightfulness of this interpretation, and in a subsequent lecture on Descartes, maintained that consciousness is the primary source of all knowledge; and that the study of Nature, like the study of mind, must begin with its testimony. To impeach its veracity is to deny the possibility of science as of metaphysics.

The Professor's theory, unfolded with a glamour of style and illustration that fascinated, where it failed to convince, gave no solution of the problem of life. The mysteries were left unexplained. Why this protoplasm, identical in substance, takes on the form of scales in the fish, of feathers in the bird, of hair in the quadruped, he could not explain. Why it endows the eagle with keenness of vision, the bound with sharpness of scent, and man with power of thought, eluded the analysis of the microscope or the laboratory. Every thoughtful man felt that no real progress was made, in saying that the physical basis of life is the same in all the forms of animate Nature, or in calling that basis protoplasm, so long as the forces that mold its manifold shapes, and manifest themselves in instinct and in mind, are left unexplained. The basis of life is of small importance; the life itself is the secret that baffles. It is not the casket, but the jewel, we are struggling to understand.

But the microscope has detected a new element in the physical basis of life, which takes from Prof. Huxley's theory even its apparent value. The cell does not become the basis of life until life has first entered and changed it. Animal structures are built up not from protoplasm, but from bioplasm. The organs and processes of life draw their food not from raw material, but from material which life has already shaped and prepared for use. This is the newest and most interesting discovery in physiology. Careful observation with the microscope discovers in the blood two kinds of minute corpuscles—the one colorless, the other of a yellowish-red hue. The latter greatly outnumber the former. But the former seem to be living substance, the first manifestation of life, by which the raw material, the albumen digested from the food, is changed into the organized material which builds up the body. As an able writer in the Edinburgh Review says, these corpuscles are seen "insinuating themselves into and through the finest slits and pores, by first pushing forward the minutest perceivable finger or feeler of their substance into the available chink, and then bringing after the feeler all of the rest of the corpuscular mass in the same attenuated way." These corpuscles have the power of spontaneous motion, of growth and enlargement, and of changing raw material into formed material, which builds up the body, and supplies its waste. The writer in the Edinburgh Review adds: "The most intelligent modern physiologists seem to be pretty well satisfied that it is a fundamental law of living economy, that 'formative material' must pass through the ordeal of becoming itself 'living substance' before it can by any possibility be 'formed substance'; and that this virtually is the reason why the 'formed substance' of organized structures cannot be produced by any unliving agency."

If these latest results of observation are accepted, it is evident that the secret of life baffles alike experiment and study. Life precedes power of organization, and must first permeate on raw material before this can assume a condition adapted to the nourishment and growth of the body. In other words, there is no physical basis of life until life has created the basis. Protoplasm is of no service until life has converted it into bioplasm.

A party of impecunious Fort Wagners dined sumptuously at a restaurant. Each insisted on paying the score; but finally it was agreed that the waiter should be blindfolded, and that the man whom he caught first should settle. It was very "thin," but perfectly successful.

A PLEA FOR THE ANGELS.

BY AMOS H. BARNUM.

Keep not aloof, with frosty whim,
The angels from your door,
When they would fain upon your head
A tide of blessings pour.
Oh, cast aside the curtain drawn,
And see in proper guise
Their charmed robes of purity,
Descending from the skies!

Let lips and heart, with charity,
Unfold from silent pride;
Give even the weakest welcome in
The angel's company;
And list into the angel voice
Which comes your ear to greet;
To bid the dew, thus purified they,
And quench the mortal sweat!

Seek for the truth, and fast retain,
Such truths as ye shall find;
And nourish them, until by growth
They blossom on thy mind;
Then deck thy bosom with the leaves,
Fresh gathered from the flower,
That all may see the beauty gleam
From Truth's most radiant bower.

Oh, list into the angel voice
Which calls thy soul, in love,
To open portals of thine heart,
And welcome in the dove.
Welcome the touch of angel hands;
Let them thy brow caress;
Put up thy lips to kiss their throats
With loving tenderness!

They knock—are knocking at your door,
Ere ye have met a voice
Which in melodious accents speaks,
And bids the heart rejoice!

Oh, touch the springs of moral sense,
And let the heart-strings thrill!
In sweet response, when angel hands
Those barren wastes would till!

Re-incarnation.

OBJECTIONS TO THE DOCTRINE OF RE-INCARNATION CONSIDERED.

Perhaps the shortest way to remove the difficulties of those who (like J. C. Henderson) misunderstand, and per consequent reject the sublime doctrine of successive existence, is to state a few axioms and aphorisms, and then draw some plain and general inferences therefrom.

1. What is true of the whole, as to the essentialities of being, must be true of all its parts.
2. The universe, including spirit and matter, is without beginning or ending—that is, eternal.
3. The universe is a plenum; that is, there can be nothing added to nor subtracted from the sum of unbounded being.
4. All light (absolute light) would be the same, to sentient beings, as all darkness.
5. Absolute pleasure or happiness would be the same thing, to sentient beings, as absolute pain or misery.

As in neither case could one sensation be distinguished from another, it would be equivalent to no sensation—that is, stagnation, death.

APHORISMS.

1. We, as individuals, exist to-day; and as something cannot originate from nothing, we are safe in postulating that we never began to be, and of course can never cease to be.
2. As our eternal existence in the past was of absolute necessity, so is our immortal career in the future.
3. Our beginning to be, even as individuals, would detach us from the great chain of causation, and perform the impossible feat of bringing non-existence into being; our ceasing to be would subtract that much from the sum total of the universe, and render it less than infinite; and as what is true of the whole must be true of all its parts, the whole universe would ultimately cease to be, and blank nothingness prevail.

As all conscious beings must forever exist between the two impossible extreme states of absolute happiness or misery, it follows of necessity that a conceivable and endurable degree of pleasure and pain, happiness and misery must be allotted to every sentient being. All souls by the exercise of their higher spiritual faculties are ever aspiring to the spiritual spheres—the regions of ineffable bliss—and if there were no counter currents or influences, they would all move incessantly in that direction, until by an excess of happiness, or by merging into the absolute condition thereof, they would lose their individuality, by being swallowed up in the divine elements of impersonal being; or by overworking the spiritual spheres, produce spiritual asphyxia. The influences that start these counter currents at the spiritual degrees of human progress, are the equipted blending and centering of the trine forces of the universe, Love, Will and Wisdom, in the human soul, whereby those exalted spirits perceive that to move forward, if that were possible, would be to lose their own identity; to remain stationary would cause others to suffer miserably in the lower regions of squalid life; hence they are constrained in a spirit of self-immolation, as well as self-preservation, to descend into sensual spheres, be re-incarnated, and commence again one of the grand cycles of being. It may be that this grand climax of perfection may be attained by but few, as few as one in seven; or even immeasurably less than that; yet the possibility of such attainment is and ever will be open to all, and the number of incarnations any one soul may have to undergo, before attaining the grand climax, may not be limited to the number seven, or indeed any other definite number, but may depend entirely upon the soul's rate of progress.

It is plain, therefore, that these intermediate re-incarnations are all disciplinary; whilst the grand climactic incarnation is a self-sought immolation, for the salvation of others and the preservation of one's own individuality. Where does any one learn that this doctrine teaches that we remember only the last earth-life? It is true that there are times in our career when we do not remember even the last incarnation—as is now the case with the writer, who remembers absolutely nothing previous to that event, nor anything until about four years afterwards; which accords with the most general experience on this planet. Yet, as a part cannot have a beginning any more than the whole, I have a positive conviction that I never began to be, and of course can never cease to be. Yet, despite all the lapses of memory allotted to us, there is no gap in our conscious existence—no link missing in the chain of our identity. But wherefore complain of this divine economy? What would be the use of thought, if we knew all things? How could we be disciplined, and for what purpose, if we at all times remembered all things? It is plain that those who object to this beneficent arrangement of Divine Goodness, whereby the spiritual horizon is forever limited and oft-times beclouded, would, if left to themselves, like the candle-fly, singe their wings in the lurid lamp.

But, thanks to the all-pervading, all-controlling God of the universe, infinite in the attributes of love, will and wisdom; who guards the portals of our being by endowing us, in our highest estate, with sufficient of his trine attributes to prevent us from standing in the way of others' happiness, or wantonly abandoning ourselves to an excess of bliss, and thus thwarting the grand purposes of existence; and in the lower degrees of our immortal career, subjecting us to the salutary discipline of repeated re-incarnations, thus ever giving us diversified experiences commensurate with the soul's needs, how beautifully this harmonizes with Nature's ever-varying, yet never-changing processes! The preceding germs of life are closely enmeshed in storm and frost-proof buds, to protect them against the winter's cold blasts, to be unfolded to larger freedom in the opening flowers of spring, whose petals and anthers freely drink in the gentle dew, drops and rain-drops of heaven, and becoming revivified by the sunbeams and star-gleams and balmy atmosphere of spring, go on to successful fruition in summer and autumn. As in this life we eliminate and change the entire material constituent elements of our bodies once in about seven years, without loss of identity, so we might pass through seven, or any conceivable number of incarnations without losing it. And this is the more patent when we consider that the changes which our physical bodies undergo in this life are often so great that our nearest and dearest friends, even our own parents, do not recognize us after a long absence, notwithstanding our own identity and selfhood remain intact, despite all these outer changes.

It is evidently true that, the further we advance, the greater the scope of our memory in unfolding to us the experiences of the past, and the reasons therefore, the more intense and palpable our appreciation of the present, and the wider and clearer the sweep of our prevision of the opening future, until we reach the grand climax before mentioned, when all the phenomena and phases of our existence will be fully realized—when the past, present and future will converge in the soul's consciousness. Then, after having enjoyed this fruition of being to satiety, another grand cycle is commenced; and thus our "eternities" are spent in ever-varying degrees of happiness and misery between the inaccessible lights and shadows of the infinite. That we have inconceivably more happiness than misery in the grand career of eternal life, let our experiences in sensuous spheres testify. Even in this world, which is one of the lowest helms to which the soul descends, we have so much more happiness than misery, that we consider life an inestimable blessing, and with great reluctance pass to the next stage of action; and this is but a mere point in one of the ever-varying cycles of our unbeginning and unending life.

As to the probability of being disappointed in meeting our loved ones, who have preceded us to the spirit-world by the space of thirty years or less—let the responses to numerous inquiries at the Banner Free Circles answer. Though the spirits answering these questions—the most of whom were deservedly renowned while living on earth—do not claim to be infallible, nor would we accept their utterances as such if the claim were made; yet it must be plain to thinking men that as "authority," their statements rank as high as anything that has ever been uttered on this planet. From these we learn, as the nearest approach to a definite statement, that an average of about three thousand years of our earthly time elapses before the disembodied spirit undergoes a process somewhat analogous to what we here falsely call death. And then we are left to infer that they are not necessarily at that time re-incarnated, but may simply progress to a more refined spiritual sphere; and that they may or may not pass through many of these changes before another re-incarnation occurs, that seeming to depend upon their need of discipline or upon other causes to us unknown, being, as yet, unrevealed; so that, in its highest degrees of unfoldment, the soul can remember all the "multifarious" conditions through which it has passed, and can narrate "minutely," if necessary, all its experiences for the benefit of others, if they need such information second-hand.

We are required to test this doctrine by "the law of demand." In strict propriety, we are not called upon to accept or reject any doctrine of theory on account of its bearings upon our hopes and aspirations, but solely on account of its intrinsic merits, or demerits, as to truth or falsehood. But where is there any real demand of the rational soul that this doctrine does not supply? Does your soul demand of heaven, where, as the noodle-pated revivalist sings—

There I can bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble stir,
Across my peaceful breast?

If so, then you differ widely from the writer hereof; for if I were ever so safely ensconced in such a selfish heaven? I would have many waves of trouble roll across my turbulent soul, on account of the unutterable agonies endured by the dwellers in sensuous spheres, to say nothing of what is alleged to be suffered by those doomed to a fabled hell—a fit counterpart of the above impossible and unimaginable heaven.

But do you desire, of the contrary, an existence fraught with diversified experiences—with shadows enough to afford a background of relief to the bright picture of life, with pain enough to prevent a surfeit of monotonous pleasure, with misery enough to prevent us from being intoxicated and obfuscated with an ecstasy of happiness? an existence, in short, which ever and anon calls into active exercise all the varied and multifarious faculties and powers of the immortal soul? Then this doctrine fully supplies the demand. We want no fountain from which "if a man drink he shall never thirst again," but, rather, one that shall make us thirst forevermore.

"I breathe, to that I am I fit;
I drink, and yet am ever dry."
Georgetown, Mo. B. F. HUGHES, M. D.

ONLY A LITTLE CLOUD.

Take courage—"I's a little cloud
That soon will pass away;
The hearts that now with grief are bowed
May only grieve to-day.
Tomorrow, up the azure height,
The sun may dart his beam,
And then our joyous burst of light
O'er mount and vale shall stream.
When thwarted plans and baffled hopes
Become our only store,
And the crushed spirit barely copes
With its unknown foe—
Despond not; yet the tide will turn—
The gates of promise play
Take courage—"I's a little cloud
That soon will pass away!"

When doubts eclipse the ray of joy,
And fears their shadow cast—
When rugged seems the way to bliss,
And foes come crowding fast—
Faint not; a mightier power than thine
Is pledged these foes to slay;
Light shall at last around thee shine—
The cloud shall pass away!

That which we call kerosene by any other name is equally non-explosive. In a recent unfortunate case it was called auroral oil.

Free Thought.

THE LATE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

SECOND PAPER.

Messrs. Editors.—The President of the American Association of Spiritualists, in her closing address at the late Convention (which address I did not have the opportunity of hearing, but which has been printed in your columns), complains that a new plan of organization, submitted by herself, was not reported on by the committee to whom it was referred, and was not considered by the meeting. As I was made Chairman of that committee, I am doubtless considered responsible for this result. I wish to say, however, that the first part of the complaint is a mistake, as shown by the minutes published in your paper. The committee did report, and that, too, at an hour previously announced, though the President was not at the time in the chair. Moreover, I informed the President, some hours beforehand, of the probable tenor of this report, and took pains to point out to her how her plan might nevertheless be brought up for immediate discussion, if she or her friends desired it. Hence I can take neither blame nor credit for its being passed by. The fact that no one, even of the President's partisans, saw fit to move its consideration, is conclusive evidence that none felt prepared to discuss, much less to adopt, so novel and comprehensive a scheme. Yet it presents some features of unquestionable value, which should receive due consideration.

In the same address—which, by the way, embraces important suggestions as to the practical work devolving on Spiritualists—the President took occasion to refer to her famous Steinway Hall speech on the "Principles of Social Freedom," and to the criticisms that speech has received. As this matter has unquestionably had an important bearing on the attitude of many Spiritualists toward the American Association of late, a few remarks upon this reference to it may not be out of place.

The President, in a somewhat triumphant tone, declares: "Notwithstanding the severe and general criticism to which these principles have been subjected, there has, as yet, been no one found rash enough to deny the main point and set up the opposite theory. No one has dared to assume the position that the State, or anybody except the individual, has the supreme jurisdiction over the social sentiments, to say when and when not, the heart may love."

The noticeable thing in this declaration is, that Mrs. Woodhull perseveres in the same loose, vague and ambiguous mode of statement which has been the chief provocative of criticism, as well as cause of distrust, on the part of Spiritualists toward herself. She still persists in using the word *love* in an equivocal sense, or as if it had but one meaning; when, in the speech referred to, she herself gave it at least three distinct and essentially diverse meanings, to but one of which the above declaration can properly apply.

One of these definitions, it will be recollected, made love to be merely an irrefragable passion, "of which neither [yikid] has any control." Of course such a passion, if it exists, cannot be under the "supreme jurisdiction" of anybody—least of all of its victim. And one critic, at least, has "dared" to maintain that the claim of such jurisdiction is a palpable absurdity. (Supreme jurisdiction, without any control, is a contradiction in terms.)

Another definition made love synonymous with mere animal or selfish desire, that is, lust—"the appropriation of another soul as the means of one's own happiness merely," and "the mere desire for temporary gratification." As to this sort of love (falsely so called, the "snare" title "dared" to assume," or to show, that the supreme jurisdiction over its exercise is not, in the individual, but in society, inasmuch as society is bound to restrain it, for the protection of every member thereof. And, in support of this, he appealed to Mrs. Woodhull herself, who, in the opening of her speech, had declared that "the moment one person encroaches upon another's rights, he or she . . . becomes a despot," adding that she would "rigorously demand that people who are predisposed to be tyrants shall, by the government, be so restrained as to make the exercise of their proclivities impossible." It was by subsequently departing from this wholesome and just principle, and claiming that even this kind of love (lust) should be "left free," that she rendered herself amenable to criticism, and lost the confidence of many who would otherwise have been her ardent supporters.

A third definition given of love was, that feeling "which strives continually to confer blessings," "whose office it is to bless others or another," which is simple good will or kindness. Such love being an acknowledged universal duty, of course no one has dared or cared to assume that its exercise should be in any way restricted; and had Mrs. W. made it evident that she had this love in view, her utterances in favor of freedom would have met with little or no opposition.

What useful object the President of the American Association expects to serve by the reiteration of these loose, equivocal, and contradictory declarations after their nature has been fully exposed, it is difficult to conceive. That their effect has been to puzzle and alienate well-meaning people, and at the same time to afford shelter and license to the ill-meaning, the sensual, and the debauchee, there can be no question.

THE ADDRESS PROCEEDS:

"It is true, there has been a great deal said about duty; but they who talk of duty forget that it, equally with love, is in the jurisdiction of the individual, and that this method of argumentation merely transfers instead of settles the question—making duty instead of love the subject for discussion."

If by this language Mrs. Woodhull means that she regards duty, in all cases, as merely a matter of individual opinion or inclination—that there is no natural and universal principle on which duty, as well as freedom, rests—it would seem that she lacks one most important qualification for leadership in a great reform.

I am not aware that any critic of the speech referred to has spoken of duty, except as the logical and necessary sequence of the great truth of human brotherhood. This truth is intuitively recognized by all people who have attained any good degree of moral development; it is universally avowed by professed Spiritualists, and by none more emphatically than by the President of the American Association. But the fact that two and two make four is no more certain and inevitable, in the sphere of mathematics, than, in the sphere of morals, is the truth that brotherhood imposes the duty of kindness and regard for the welfare of every human being, with abstinence from whatever would wrong or harm another. This is not a matter of mere individual opinion, but of intuitive perceptions, resulting from the very structure of the human soul. Like a truth of the multiplication-table, it needs but to be clearly presented to the apprehension, when it is seen or felt to be absolute and unimpeachable, however widely it may be disregarded.

This truth thus becomes a principle founded in

the nature of things certain and infallible, by which to test all the acts of human beings and all the institutions of society, and by which to be guided in founding the new and better social state which is to be.

The principle of Freedom, when understood with its natural and necessary limitation, (i. e., that the freedom of another is in no case to be infringed, else it becomes despotism) is, no doubt, equally founded in the nature of things, and equally important to the highest human progress. But standing alone, as a mere bald assertion of individual rights, it is but half the truth, and is cold, barren, and unproductive of human good. It must be coupled with or supplemented by the warmer, more vital principle of Brotherhood, in which is involved the duty of kindly regard for the welfare of every human being, and of earnest effort to promote the same. This duty, when realized and heeded, not only precludes all forcible infringements of others' rights for selfish gratification, but also requires fraternal union for the protection of the weak against such infringements by those who disregard the duty. Still further, it not only restrains from participating in any act that would tend to debase a human being, but prompts to such conduct only as is elevating and ennobling to all.

These simple principles—Freedom and Brotherhood—taken together, fully comprehended and incorporated, first into personal life, and then into the institutions of society, will unquestionably give birth to a vastly higher social condition than now exists. But no fragmentary, distorted, mis-conceived or half-conceived idea of them will answer the purpose. We may vociferously assert our freedom, but until we clearly see that freedom has its necessary limitations, and fully realize the duty of using that freedom for the promotion of the universal good of our race, we shall have little power, either individually or associatively, to raise society from its present level.

In view, then, of the evident want of interest in this so-called National Association of Spiritualists, as at present constituted, and of the equivocal, questionable and errant utterances of its President, do not the clear-sighted friends of Spiritual Reform in this country owe it to themselves and to the cause of truth, to take measures to place both their principles and their purposes in some definite and authentic manner before the public? If so, how shall this be done?

Yours for a "New Departure,"
Arlington, Mass. A. E. NEWTON.

Scientific.

COSMOGRAPHY.

A Description of the Universe. NUMBER TWELVE.

BY LYSANDER S. RICHARDS.

It is not the agriculturist alone to whom a knowledge of the chemistry of soil is important, but every man, woman and child upon our planet possesses the right to know something of the dust they daily tread. "The crust of the earth, which became solid in consequence of the gradual cooling of the surface of its fiery fluid, was, in its original state, one universal mass of rock; soil nowhere visible; rock here, rock there, rocks everywhere—rocks above water, rocks below. Ages passed by, and they began to decompose, or fall to pieces; the adhesive properties, in fact, that held their particles or crystals together, dissolved, and, by constant wear, the latter were converted or powdered into dust or soil. Atmospheric and chemical agencies work marvelous changes upon the toughest solid. Wind is active in wearing away rocks. Slow is the process, however; 'the mills of the gods grind slow, but exceeding sure.' No substance is so hard, whether rock, iron, silver, gold, or flint, but what, in time, must suffer loss or decomposition when openly in contact with atmospheric currents. It is a law universal that every substance must lose in weight by friction, however slight the motion producing it. The effect, however, of wind-currents is very slight in comparison to the erosive or wearing action of water in effecting changes upon the earth's surface. Visit a mountain or some neighboring hill, and if the rocks are covered with earth and undisturbed by wind or rain, the stratification or layer will, in many instances, remain unbroken or continuously connected; uneven perhaps, like the ocean's surface during a heavy sea or storm, but no break; while if another spot or bed of rock is found uncovered or long exposed to the wearing action of wind or rain sweeping across its surface, the top of the rock, rounded like, in form to the same wave, is worn off, so that the stratification or seam is broken, and a space is left between this, say the left side, and where the seam commences again on the right, the stratification appearing now more or less vertical, upright. Make a drawing, for example, of a high ocean wave; from one-third of the top draw a line across, rub out all above, imagine seams running down, and, instead of running continuously over the crest or top, they commence, as we have seen, abruptly. A true idea is thus given of these huge rocks, as found by geologists, worn away largely by the continual action or beating of rain and wind against their surface; the waste constitutes soil, which is simply pulverized rock.

The pebble stones at the seashore show very plainly the action of water, their roundness reveals the many battles with the ocean. Observe a ledge of rock on the hill or mountain side; a small stone lodges on a level portion; wind and rain sweep across and agitate or disturb the stone thereon; it moves to and fro in a small space; the friction in time grinds or wears a slight hollow in the rock. Other stones lodge there; storms continue to agitate them; a hole is at last worn, level, some eight miles in length and eight feet deep; ice expands; the rocks cannot withstand the pressure; a crack is eventually made; water again runs in, freezes and expands; the rock splits, and the separated portion falls down the hill or mountain side, to be again split or broken up into many fragments, the same as with other rocks or stones lying scattered about, by the expansive action of frost and ice, which is constantly, in the days of winter, peeling, splitting, and pulverizing these dense bodies into soil. The running streams contribute largely toward the disintegration or wearing away of rocks. The Falls of Niagara are gradually receding, having already worn away some eight miles in length and eight feet deep, and are now precipitated in a cataract over which it now precipitates is worn or is wasting at the rate of about one foot a year. The canons of Colorado, from one to three thousand feet in depth, and two or three hundred miles long, are due to the erosive or wearing action of the Colorado River, while in one portion a gorge through solid rock, some eight miles in length and eight hundred feet deep, is cut or worn by this river current. Visit the Alleghenies of the Appalachian system, and mark the effect of wind and rain upon this range of mountains. The peaks now constituting the range were undoubtedly originally a level, rounded like, but the action of storms about their summits wore or hollowed out a space; the peak divides; centuries witness the gap; their height decreases, and where simply one peak towered to the skies, now two, three, or four, though smaller, fill the place, while the upper constituents, originally intervening, wash down the mountain side, and now constitute the soil in the valleys below. This erosive action is continual, and any one could detect in these mountains a range a gradual waste, in obedience to the parent of all laws—change.

(Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by J. Davis, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.)

THE HARMONICAL CYCLOPEDIA:

A Repository of Useful Knowledge Concerning Things and Ideas.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

Prepared expressly for the Banner of Light, BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

ARTICLE VIII.

Apotheosis.—From time immemorial, because taught instinctively by the indwelling oracles of intuition, mankind have believed that actual death was impossible to any wise and good man. The early Christians (i. e., the Roman Catholics, and afterwards their lineal descendants, the English Episcopalians) believed that the great and good, both women and men, went to dwell in Paradise with God. But ages before the Christian Era it was a common faith that above the skies, in the temple and before the throne of the Deity, the noble, the wise, the heroic and the virtuous lived and watched over the great family of man, and especially worked in behalf of those on earth who believed and worshipfully regarded them.

Christians of to-day profess to regard all this as so much superstition; and yet they have a religion that teaches exactly this "superstition," which is only a doctrine in the Churches, but which is a demonstrated fact among Spiritualists. The time was, says a writer, when "it became common among superstitious and passionate people for lovers to raise altars to their mistresses, and parents to their children." But it may, with great logical propriety, be asked: "What mean these monumental displays in our modern cemeteries? What is a church but an altar erected to and named after some departed good man, or beloved woman? Yonder is a holy establishment called 'St. Paul's.' Just up the avenue you see 'St. Ann's Church.' Who does not fancy the old apostle, with a possible degree of ungodly pride in his heart, looking over heaven's high wall at 'St. Peter's, in Rome?' All around you are costly and beautiful altars dedicated to personages who have experienced what in ancient times was called *apotheosis*. There is 'St. John's Cathedral,' which is a graceful architectural monument. But what do you think of that immense structure called 'The Church of the Holy Redeemer'?" More ambitious altar-builders, who dislike being on the fence in the expression of their preferences, come squarely out and say, this is "Christ's Church." Very uncertain disciples concerning the "apotheosis" of their favorite saints, with one bound jump the mystic chasm, give all inferior deities a respectful slip, and christen their sanctuary "The Church of the Holy Unity." Imagination alone can reach the possible feelings of "St. Thomas" under this slight.

But Spiritualists, although accepting the whole truth of apotheosis, yet save themselves an enormous expenditure of labor and capital. They rationally regard the circumstances of the other world as quite as comfortable as this; that persons, who have experienced the celestial promotion, do not need material altars erected to them, nor religious ceremonies performed "either for their benefit or ours; and, lastly, that the virtuous and the truly great, who as spirits and angels dwell above the earth, are chiefly interested in aiding mankind's growth toward universal peace and harmony. Thus a rational religion is not only practical, but it is also just as to the requirements of the past and the present, and with respect to the future an unparalleled economy!

Discord.—Discordance, in music, may be either vocal or instrumental; in families, either social or physical; in religion, either theoretical or practical; in government, either principled or unprincipled. But here, disregarding all but the first, it is proposed to consider discord in music.

It is at first glance absurd to say that whatever progress mankind have made in musical sounds, has been accomplished by means of the discords; which, by justly punishing those who developed them, resulted in the orderly and systematic arrangements of vibrations into what is called concord, or harmony. "All discord, harmony not understood," is another way of saying that all harmony is but the conquest of dissonance. The imperfect precedes the complete; discord antedates harmony; a truth, as literal in the human as in the physical world.

The musical ear is quickly pained by two sounds which antagonize, or which assail the interior principle of harmony, by conflicting vibrations. The spirit is the fountain source, and the prime judge, of the sympathetic agreement of parts, intervals, and sounds. The immortal human ear can hear thirty-six thousand vibrations per second, which constitute the highest possible musical sounds; even as the deepest musical sounds, the *basso profundo* depth, result from extreme slowness of motion, being only thirty-one vibrations per second. These rapid and these slow movements in the ethereal elements, through which man hears sounds, must be made agreeable by great number and variety of interlinking vibrations. The extremes depend upon other and intervening sounds to become agreeable and harmonious. The chemical wave of the spectrum, according to Seebach, reaches the incredible rapidity of nine hundred and forty-six trillions of vibrations per second. But these vibrations appeal to vision, not to hearing. The sense of hearing is not qualified to perceive a vibration higher than the highest musical sound.

One of the choicest blessings is the power to make and enjoy music. It has become fashionable, as every good thing should be, to catalogue music among the sources of social enjoyment. The piano is a part of modern parlor housekeeping. And music-making, instead of bread-making, is indispensable to the social success of all our daughters. Much that passes for a musical education has been cynically described as the "achievement of a talent for debasing a beautiful art into a showy mechanical display." Such a remark is applicable only to those who rake and rattle over the piano in order to meet the superficial taste for music which too extensively prevails. Let no man check the universal fashion which demands a musical education for all our girls. Our sons will in time follow our musical daughters in their searching after sympathetic harmonies. Discords first, discords last, discords all the time. Let us remember that it is written: "All discord, harmony not understood!" True, every word of it—quite true. And yet, simply because of the vagueness lurking in the mighty sweep of its meaning, it is generally disputed; and, reversely, and curiously enough, because it has a self-evidently boundless application, it is universally accepted.

The other day, while the rain was pouring in torrents, a countryman was going up the street, vainly trying to protect his umbrella under his coat. "Why do n't you open your umbrella, man?" asked a passer-by. "A new umbrella is such a rain as this! Why, you must be mad!" replied the man, as he got the contents of a water-spout down his neck.

The ladies of a Georgia town raised money enough to buy a fire-engine. Can they want it to put out their old flames?

YES, THOU ART WITH ME.

BY CHARLES R. HALLAS.

Yes, thou art with me, lovely flower, nipped roughly by the bud;
It is thy gentle influence which prompts me on to go.
Thy life was here a day of pain, nor cared for, nor egressed, but now thy spirit lives above in calm and holy rest.
Ah! 'tis a glorious blessing that our spirit guides can show
To us unworthy mortals, who tread this sphere below.
That when our wretched pilgrimage upon this earth is o'er,
Our souls are carried nearer God—that God whom we adore.
Then what is it if misery, if wretchedness and pain,
With chilling blasts from poverty around our cottage lean?
'Tis but a moment's servitude, to fit us for a seat
In that eternal kingdom where the suffering poor shall meet.
Yes, thou art with me; and I pray thy influence and power
May guard me 'gainst life's perils through each dark and dingy hour.
And when I hold converse with thee, at morn, at noon, or even,
Thou may'st then purify my thoughts, and raise my soul to heaven.

—Medium and Daybreak.

Banner Correspondence.

Georgia.

ATLANTA.—Dear Banner.—Enclosed please find Declaration of Principles of the First Association of Spiritualists of Atlanta, Ga., for publication. Respectfully,

F. F. TAYLOR, Rec. Sec.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES OF FIRST ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS OF ATLANTA, GA.

In the beginning all was void, and chaos reigned, until out of darkness light sprang to greet the new-born world; and the genial rays of the glorious sun warmed into life the germs of insects and plants and animal life, that now inhabit the face of this earth, and from the manifestation of the love, will, and wisdom of the Great First Cause, the spirit was sent into man that he might have something by which to fully identify his magnanimous handiwork. Man being created and the spirit sent into him, he became a living soul, filled with the divine love of his creator.

Now it becomes us as men to foster this love for the author of our being, the father and mother of all spirits, and show our appreciation of the God-given love—the divine spark within us—by cultivating our minds and practicing the Christ-like principle, "Do unto others as ye would have others do unto you."

Animated and moved by these considerations, we, the undersigned, have agreed, and do hereby constitute ourselves into an association for purposes of moral, spiritual and physical development, and said society shall have for its further object the dissemination of the literature, phenomena and philosophy of modern Spiritualism.

And having felt within ourselves, and seen manifested through others, the truth of the Harmonical Philosophy, we hereby enunciate what we know to be true of its teachings; and whilst we present the foregoing as the facts of our knowledge of the truths of Spiritualism, the following are given as the views or sentiments generally entertained by intelligent Spiritualists and taught by the inhabitants of the higher spheres.

That the attributes of love, power and wisdom, are manifested throughout the sparkling universe, as well in the shining worlds as in the sparkling dew, as well in the granite rock as in the fragrant rose, and these attributes we call Father-God and Mother-Nature; and these are in all and over all; and outside of these there is nothing, and can be nothing.

We believe further that Father-God and Mother-Nature are equal to all their purposes; that it is therefore unwise to say that man ever fell by one act of disobedience, and that by such act death came into the world, and consequently all our woe; but that from a spiritual standpoint death is as necessary as birth, being but the gateway that leads to higher worlds. We believe there is no permanent principle of evil in the universe, all evil, as called, being conditional and necessary to the spirit's growth and development.

We give these as our ideas and belief in regard to the truths of the Harmonical Philosophy. We leave those who choose to differ from us on the minor points here enunciated the most perfect control of their own ideas and judgment in the matter, and say to them "Judge not, lest ye be judged."

Approved.
Officers.—A. C. Ladd, President; H. Nelson, M. D., Vice President; F. F. Taylor, M. D., Recording Secretary; Wm. G. Forsyth, Corresponding Secretary; T. W. G. Cruesell, Treasurer. Board of Trustees: J. M. Ellis, Chairman; W. H. Stephens; T. W. G. Cruesell.
Atlanta, Ga., Aug., 1872.

New York.

THE CENTRAL NEW YORK ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS held their annual meeting at Oneida, Oct. 19th and 20th, 1872. Election of officers occurred on the first day, resulting as follows: Dr. E. F. Beals, President; L. D. Smith, Secretary—both of West Winfield; H. B. Pollock, of Deaneville; Treasurer, Mr. Cornelia C. Crandall, of Deaneville; Mrs. Ruth Scott Briggs, of West Winfield; A. B. Swift, of Earlville; Timothy Brown, of Georgetown; and D. E. Summers, of West Burlington, were elected Vice Presidents.

The first evening session was addressed by Mrs. Kimball, of Sackett's Harbor, in a framed copy of the text, "Know ye not that your body is the temple for the indwelling of the living God?" This was delivered with characteristic energy and pointedness, dealing many heavy blows at the evil and foolish habits of society and individuals. A few spicy remarks by Rev. J. H. Harter, of Auburn, closed the day's proceedings.

Sunday morning.—Meeting opened with conference and discussion of resolutions. Mrs. Warren Woolson, of Sackett's Harbor, in a framed copy of the text, gave a strong and able discourse, dealing with the philosophy of life and Spiritualism, which was thought by some to be the most substantial discourse of the occasion.

The afternoon session was briefly addressed by Mrs. Kimball, on the question, "Why stand ye here idle?" followed by Rev. J. H. Harter, from the text, "Friend, go up higher," in his usual able style.

The evening session was mainly devoted to speaking—first, by Warren Woolson, followed by Rev. J. H. Harter. The speaking was satisfactory throughout the meeting, all doing themselves and the cause great credit. The proceedings were interspersed with singing by a choir of harmonious voices.

Mrs. Kimball's public test exhibition, at the close of the meeting, was crowned with success. A large number of tests and descriptions were given with accuracy, producing much excitement and interest in Spiritualism before the community.

The meeting was in every way a success, and all went away feeling happier and better for having been there.

The next meeting was appointed at Norwich, N. Y., Jan. 18th and 19th, 1873.

L. D. SMITH, Secretary.

Missouri.

HANNIBAL.—Having had the pleasure of listening to three lectures by Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson in our city, we enclose a resolution which was passed unanimously, giving our expression of the high appreciation with which they were received.

Resolved, That we, the Spiritualists and Liberalists of Hannibal, Mo., do hereby express ourselves highly favored in listening to the very able lectures delivered here by Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, of Chicago. We would respectfully recommend her to the friends of Spiritualism in Hannibal, and to the country, and cordially invite her to give us another call when it may be convenient for her to do so.

Resolved, That the Spirit of the Banner of Light be published in the Banner of Light for publication. Signed by the Committee.

SILAS ANDREWS,
G. E. HALL,
MERRITT ALLEN.

Oct. 27, 1872.

New Brunswick.

ST. JOHN.—Chas. B. Huyghe writes October 27th: The lectures of Mr. A. A. Wheelock, of New York, who has been speaking to us lately, have caused many to consider the claims of our philosophy, who were either opposers or indifferent to the truths of Spiritualism before he came among us. There are three circles held weekly in this city, at which mediums are being developed. One, whose test powers are rapidly portraying themselves, will very soon be a valuable assistance in proving to many anxious persons the truth of our position. We have met quite an interesting number of persons who are at times clairvoyant,

but who, not understanding the nature of such things, are neglecting their development. We need test mediums here very much, and often ask why our friends, in Boston and elsewhere, who are thus gifted, do not visit our city, where they would find many applicants seeking for evidence of what they hear is interesting people in the United States. There are seven "Banners of Light" imported for us weekly by a book-dealer, besides others that we hear of coming through the post-office to interested persons. Two ministers have lately called the attention of their congregations to the spread of Spiritualism, detailing to them the different tenets held by its advocates, which is having the effect of enlightening the people generally on the subject.

Maine.

BANGOR.—Mrs. Abbie W. Tanner writes: I have labored thus far, the year 1872, in the State of Maine, with the exception of one month, January, in Portland; February, in Bangor; March, in Lynn, Mass.; April, in the home of our Spiritualist, May and June, in Bangor; July, in Guilford; August and September, in Penobscot. I met kind friends in each place and a cordial welcome. We met as strangers, yet parted as firm friends; and I often feel that angels live even on this side of life. Spiritualism is fast working its way into the minds of the people, and its great truths are sure of accomplishing a good work.

There is need of organization here, as in many other places. If Spiritualists would unite their means and work together for the good of their cause, as unceasingly as the Orthodox do for theirs, the light of modern Spiritualism would soon bless humanity. There is something to be done, beside dreaming of the happy meetings in spirit-life, by-and-by. Souls must be prepared to enjoy the blessings of life even here. Wearied in body and mind I found rest necessary, after laboring unceasingly, Sabbath days and week-end evenings. Such rest I have found in the home of our Spiritualist brother, Jonathan Fletcher, and his good wife Joanna. And I am ready once more for labor. Spiritualists wishing my services will please address me at Bangor, Me. Would like to make engagements for the winter.

Massachusetts.

BOSTON.—Mrs. Jennette J. Clark writes: Dear Banner.—Many of the Spiritualist friends have written to me, since my return, wishing me to come among them again to give tests of the return of spirit-friends, able to speak Sundays. I feel it my duty to do so, and shall commence my fall labors in South Easton, Mass., November 9th, stopping with Brother and Sister Perry—a genial, sunny home. I should like to make engagements when my labors close in Easton; and if any are blessed by the teachings, compensate according to their means. Address to Davis street, Boston.

Talk for the Children.

THE WHITE WATER-LILY.

At the bottom of a wild, dark, muddy lake there lay a very small root; the mud covered it, the frogs hid under it, and once a great turtle actually trod on it.

"Oh dear!" said the little root, talking to itself, "how dark and lonesome it is down here. Hardly a ray of light comes to me. They tell me it is light and beautiful above me—there is a lovely sky there; but the heavy waters lie on me and press me down. Nobody ever thinks of me, or even knows that I live. I am a poor useless thing. I cannot communicate with any one. I might as well not be!"

The snow covered the earth and filled the forest, the ice covered the lake, and there lay the little root, coiled up in loneliness. But when the spring had returned, and the snows were gone and the ice had melted and the birds had come and the forest had put on its mantle of green, the little root felt that the water was warmer, and she peeped up with one eye, and then she nestled and felt a strong desire to see the light. So she shot up a long, smooth, beautiful stem till it reached the top of the lake. But when she attempted to draw it back again she found it would not come. But instead of that, a little bud grew on the end of the stem. She called, but the bud gave no answer; it only swelled and grew larger and larger, and the rains fell on it, the sun and the moon seemed to smile on it and cheer it, till at last it burst open, full of joy, and found itself the white, sweet, pure water-lily. Its leaves were of the purest white, while in its centre was a golden spot covered with down. It lay upon the top of the water, and basked in the sun—the most beautiful object. The root fed it, and felt that it was really herself, though in a new form. The humming-bird passed over it, and thrust its bill to suck its sweetness. The air all around was made sweet by its fragrance; still it felt that it was no use in the world, and wished it could do something to make others happy.

At length the splashing of oars was heard, and the lily turned around to see what it meant. Just then she heard the voice of a little boy in the boat, saying:

"Oh, father, what a beautiful lily! Do let me get it!"

Then the boat turned slowly toward it, and the little boy put out his hand and seized it. The long stem broke off near the root, and the child held it in his hand. It seemed the fairest, sweetest thing he ever saw.

"Now what will you do with it?" asked the father.

"I'll look at it and smell of it!"

"Is there nobody else that would like to see and smell of it?"

"I don't know, sir. Oh, yes, now I think I would like to have it!"

That afternoon poor Jane Irving, who lived in the cottage just under the maple trees, lay on her sick bed alone. She was a poor, motherless child. She knew that she had the consumption and must die. She was thinking about the dark, cold grave, and wondering how she should ever come out of it. A tear stood in each eye just as the little boy came to her bedside with the white water lily.

"See here, Jane, I got that away out in the lake, and brought it for you. I thought you would like it!"

"Thank you, thank you! It is indeed very beautiful and very sweet. What a long stem! Where did it grow?"

"It grew out of the mud in the bottom of the lake, and this long stem, as long as a man, shows how far down it grew. It was all alone—not another one to be seen. I'm glad you like it, but I must go." And away ran the little boy.

Jane held the pure, white flower in her hand, and the good spirit seemed to whisper in her heart, "Jane, Jane, do not you see what God can do? Do not you see that out of dark, foul mud he can bring a thing more beautiful than the garments of a queen, and as pure as an angel's wing; and can't he also, from the dark grave, raise you pure and beautiful and glorious?" Can you doubt it?

And the heart of the poor child was filled with faith, and the angel of Hope wiped away her tears, and the lily preached of peace and mercy; when she regarded she thanked God that nothing would be regarded as useless.

THE CHILDREN.

Send the little ones happy to bed,
Though they may be mischievous and wild,
Nature seldom bestows a wise heart
On a rosy-cheeked, light-headed child.

Then let their glad spirits have play,
And brighter and stronger they'll grow,
Like a stream that runs free on its way,
And suffers no check on its flow.

Oh, let them lie down with delight,
And fail not to give and to take
A kiss when they prattle "Good night,"
And a kiss in the morn when they wake.

More trials and troubles full soon
The sweet sleep of childhood will ban;
Then let them lie joyously down
And cherish bright dreams while they can.

REVIEW OF FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Prepared Expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY DR. G. L. DIXSON.

Mexico! Mexico now sends forth her glorious little quartet to take its place in the *Argonauts* of spiritual literature. We cannot but welcome it with *Tears*, for it enables us more emphatically to give a new version to an old saying in regard to Papal Rome and her minions. The haft of our cause is in heaven—its blade everywhere. And the sword of this divine spirit needs never to be sheathed, for it hews its way by love, and pearls of pure content drop ever from its non-ensanguined point.

The first article that strikes my attention in this *Illustracion Espiritista*, is "Spiritualism and its Adversaries." It seems that the Bishop of Quebec assailed in a pastoral his new work, and "condemned and anathematized the practices and beliefs pertaining to the new faith; and we could not have had a better opportunity to demonstrate that the authority of so elevated a person could not terrify the disciples of Allan Kardec, and to refute the errors with which the document abounded. The Bishop was followed by the Jesuit *pater* Sarria, who launched the thunders of the pulpit against our infant periodical. His words raised a furious storm, and we had the pleasure of seeing that the liberal Mexican press defended Spiritualism with the sword of the truth. This was another triumph for us. We began to know that there was something very grand and very true in our cause, when it could provoke the ire of these eternal enemies of reason and of science."

Finally, "We have imposed silence upon our enemies, and in honor of the truth, without using other arms than those of persuasion and urbanity." . . . Victor Hugo has said, "Spiritualism is invulnerable."

The next article presents in a clear manner the phenomena in presence of D. D. Home, recorded by Mr. Crookes. This is followed by a communication from the spirit of *Un Amigo* on "The Infinite is the Life," involving apparently a great deal of historic research touching the remotest confines of antique faith in the immortality of the soul, the religion of Buddha, of Zoroaster, of Pythagoras, Plato and Christ.

The Sept. (1st) number of *La Illustracion* contains a marked article which embraces a full declaration of faith of the "Central Society of the Republic of Mexico"; but as this is in full accord with all that has been promulgated by Allan Kardec, I need not reproduce it here.

The following number (Sept. 15), has an able article on "Modern Magic," in reply to an attack made by *La Voz de Mexico*, which seems to have unaccounted itself behind the idea, maintained by the Romish Church, that Spiritualism (outside of said Church) is of the devil. The spirit of Moliere then makes a characteristic communication, which is followed by one on "Heaven and Hell, and the demons of the Church."

"Magnetism," says the neat little *Messenger*, (of Liege), "has prepared the way for Spiritualism, and the rapid progress of this last doctrine is uncontestedly due to the popularization of the former. There is but a step between the phenomena of magnetism, of somnambulism, and of the ecstasies in spirit manifestations."

To such learned men as the Baron du Potet, M. Millet, editor of the *Union Magnetique*, and their illustrious predecessors, the Marquis of Puységur and Desleuse, magnetism became respectable and took its place in the halls of official science. Now it can be named in conversation without eliciting a sneer, and a person may be called a magnetizer without causing a laugh. Through such brave souls is Spiritualism becoming popular and receiving profoundly respectful attention from those who are truly learned, not perhaps from those who deem themselves so, because in some one branch of the sciences they have had a little extra success.

A learned article in the same journal—"In the world all is Spiritism"—makes an able handling of the ideas of the materialist. One paragraph begins: "Matter then is more incomprehensible than the spirit, for we live and are enveloped by spiritual phenomena, which places a veil over matter to render it invisible to our eyes. However, this matter which our eyes cannot discern is made the veil under which these materialists hide themselves," &c.

La Messenger has also an excellent article on "Media." They may be the media of evil communications, but still true; indicating perhaps feebleness, but not unworthiness; one can be weak yet good. . . . It is not necessary to be a medium to be under the influence of evil spirits who work in the dark; with the mediumistic faculty, the enemy manifests and betrays; one knows with what he has to deal, and combats it. Thus a wicked communication may become a profitable lesson if one understands how to profit by it. It would be wrong, too, to put all these bad communications to the account of the medium.

It is a general rule that the best communications attend the home circle, where all is harmony and well regulated. In all, many influences are at work—that of the medium, that of the circle, and that of the interrogator. These may react on each other, to neutralize or to strengthen, depending on the end proposed and the dominant thought. We have received excellent communications where the medium and the conditions were not the best, and we have had bad ones where the medium was good, solely because the interrogator was not serious, and hence drew those spirits which mocked him.

The good intentions, the morality itself of the medium, are not sufficient always to repel light and lying spirits. . . . That we may not be the dupes of triflers we have one infallible resource: good sense and reason. We have among us the qualities of language which characterize truly good and superior men. These qualities are the same for the spirits; we should judge them by their language. . . . The science of Spiritualism, like all others, demands long and anxious study and much observation. We are not to regard only the phenomena, but the manners and customs of the occult world, from the highest to the lowest degree, in the scale of their being.

Pride is often developed among the media, and through it they are lost, for God gave the faculty for good, and not to evoke vanity.

The *Revue Spiritiste* contains an account of a remarkable phenomenon which took place at Florence, and which I will as briefly as possible reproduce: Mons. P. L. had a friend, a brave young officer in the Italian army, who was a thorough materialist, but as honest as he was chivalrous. One evening he requested this young man to go with him to the house of a Mr. X., whose daughter was a medium. Seated there around a table, the friends saw this piece of furniture rise from the floor, and presently the cloth upon it lifted up in various places, as if a person were attempting to thrust up a finger through it. These, with other phenomena, impressed the officer deeply, and he returned home. The next evening, Mr. X., talking with his family about this affair, wondered whose finger it was that had lifted the cloth. His daughter, under control, wrote out, "Alexander's." Being further interrogated, the spirit said he had come through strong love for his brother

(the young officer); that he was a younger brother, and was eighteen years of age when he died. Mr. X., thinking that this statement would interest the inquirer of the preceding evening, wrote him an account of it; but, while seeking how to address the missive, it suddenly disappeared, and could not be found. When the young officer returned home that night he found the letter upon his table, and, summoning the servant, demanded who had brought it. She replied that no one had been there, and no one had brought any letter. In the letter was a photograph of Mr. X., and the proof that Alexander's spirit had really come to Florence for no one else knew of the facts just related. Rising the next morning, what was his surprise to find on his table two photographs, one large and one small. Interrogating again his servant, nothing could be learned concerning them. He then hurried away to the house of Mr. X., who was equally astonished at seeing in the officer's hand the veritable missing letter. The officer was still more confounded when his host showed him two photographs which he (the officer) had always kept closely locked up in a chest. Mr. X., summoned his daughter, who, in a somnambulic state, said to the young man that the spirit of his brother Alexander, to prove his love for him, had carried the letter into his chamber, and, to prove more conclusively his presence, had made the exchange, respectively, of the photographs of the two gentlemen present. These facts can be attested by several honorable persons, and the account is given by Rinaldo D'Argine.

It is gratifying to see in the *Revue* a long letter from Mr. Munier, (as it appeared in the "Banner" some months since) giving an account of the deeply interesting phenomenon of spirit photographs. The September number contains a translation of "The Seven Days at Moravia," by Mrs. Packard, of Albany, as given in the *Banner* last June. I congratulate the *Revue* on having chosen this particular article, for, as it says in a *Remarque* at the conclusion, the "source is honorable, and the statements confirmed by the spirits themselves." We could, indeed, hardly find a person more capable of judging, scrutinizing and reaching proper deductions in these matters than Mrs. Chester Packard.

El Criterio Espiritista, of Madrid, says that the Society of Spiritualists at Seville think of establishing public weekly sessions to discuss the tenets of their faith; that some photographers at Madrid are studying to obtain spirit photographs; that *La Revolucion*, of Alicante, is discussing Spiritualism with the priesthood; that in Barcelona the works of Allan Kardec are being published in Spanish; that Spiritualism had lost two of its noble advocates in the death of Colonel Valdes and Don Aleocel.

A large pamphlet has come to hand from Vienna, treating of "Spirit, Matter and Force." It is accompanied by another—a kind of commentary of the former. My friend, Mr. Seman, has kindly looked them over, and though he discovers no little ingenuity in the diagrams illustrating the author's views, sees nothing that would particularly interest your readers—at least, too much space would be required to give the plumb of the work, or even a creditable synopsis.

Albany, Oct. 31st, 1872.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Account of Five Sittings or Seances Held in the House of Mr. John Andrews, Moravia, August, 1872.

It should be understood that, in these sittings, all are required to join hands and be seated during the seance. While in the dark circle we distinctly felt the air forced against our faces, as if done by a large fan. Drops of water, or something in a liquid form, was sprinkled gently on our faces. On several occasions beautiful lights were seen moving about the room; sometimes near the ceiling, and at other times so close to us that it seemed they might be touched. The floor of the room would vibrate, producing very peculiar sensations. Three different times our hands and knees were patted; and, while we were slinging, other voices joined in the chorus, frequently changing the words so as to distinguish them from those sung by us.

In the light circle, where everything in the room could be seen, we saw several faces, arms, and hands. The faces resembled those whom they represented so closely, that in nearly all cases they were readily recognized.

The eyes of one figure were extremely bright and clear; the beards of some of the men were seen so plainly that the color could be easily distinguished. A pure white handkerchief was held in full view, in the hands of another dressed in female attire; it was then by her placed over her mouth while coughing; she then withdrew it, and on it was a large spot of fresh-looking blood.

We afterwards saw the head of a colored female; her early hair was partly covered with a white kerchief; she gave her name as "Bet." She was not known by any one present. John Pierpont came, and was recognized simultaneously by many. As viewed by us, he seemed to be an old man with long white hair and beard. Before leaving he delivered a short address, concluding with these words: "Thank God, we live after death!" Giving his name, he disappeared from view.

The son of Mr. Pope, a Universalist minister of Ilyanuis, Mass., showed himself to his father, mother, and others, three different times. At one time he said that drowning was not so hard a death as was thought; he said further that Spiritualism was true, and requested his father to preach it, promising that he (his son Milton) would inspire him. Mr. Pope stated, after the seance, that one of his sons, named Milton, was drowned a few years ago, and he was fully convinced that he saw and conversed with that son.

Three brothers, by the name of Weaver, from Baltimore, Md., recognized one of the faces as that of their mother; the kind of cap on her head, and the way she wore a kerchief about her neck (one of the brothers informed us) being strong points identical with her while in earth-life. The face and hands of another lady were plainly seen; the hair was dark and glossy; her hands were nearly of the same color and appearance as if alive; on her wrist was a bracelet, and on the small finger of her left hand a plain ring; both had the color and lustre of fine gold.

We after this saw two hands and arms; the ends of the fingers were placed together, and the hands raised in the attitude of prayer. A dark face then showed itself. Some one remarked, "There is a negro?" It instantly replied, "A colored person, if you please."

At another time a relative of Mrs. Laura Cuffy Smith presented himself and was heartily welcomed by her. Five hands were also seen, all moving at the same time; one of them was about the size of a child's hand. We also saw the face of a person who managed or had control of the manifestations, and who was formerly known as Mr. George Jackson, of Flint, Ill. He spoke several times in a very distinct voice. Once he said that the faces shown were not false or masks, and, to prove the truth of his words, he opened his mouth wide, showed his tongue and teeth, and, as he closed his jaws quickly, the sound of the teeth striking together was distinctly heard in all parts of the room.

Many other things of a similar nature occurred, but we think these should convince the most skeptical that some unseen power is at work in that quiet little town.

DANIEL D. BONNETT,
JOHN HAYWARD.

New York, Sept. 26, 1872.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

ALBANY, N. Y.—The First Society of Spiritualists meets every Sunday in Commons Council Room, City Hall. President, Dr. G. L. Dixon; Secretary, Barrington Lodge, Esq.; Treasurer, Dr. Dixon.

ALBANY, N. Y.—Regular meetings are held on Sunday, at 10 A. M., in the hall of the Brooklyn and Albany Association, 100 State Street, N. Y. City. President, Chas. H. Adams; Secretary, J. H. Case; Treasurer, J. H. Case.

ANDOVER, O.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at Morley's Hall every Sunday at 11 A. M. J. S. Morley, M. D., President; Mrs. T. A. Knapp, Guardian; Mrs. E. T. Colman, Secretary; J. H. Case, Treasurer.

BOSTON, MASS.—See fifth page.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings at Stuart's Hall every Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. A. H. Averill, President; J. V. Spencer, Secretary; J. H. Case, Treasurer.

BALTIMORE, MD.—Lyrical Hall. The First Spiritualist Association of Baltimore holds meetings at Sunday and Wednesday evenings.

BALTIMORE, MD.—The Lyrical Hall. The Harmonical Society holds meetings at Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. A. H. Averill, President; J. V. Spencer, Secretary; J. H. Case, Treasurer.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Brooklyn Institute. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. every Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. J. S. Morley, M. D., President; Mrs. T. A. Knapp, Guardian; Mrs. E. T. Colman, Secretary; J. H. Case, Treasurer.

CHATEAUX, MASS.—Grand Hall. Regular meetings of Spiritualists are held every Sunday evening at Granite Hall. The best of talent has been engaged. All communications should be addressed to C. H. Case, Secretary, 100 State Street, Boston.

CHATEAUX, MASS.—The Lyrical Hall. The Harmonical Society holds meetings at Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. A. H. Averill, President; J. V. Spencer, Secretary; J. H. Case, Treasurer.

CLEVELAND, O.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. at the usual hours. D. C. Pratt, President; J. H. Case, Secretary; J. H. Case, Treasurer.

CLEVELAND, O.—The Lyrical Hall. The Harmonical Society holds meetings at Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. A. H. Averill, President; J. V. Spencer, Secretary; J. H. Case, Treasurer.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Spiritualist meetings are held every Sunday evening at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. at the usual hours. D. C. Pratt, President; J. H. Case, Secretary; J. H. Case, Treasurer.

CHICAGO, ILL.—The Lyrical Hall. The Harmonical Society holds meetings at Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. A. H. Averill, President; J. V. Spencer, Secretary; J. H. Case, Treasurer.

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Spirit Prophecies Fulfilled.

Spirit Prophecies Fulfilled:
Being a believer in the fact and power of prophecy, as a thing beyond all understood or possibly merely intellectual or reasoning processes, I wish to call attention to some of the circumstances of the present, as a "fulfilling of the Scriptures" given to us, messianically, by and from wisdom-spirits of foregoing ability in the past.

The point is, that modern prophecies are entitled to credit, even though we may be unable always to rationalize the process, and therefore we may cheerfully face the fury of the present storm, confident "There's a light about to gleam."

Our correspondent speaks truly concerning the disturbed condition of our planet. Nearly all the dreadful phenomena whose appearance daunted the hearts of the grandparents of this generation have been and their counterpart within the last few years, with exception of the fog which dimmed the light of the entire summer of 1783. Hurricanes have laid waste villages, and covered ocean with wrecks and swept devastating fires through populous cities; floods in the rivers have swept away bridges and houses, and converted fertile meadows into banks of sand; cloudbursts and water-spouts have turned highways into torrents, flowing them deep into the ground, and making them impassable; men and domestic animals have fallen victims to the fiery bolts, which thunderstorms of a violence rarely known have cast hissing into villages, fields and city alike; and the night-heaven has been illuminated by northern lights of strange vividness and beauty, and of a hue like blood. The extraordinary convulsion of Nature which some months since overthrew Antioch, involving such destruction of human life and property, is fully a parallel to that which overtook Catania in 1783. The floods of the great deep, stirred to their fountains by the rocking of the earth's submerged crust, have lifted up their waves to vast height, and flung them with great fury on the shores of Peru and the Sandwich Islands, whelming the fields and drowning the inhabitants. The great volcano of those Islands, Mauna Loa, with that of Vesuvius, and another in Mexico, have been in active eruption, and have sent forth rivers of fire to lay waste the fields around them. Drought in some regions has parched the earth, blasting the prospect of reward for the farmer's toil; while, in other regions, the rain has descended in a continuous torrent, steeping the earth, and operating as fatally in the same direction. Famine has skirted the poppy-fields of Persia, and drank deep draughts of human life beneath the very walls of its glided palaces.

Man has learned by these direful occurrences his utter lack of power to contend against the consequences of any disturbance of the usual repose of the elements, or interruption of their harmonious concurrence to the supply of his daily wants in the physical world. But these phenomena have been and are but the precursors and indices of revolutions and earthquakes, purging fires and retributive lightning, which shall not shake to its centre the social world, and in that golden era which the kings and prophets of thought's domain have so long waited for and sought, but never found.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.
Dr. John H. Currier, of Boston, addressed the Spiritualists of Salem, at Lyceum Hall, on Sunday afternoon and evening, Nov. 3d. Mrs. Juliette Peaw will speak there the remaining Sundays the month.

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...D

It is instructive to note that almost as soon as this announcement is made, the party papers fall to discussing its effect on politics—whether it will make or lose votes for such author. We could wish that a question of such profound import, and one reflecting either in one way or another on our character as a nation, might be considered for some above the level of party party or personal grounds. It has been the standing curse of the grounds. It has been the standing curse of the whole Indian question that it has been interminably mixed up with profit and loss, with revenge and selfishness, or with personal aims and the partisan spirit. If Gen. Grant shall be successful in finally clearing it of that incubus, he will have achieved two victories in one. The recent Indian talks and interviews in Washington have evidently not been without their effect. So many representatives and men could hardly present themselves or audience at the seat of government, tell their stories, make their promises, and state their grievances, without producing some sort of an effect thereby. We are able to see by this time, that the leading journals of the country are coming forward to handle this subject in an entirely different spirit. The cheat and plunder, drive and ill policy is evidently going out. They begin to admit that the Indian temper is materially changed; which means that the Indians are beginning to be dealt with in a spirit of justice and humanity.

"A Strange Case."

We cannot vouch for the reliability of the following statement with the above heading; but as appears in a respectable Western journal—the *adison* (Wis.) Democrat—we have no right to *ommon* it *a coward* in the absence of evidence. That effects... We place it before our readers, because many of them are familiar with just such "strange" cases. Foreign spirits are almost daily *waking* in their own dialects through the lips of our media, the said media not understanding one word of the language spoken:

Miss Margaret Kelley, a girl about sixteen years of age, who lives with her parents, in the town of Cape in this county, suddenly lost her reason on the evening of the 30th of July last. She was well and hearty as usual up to the hour of derangement, when her strange conduct betrayed her unfortunate condition. Her first peculiar manner, as accompanying her loss of reason, was the entire loss of knowledge of the English language, which is her native tongue. At the same time she seemed to have command of the German language, and to speak it very fluently. The unfortunate girl has since recovered her reason, but is still unable to speak or understand English, but can speak and understand intelligently in the German language. Nevertheless the parents nor any one of the family can understand and hear her, except through an interpreter, and henceforth she will never live like a normal person. It was most singular, the girl never lived in Germany, never learned to speak it, never lived where it was spoken, and could have had no opportunity of acquiring it by the ordinary means.

The facts, as stated above, are vouched for as correct, and are attracting considerable attention in the community where the girl lives. Several physicians have visited her, but none have been able to explain their skill. It has been suggested that a number of our Madison doctors visit the patient and endeavor to give some solution of this mysterious mental phenomenon.

the editor of the Madison Democrat is anxious to "solution of this most mysterious mental phenomenon." If he will visit Boston we will endeavor to satisfy his mind upon this point; to unveil the "mystery" to his satisfaction. We have our possession at this moment a manuscript purporting to be in ancient Chaldean characters, written mechanically through the hand of a medium in our presence, Oct. 6th—which characters pronounced genuine by those who profess to be competent to know.

Prof. Tyndall and the Clergy.
 of Park-street Church been ablaze with the
 of "revival" while the eminent Prof. Tyndall
 has been lecturing on scientific subjects in
 town, there is no doubt that he would have been
 for as warmly as Theodore Parker was,
 whose nose a hawk was carved from the hands
 of the Almighty. But he took the churches on
 the weak side, which was the practical one. If
 the preachers affirm with such warmth and per-
 nency, the efficacy of prayer was in all cases
 questioned, then he proposed to test the fact
 actual trial. His plan was to set apart a cer-
 tain number of occupied beds in the hospital, and
 regularly and earnestly for these, while suf-
 fering the remainder to go unprayed for.

the church held up its hands in holy horror, that was no sort of answer to his proposal. As they were willing to prove their oft-repeated assertion, of what use was it to continue the practice of special prayers? The Professor took them right on the threshold. It was a plain matter, but they chose to retreat from the trial, before his arrival several pulpits opened fire against him; but that was to have their revenge on him exciting the popular prejudices. It was not religion but religious; it was partisan and worldly besides being mean and wicked. But he came delivered his lectures for all that. They gave him severe letting-alone, and he evidently did not care for them much more about them. But his question did not touch the question of the use of prayer.

Free Lectures to Women.
 A course of lectures, free to all women, on Psychological Medicine, by Dr. Frederic R. Marvin, will be given at the "New York Free Medical College for Women," No. 51 St. Marks place, every afternoon at 3 o'clock, commencing Nov. 10, and continuing until Jan. 24th. The following subjects will be treated successively: Mind and Matter; The Human Brain; Outlines of Disordered Mental Action; Specific Forms of Disordered Mental Action; Moral and Criminal Epidemics; Hallucination; Nerve and Abstraction; The Opium Habit; the Alcohol Habit; Sleep;

The Suicide Cell.

We remember once being told of a barn which three physicians in the country had successively occupied for their horses, and in which one committed suicide after the other by hanging. People said it was strange—a curious coincidence—but considered nothing further. The New Orleans Times, in a recent issue, tells us of a cell in the city prison which goes by the name of "the suicide's cell," several persons having hanged themselves in it, though not known to be addicted to suicidal experimenting. At last a young mutt girl, who had fallen into bad ways, having been arrested and locked up in the cell, made the same attempt on her life, but was restored to life

When she came to herself she told of a little white woman who had appeared to her during the night, persuaded her to tear her clothes in shreds, and hang herself at the bars. To test the matter, a stranger—a man—who had applied for a night's lodging, was put into the cell, with a full knowledge of its character. At a certain hour he was visited by the same little white woman, who tried to persuade him to do the deed she had led others to do before him. He was in due time relieved of his painful suspense, and told his story, though he was not previously apprised of the visit of the little woman. It appears that some time ago such a woman did hang herself in that cell, and she repeats it regularly to gratify her propensity as often as the temperament or condition of the occasion allows her.

have fallen from the angels' feet.

HYMN TO VASHTI.

BY MRS. J. H. CONANT,
(Through the inspiration of Woonenooket.)

I have a little spirit child,
A guardian fair and bright,
Whom loving angels sent to me,
Out of the world of light.

And when my eyes o'erflow with tears,
And faith's bright star grows dim,
She quickly lifts the lowering clouds,
And leads me back to Him.

Who hears the ravens when they cry,
And notes the sparrow's fall,
And who in life and death will keep
A tender watch o'er all.

Her little feet are weary never
In doing deeds of love;
And messages she'll bear to me,
E'en from the courts above.

Suffer little children, Wisdom said;
And lo! they enter there,
Where older, sorrow-laden heads
The glory might not bear.

Oh, beautiful little spirit child!
When earthly cares are o'er,
May I meet you in the morning-land—
The soul's bright Eden shore.

Alpena, Mich.
Our partner, William White, who is now at this
ce, in search of rest from business cares, writes
under date of Oct. 29th, a private letter, from
Mich we make the following extract:
"I have not changed in this town

There has been a great deal of building in July a large fire destroyed a vast number of the new clean of sixty-five wooden dwellings and stores, so that there was hardly a dwelling left. Upon part of the same district there have been erected ten wooden and six large brick buildings, which are nearly ready to be occupied. Outside of this district, there have been erected one hundred and fifty feet on the water front, and one hundred and fifty feet on the water front, and the same on the Bay. The hotel is three stories high; the rooms are large, high-ceilinged and well-ventilated. The halls are spacious and well-lighted, and there is not a room which is not pleasant to occupy. It is so arranged that the most attractive of the city is sojourning in it. S. S. Jerolman are the proprietors of the hotel. Both young men and their gentlemanly friends toward their guests puts them at once at ease, and they soon feel at home. The clerk, Mr. J. W. Putvin, renders the most assiduous and active service to the guests, and the most magnificent cuisine is served to the guests. The house is situated on the water front, and those who have the pleasure of staying here can secure a room during the hot season of next year will find it cool and delightful. The hotel is so arranged that many of those who stopped here for a day, and who intended to have passed their vacation at Mackinac Island, and who were dissatisfied with the house and place that they occupied all the season. Those who may be in a hurry to leave the hotel and recuperate in a place in the perfectly cool and recuperative in the month, should make their way to Amen on Lake Michigan, and stop at the Fletcher House.

The Nursery.

One of the best of the magazines for children, as well as the most richly illustrated, is "The Nursery," published in Boston by John L. Shorey, at \$1.50 a year.

It is free from all sectarian rubbish, and contains a most artistic little work that every reader, whether he be a parent or a child, will find a family, where there are children, ought to possess to encourage. It enters on its seventeenth year, and with a circulation of forty thousand. The Chicago Advance (good authority) of its November number: "We long ago thought the Nursery was about as good as it could be, but it grows better and better. Not a magazine has come to our table this month whose illustrations are better specimens of wood engraving than the November Nursery. And the reader will find as good as the pictures."

Rev. Wm. J. Potter asks: "Is it not more honorable
e raised ourselves from the apes, than, according to the
r view, to have fallen from the angels?"

Atmospheric Air.

The *rital importance of the inhalation of pure air* by both man and beast, is exercising the thoughts of humanity to-day more than ever. Overwork and foul air will sicken man or beast quicker than everything else combined. The English "Health Towns Commission" have been making careful experiments upon the air breathed by large masses of people, and report that the atmosphere of great manufacturing cities is less deleterious than the air of unventilated rooms inhabited by human beings. Thus, in the city of Manchester, the factory chimneys throw out daily two thousand tons of carbonic acid gas, and yet the air is *not seriously contaminated*. The greatest enemy to man is his own breath, as has been proved by a reliable preparation of the "Health Commission." The number of parts of carbonic acid in ten thousand parts of air taken from different places are given as follows: Pure atmospheric air, 4; streets of great cities, 6; stables, 7; pit of Comte Opera House in Paris, 15; ceiling of Comte Opera House, 38; asylum, 17; hospital, 30; dormitory at night, 32; bedroom on rising in the morning, 46; bedroom after two hours' ventilation, 16; railway carriage, 40; workshop, 19; lecture hall, 32; and a well-tilled school-room, 72.

[illegible]

Music Hall Spiritualist Free Meetings.
Miss Jennie Leys commenced a month's engagement to lecture in Music Hall, this city, last afternoon. Her discourse was well appreciated by the audience. She spoke of the great old Spiritualism had already accomplished for humanity, and said that it was now paving the way for reforms that will still further bless and elevate the race. She also spoke at some length of the need of more complete and general organization among Spiritualists as a means of accomplishing more effective work, and consequently more good.

The artistic rendering of the spiritual hymns and songs by the choir, adds to the interest of these meetings.

Chicago.

Our friend, John W. Free, after a long absence, visiting all parts of the country, from California to New Hampshire, thence home to Chicago, leaves, under date of Oct. 30th, that he "returns into the city nearly all built up again. Block by block of white and dark marble and brick seen in the burnt district in every direction. Mr. C. Howe is giving us fine lectures here every Sunday; and we also have a flourishing Lyman under the conductorship of Dr. Avery. In our way home we visited Moravia, and attended the s'ances at Mrs. Andrews's. Of the live spirit-faces seen at different times we re-mentioned two of them. These manifestations are rare."

Birthday Party.
 On the evening of Monday, Nov. 4th, the friends
 A. H. Richardson, (the well-known magnetic
 sionist) to the number of fifty, assembled to
 brate the attainment of the Doctor's forty-
 h year, at his residence, 95 Main street,
 J. Lowell, Mass. Congratulatory speeches by
 J. H. Currier, James S. Dodge, D. N. Ford,
 J. Hatch, Mrs. Maria Adams and others—a re-
 dy the host in acknowledgment of the good
 and presents of his guests—singing by
 ses Ella W. Smith, of Lawrence, and Maria
 ges, of Boston, instrumental music by Howard
 Mamie A. Richardson, a collation and social
 ersion comprised the exercises, and contrib-
 to make a highly enjoyable occasion.

Maximilian.

The following spirit message was given at the Banner Circle on the 4th inst.:

to the friends of France I am called upon for expression of opinion. I am Maximilian, who duped into assuming a position that belonged to another than to myself. I am expected now something with reference to the affairs of France, and to report the same. And so her friends and mine have questioned, Will Louis Napoleon again ascend the throne of France?

I answer, The truth it is sometimes wisdom to withhold, for by giving it, you might produce a rebellion upon the events that are in issue. I never wait, and, like loyal subjects to France, my friends, be ready for action when action comes a necessity. Good day.

Read elsewhere Bro. Ditson's excerpts translated from
in spiritualistic periodicals.

intimidation of the most normal and disorganizing crimes; and even yet we have not seen the worst, unless all appearances deceive. We are witnessing eruptions of an awful nature, extraordinary earthquakes, and conflagrations unprecedented in history. Let those who smiled at the awful predictions of the spirits, take note of their literal fulfillment, and prepare, as they may, for the danger that impends. These things were to be primary to a social upheaval and general political changes, in preparation for a higher development of all that concerns man on this planet.

The point is, that modern prophecies are entitled to credit, even though we may be unable always to rationalize the process, and therefore we may cheerfully face the fury of the present storm, confident "There's a light about to gleam." P. 5. IV.

Our correspondent speaks truly concerning the disturbed condition of our planet. Nearly all the dreadful phenomena whose appearance daunted the hearts of the grandparents of this generation have been and their counterpart within the last few years, with exception of the fog which dimmed the light of the entire summer of 1783. Hurricanes have laid waste villages, and covered ocean with wrecks and swept devastating fires through populous cities; floods in the rivers have swept away bridges and houses, and converted fertile meadows into banks of sand; cloudbursts and water-spouts have turned highways into torrents, flowing them deep into the ground, and making them impassable; men and domestic animals have fallen victims to the fiery bolts, which thunderstorms of a violence rarely known have cast hissing into villages, fields and city alike; and the night-heaven has been illuminated by northern lights of strange wildness and beauty, and of a hue like blood. The extraordinary convulsion of Nature which some months since overthrew Antioch, involving such destruction of human life and property, is fully a parallel to that which overtook Catania in 1783. The floods of the great deep, stirred to their fountains by the rocking of the earth's submerged crust, have lifted up their waves to vast height, and flung them with great fury on the shores of Peru and the Sandwich Islands, whelming the fields and drowning the inhabitants. The great volcano of those Islands, Mauna Loa, with that of Vesuvius, and another in Mexico, have been in active eruption, and have sent forth rivers of fire to lay waste the fields around them. Drought in some regions has parched the earth, blasting the prospect of reward for the farmer's toil; while, in other regions, the rain has descended in a continuous torrent, steeping the earth, and operating as fatally in the same direction. Famine has skirted the poppy-fields of Persia, and drank deep draughts of human life beneath the very walls of its glided palaces.

Man has learned by these direful occurrences his utter lack of power to contend against the consequences of any disturbance of the usual repose of the elements, or interruption of their harmonious concurrence to the supply of his daily wants in the physical world. But these phenomena have been and are but the precursors and indices of revolutions and earthquakes, purging fires and retributive lightning, which shall not shake to its centre the social world, and in that golden era which the kings and prophets of thought's domain have so long waited for and sought, but never found.

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By order, **ELLEN DICKINSON, Secretary.**

THE WEST.

It may be asked, Is there not danger of being deceived by deceptive spirits? We reply, Certainly there is, if you believe all you are told, on the principle of blind obedience, as taught by the Orthodox priesthood. In this case you are in great danger of deceptive spirits, both in the flesh as well as out of it; but you are in no danger if you treat all communications from the other life on the same principle that you do all you get in this. That is, apply your judgment in every case. The bulk of the deceiving spirits will we think be found on this side of the veil. At least that is our experience. We have never seen any of them on the other life? We should think there ought to be a humanity the other side of the grave made up of those who were men and women here, and inasmuch as many of them were deceptive here, it is reasonable to suppose they have not all changed. But while this is the case, humanity on the Immortal side must be composed of unnumbered millions of the pure, the noble, and the good, who

The wife of Horace Greeley died in New York, Oct. 30t
after a long illness.

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street, Boston, Mass.

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