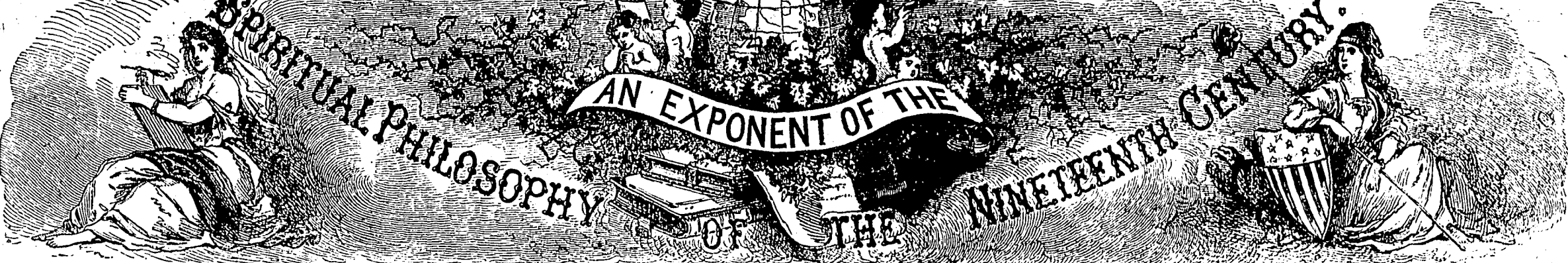


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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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 for, 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 aid 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 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 worshipped. 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 worshipped 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 agrees 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 inconstantly 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 suited 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 ideals 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 Pantheistical 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 supernatural 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 world 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 illumined 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 evinced 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 dints 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 nurtured 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 golden speech 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. HEMAN 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 same 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 Descent, 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 hound 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 ABRAHAM H. BARNUM.

Keep not aloof, with frost-like whim,
The angels find your door,
When they would find upon your head
A tide of blessings pour.
Oft, as 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 to the weakest welcome in
Tenderness at your side.
And list unto the angel voice
Which comes your ear to greet;
It fills the dew-drops with profounder cheer,
And quells the nectar-sweet.
Seek for the truth, and fast retain
Such pearls as ye shall find;
And nourish them, until by growth
They blossom on your mind.
Then deck thy bosom with the leaves,
Fresh gathered from the flower,
That midway see the beauty gleam
From Truth's most radiant tower.
Oh, list unto the angel voice
Which calls thy soul, in love,
To open the portals of thy heart,
And welcome in the dove.
Welcome the touch of angel hands;
Let them thy brow caress;
Put up thy lips to kiss the lips
With loving tenderness!
They knock—are knocking at your door.
List! hear ye not 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 consequens 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, is to the essentials 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; 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 extremes 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 supernal 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 deific elements of impersonal being; or by overcrowding the supernal spheres, produce spiritual asphyxia. The influences that start these counter currents at the supernal degrees of human progress, are the equipsed blending and counteracting of the prime forces of the universe, Love, Will and Wisdom, in the human soul, whereby these exalted spirits perceive that to move forward, if that were possible, would be to lose their individuality; to remain stationary would cause others to suffer intolerably in the lower regions of sensuous life; hence they are constrained in a spirit of self-immolation, as well as self-preservation, to descend into sensuous 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-

flames of the infinite. 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 triune 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 reinvigorated by the subliminal and star-gleams and baby 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 therefor; 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 hells 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 on 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 or 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 crave an intromission to an Orthodox 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 roll
Across my peace and bliss?

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 breast, 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, on 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 obliterated 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.

In haste, to that font I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry.

Georgetown, Mo. B. F. HUGHES, M. D.

ONLY A LITTLE CLOUD.

Take courage—"I is a little cloud
That soon will pass away."
The hearts that now with grief are bowed
May only grieve to-day.
To-morrow, up the azure height,
The sun may dart his beam,
And then one 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 sorrow,
Despond not; yet the tide will turn—
The gales propitious play;
Take courage—"I is 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 (P.) CONVENTION.

SECOND PAPER.

MESSES. 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, explains 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 those 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 [victim] 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 same critic "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 erratic 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, rocks 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 ocean 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, formed by geologists a pot hole; water flows in; it freezes; ice expands; the rocks cannot with stand 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 cut a gorge some seven miles in length. The rock over which it now precipitates is worn or is wasting at the rate of about one foot a year. The canyons of Colorado, from one to three thousand feet in depth, and two or three hundreds 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 Appalachians, and mark the effect of wind and rain upon this range of mountains. The peaks now constituting the range were undoubtedly originally fewer in number, but the action of storms about their summits were or hollowed out a space; the peak divides; centuries widen the gap; their height decreases, and where simply one peak towers to the skies, now two, three, or four, though separated, rise from the same base, the upper constituents, originally intervening, wash down the mountain side, and now constitute the soil in the valley below. This erosive action is continual, and any acute observer can detect in these mountain ranges a gradual waste, in obedience to the parent of all laws—change.

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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 familiar 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 chain, 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 discordance. 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 Sechi, 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 man?" asked a passer-by. "Why, you must be mad!" replied the man, as he got the contents of a water-spout down his neck.

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WILLIAM WHITE, Chairman.

Invocation.

May the wisdom of God the Father, and the love of God the Mother be with us this hour, while we worship here. Believing in the presence of love and wisdom, oh, Infinite Spirit, we are without fear, and we come trusting to thee, knowing that all we need we shall receive. We have only to place ourselves in a condition to receive, and it is ours. So, then, oh, Holy Spirit, whatever thou seest fit to bestow upon us, this hour, we ask that we may be ready to receive it; that our souls may be filled with light, and not with darkness, and that all the errors that, in consequence of our mortal being, may cluster around us, may be swept away before the clearer light of the wisdom and thy truth. Oh, Father and Mother God, if there be any here who sorrow, let ministering angels relieve them; if there be any here who doubt, let ministering angels give them light; if there be any here who are bowed down by the cares of this life, let ministering angels teach them that the cares of this life are to discipline them for the life to come. And, under all circumstances, Great Parent of our souls, make us sensible of thy presence, and always reliant upon thee. Amen.

June 25.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your questions, Mr. Chairman, I am ready to hear.

Q.—How does a fine normal speaker, such as Henry Ward Beecher, differ from a medium under what we term "inspirational control?"

A.—The difference is simply in degree: for all fine speakers are inspirational speakers. They cannot be fine speakers unless they are open to the truths that exist in life, and therefore they are inspirational mediums. As one star differs from another star among the heavenly bodies, so an inspirational speaker, that is recognized as such, differs from a Henry Ward Beecher. Again I say, the difference is only in degree.

Q.—Can you give any account of Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer? Do you know whether he is living or dead? As some people disbelieve the accounts of him lately published in the New York Herald, I wish to ascertain what information the spirit-world has—if any—in regard to the doctor.

A.—Dr. Livingstone is well and happy here in this life. The accounts which have been received of him by the New York Herald are, in the main, correct.

June 25.

David G. Alliston.

My son told a friend of his this morning, in New York City, that he knew, if Spiritualism was true, his father would communicate with him, and for this reason: He says, "My father was an atheist, and if he has learned that he was mistaken, I know he would come back and correct the impressions left upon me; and because he has never come I pronounce your Spiritualism a fraud."

Here I am to-day to attest to his truth. My name, David G. Alliston, I was a native of Boston—this city. I have been gone, that is to say, dead, thirty-one years. I saw so much that, to my mind, was nonsense, in all religions that I'd ever heard anything about; that I came to the conclusion that all religions were wrong, and that, of all religious notions, there was no system that offered any demonstration of a life after death; so I did not believe there was any. I was honest in teaching my son what I believed myself. But the world has advanced since my death. There have been revelations made that have proved to millions of minds that there is a life after death. And now if my son thinks it is worth his while to pursue the subject any further, for his own benefit—spiritual good—I should advise him to. But if he is not inclined that way, all I ask is that he will satisfy himself as to whether his father has spoken to him to-day, from this place, or not. Think the matter over; bring reason to bear upon it; weigh it in the scales of common sense, and, like Tom Paine, "come to a sound conclusion, and then stick to it." Good day, sir.

June 25.

Robert J. Peel.

On the 16th day of October, 1845, my body sunk beneath the waves of the Atlantic, and my spirit rose to meet—not more of God than it had met here, but to meet the new life, to be ushered into new conditions, to be invested with greater freedom than I had ever had here.

I was religiously inclined. I firmly believed in a personal God, in a local heaven, in a personal devil, all of which I found to be mere children of ignorance, born out of a wrong conception of life. My name was Robert J. Peel. I was master of the brig Marion. She sailed out of New Bedford. We were bound for Cronstadt, Russia. I have a son and a daughter on earth. I would like to give them some idea of the land they are coming to. My daughter, being connected by marriage to one who has led her to believe in the doctrines peculiar to the Second Adventists, is groping in error, in spiritual darkness, and there seems to be a great necessity for light in her case. On the other hand, my son makes no profession of any kind of belief. I have more hope of his happiness. He expects nothing; probably will be satisfied with

what he gets. But I should like to have them, if my message reaches them, investigate this modern Spiritualism—learn what it is, what it is worth, from whence it has come, and whether it is tending to, or learning that, and it will comprise nearly all the lessons of life that a soul need to learn here. Good day.

June 25.

Ashton E. Smith.

Tell father and mother I arrived safe, and it is all right. Ashton E. Smith.

June 25.

Shenandoah.

My brought the young brave, because he knew his heart was poorly ready to wait until the fall term began. He knew he was weak and could not say much, but thought a word would be better than nothing. When next he comes, he will do better. Shenandoah.

June 25.

Hannah Taylor.

My children here were very glad when I went, because I was a good deal of trouble to 'em. Do not know as they will be glad to have me come back again; but I thought I'd come. I was in my nineteenth year when I died. I lost my eyesight, but I had not lost my senses. I used to want to get round a good deal, and the children did not always want to be going round with me—used to find fault—used to think I might sit still longer—used to think I broke up too many glasses—thought I wanted them to read to me too much; but they were very glad, about thirteen years ago, to try to get me to come back again in this way and give 'em some information that would put 'em into possession of some property. It went out of their hands. I did not come. I did not answer the call till today. Now, I suppose they want to know why I did not. I want because I could not, but I did not want to. They are better off without what they were trying to get than they would have been if they had got it; and if I had come then, I should have had to say something about it, and if I had not said what they wanted me to, why, it would have made unpleasant feelings just then. Now they have got a little over it. I'd just as lief come as not. I suppose they see, now, that it's just about as well for them to remain as they are, as it would have been for them to have been put in a way to get the rest of that property. If they do not see that, I am sorry.

I see they are beginning to think that there ain't much to this Spiritualism, after all, if it could not help you when you was in trouble.

I helped my children the very best way I could by staying away and not putting more trouble into their hands than they've got now. If they can't see it now, they will when they get where I am, sartain. I am from Bath, Me. My name, Hannah Taylor. Good-day, sir.

June 25.

Seance conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by "Vashti."

Invocation.

In thy name, oh Soul of Truth, we are here assembled, praying for as great a knowledge of thyself as it may be expedient for us to receive; praying that, under all circumstances, we may ever rely upon thee, and ever feel our nearness to thee; and whether there be crosses or crowns for us, may we find strength to say and to feel, "Thy will be done." And when the summer roses have gone, and the autumn winds have come, if in thy wise providence, we meet here again, may we come strong to do battle against error, in thy name, oh Soul of Truth. Amen.

June 27.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—(From a correspondent.) Is experimental religion necessary to the soul's salvation?

A.—No, certainly not. The soul is just as sure of being saved as God himself is sure of being saved; and there is nothing in all this world or any other world, either spiritual or mortal, that is necessary to the soul's salvation.

Q.—What place in the Bible do you find that says the wicked ever get to heaven? "And they shall go away into everlasting punishment."

A.—That the wicked, as such, cannot enter heaven, is a fact as absolute as Nature; but that the wicked can renounce their wickedness, and will do it, is equally a fact as absolute as Nature, because all souls necessarily tend toward their source—God.

Q.—Why do we have to pass through so much mortal suffering here, one more than another, if all are equal with God? "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." "My spirit shall not always strive with man."

A.—The soul, as a soul, desires to become acquainted with matter—to make all matter subservient to its purposes; and therefore it must be come conjoined to all phases of matter, whether it be in a low or in a high degree; and, until it has obtained all this knowledge, it is not satisfied. The mission of the soul is to subdue matter. "I give thee dominion over all things in Nature," says God to the soul—a direct edict from the Almighty Spirit to the soul, authorizing it to overcome matter. So, then, as it becomes disciplined by its rough contact with matter, it learns how to deal with the law governing matter, makes itself master of matter, and matter becomes its servant.

Q.—Will the intelligence have the kindness to inform us, if, for instance, a distinguished composer of music, like Mr. Strauss, is helped in his inspirations by spirit-friends? And does this apply to all our talented men—thinkers, speakers, and all others?

A.—The world is full of inspiration, and every living soul catches it. It burns upon every lip; it is seen in every eye; it flashes forth with every cadence, even in the lisping words of childhood; but upon all geniuses it sits as a throne angel and asserts its presence.

Q.—(From the audience.) I understand the point desired to be arrived at is this: whether the influence came directly from individual spirit-friends, or was of a general character.

A.—Sometimes the greatest amount of inspiration comes from the friends who have gone before; but usually it is otherwise—a general inspiration coming from countless sources.

Q.—Does it make any difference whether they are believers in our Spiritual Philosophy?

A.—In a sense, yes; in another sense, no. They who are believers in the doctrine of inspiration—in the Spiritual Philosophy, understand what inspiration means—know something about the different degrees of inspiration that they receive, and are thankful for the same. They who know nothing about the spiritual philosophy, are equally recipients of this divine shower, but they know not from whence it comes; they do not drink its holy dews, as holy dews; they only understand them to be the results of their own efforts—that is the difference.

Q.—Will you give us your ideas of the Jubilee? Is it a Jubilee of Peace, or is its object to make money?

A.—Ostensibly it is for peace, but really it is to make money—to gain power and place. This is a harsh truth, but it may as well be spoken; and yet the angel-world have taken advantage of these harsh conditions, and will bring exceeding great good out of what might otherwise have been a positive evil.

If there was nothing else resulting from the present National Jubilee except such as would accrue from the motives of the originator, it would be a dire calamity to the nation; but an All-wise Power, that orders all things well, has ordered this man and driven him into this course of action. He has called together the different nations and they have sent their sons, and the angels have joined with them—and what will be the result? More peace on earth? No, perhaps not; but a larger influx of this divine inspiration that is flooding the earth already.

Q.—(From the audience.) It is said by some that man, during the hours of sleep, leaves the body and travels to different parts. Is this true?

A.—That certainly is a fact; because the soul, as a soul, enjoys larger freedom than the mere boundaries of flesh and sense, and when the body of flesh and sense is in repose the spirit oftentimes retires from the sensorium and travels even to distant worlds. It brings back to the body no record of what it has seen and heard and done, because the senses human are for taking cognizance of human affairs; and what the soul has been doing while the body has been sleeping, is not in human life. Spiritual things are to be discerned by spiritual senses—to be remembered by spiritual senses; and each one of you, doubtless, when you shall be called to leave these bodies of sense, and shall enter upon your more permanent homes in the other life, will feel that you are no strangers there—that you have been there before; indeed, many of you will know to a certainty that you have been there many times, and that everything there is permeated already with your spiritual life because of your previous visits.

Q.—Do our spirit friends come to us in our sleep? If we are dreaming of them, is it merely a dream, or do they come?

A.—They often come: You are then in a negative state—more likely to be recipients of spirit power—of the action of your spirit friends upon you. You are often warned in dreams by your spirit friends; you are often advised in dreams by your spirit friends; you are often encouraged in dreams by your spirit friends. But all dreams are not spiritual visions—many of them are the results of overloaded stomachs.

Q.—How can we tell the difference?

A.—It is hard here, in this life, to tell the difference, and yet there are many who can. Those who are susceptible—sensitive to spirit influence—who understand it—can tell; those who are not, find it difficult to tell.

Q.—In the case of a spirit medium, how can he determine the extent to which he is a medium?

A.—There is no such thing as measuring mediumship spiritually. You may analyze it, but you cannot measure it.

Q.—How, then, shall one determine when he shall yield to spirit influence, and when resist it?

A.—The majority of mediums under the action of spirit influence are unconscious, and can have no action in the matter whatever.

Q.—Of course we refer to conscious mediums.

A.—Then, I should say, the medium, when under the action of a foreign spirit-force, should remain passive until that force is expended, and use no counteracting force, for it always results in evil to the medium.

Q.—Shall he remain ever ready for entering under control?

A.—No; render up to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God, the things that are God's. There is a time for all things. Spirits in the other world do not, all of them, observe order and law. Now, there are certain times that belong most properly to the medium, and they should contend for them always. There are certain other times that belong most properly to their guardian spirits. These they should yield to those spirits, under all circumstances. For example: to my mind, it would be exceedingly unwise and improper for me, unless in some extraordinary case, where I could be of use and help, to take control of my medium in your street-cars or on your thoroughfares. There, under ordinary circumstances, the medium is better left in a normal state.

Q.—Did you communicate with us at Windsor, Vt., last night? Is a question I am requested to answer here to-day. Yes, I did; and, in parting with you, I requested that you would meet me again, and often, and I would do all I could to enlighten you and strengthen you. Achsa W. Sprague.

Willie Phillips.

My name, sir, was Willie Phillips. My mother wants to know if there is any way by which I can communicate directly with her. I do communicate with her directly now, by impression, but she does not understand it. And she wants to know if there is anything I would like to impart to her. Yes; I would like to tell her a great many things about my present home and what I am doing. I should like, if she could come to Boston or to New York, to have her go somewhere where I could speak; but I suppose she can't. I should like to show myself to her. I think that I could make her happier than anything else; and if, when father goes to New York, he will only go there, he never will laugh at Spiritualism any more, I am sure. I shall be able, I know, to show myself to him so he will know I live, and what's more, I can come back. Grandmother sends her love—says she's all right now. I am from Hartford, Conn., sir. Good-day, sir.

Edward Connelley.

I want to get a word to my brother John and sister Mary, if I can. My name, sir, was Edward Connelley. I want to tell my brother and sister who are here in this country, that our widowed sister in Ireland is in great trouble, and a little help from them will do her a great deal of good. I think, if they can make it so, they can send for her to come out here, they'd better do it. She's in great trouble, but she won't trouble them to let them know it, because they have done a good deal for her before, and she knows it's hard for 'em to get along. They've had some trouble themselves; but I thought a bit they might be able to spare would do her a great deal of good, and they'd better spare it. God bless you! (Where did you live?) In Boston. I died here, last winter, of the small pox. I came originally from Wellfleet, Ireland. Good-day, sir.

John Stevens.

This world is one mighty stage, and it seems to me we are the actors upon it, and the Manager above determines us to the right or to the left, as it pleases him. We go out of this life, and enter the other life; we return from that life to this, and it is all in the programme. Not one of us makes a move out of time; that we all speedily learn when we are advanced into the other life.

Now, I have a brother here in this country, who is making himself uncomfortable because of my untimely death. I died in Dublin, a little less than three months since. My name was John Stevens. I was an actor by profession. I have a

brother James in this country; and, as I before said, he is making himself uncomfortable because of my untimely death. I wish to say to him that I did not die untimely; that is not in the programme. The wise Stage Manager above orders all things in order. There is nothing out of order; and it makes no difference whether we die by seeming accident or no, we die in time, and will enter upon that other life, each one of us, in time. We make our exit here, and our entry there; all in order; and my brother here must comfort himself with that undeniable fact, and feel that it is all right with me. The sooner he gets settled upon that point, the sooner I shall take advancing steps in the other life. Good-day, sir. I omitted to say that Dublin is my native city.

June 27.

Archbishop Darboy.

"Has Archbishop Darboy communicated with his friends in Paris?" This is the question I this day have received, to which I give an affirmative answer.

June 27.

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

(Printed in advance, by request.)

Dr. Samuel Thomson.

I am Dr. Samuel Thomson. I am here to see what I can do for a valuable horse belonging to an old patient of mine. He says he has tried all the different practices that he knows of, and he has given him up to die. I should think he would by this time. If he has been through allopathy, homoeopathy, eclecticism and Thomsonianism, I should think he would be about ready to give up the ghost. But, however, John, I'll see what I can do for him. In the first place, I suppose it is not necessary for me to tell you that the trouble has gone on to his lungs; neither is it necessary for me to tell you that, unless the lungs are relieved in a very short time, he cannot live; but if you commence treating him as I shall direct, as soon as the prescription appears, although it may be at the last moment—at the eleventh hour—I think you will be able to save him. In the first place, put an emulsion of onions across his breast, up round the throat, clear up behind the ears. Have them chopped up, and quilled into a bag to fit the chest. Then moisten them in goose-oil, just warm them, and bind them on so they will keep in place. Then put another little bag of the same up between the ears, and bind them on so they will keep in place.

And now for a dose of medicine: Get some of this year's Lobelia (last year's won't do)—some of the unpurified herb, using a small handful to a pint of water. Take a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, pour on about a half teacupful of boiling water, and let it stand five minutes. Strain it off; add to this tea; then give of this medicine in three different doses, dividing it into three equal parts. The last dose will probably vomit the horse pretty severely. After he has vomited once, give him something warm to drink. Indian meal porridge is as good as anything. Put no salt in the first dose, nor until after he has done vomiting; then salt it well. Let him have all he will drink of it after he has done vomiting. Keep on your onions; change them once in every three hours, and put on fresh ones, until he breathes freely and expectorates freely, and then you may expect your horse is saved. He must have somebody to stand by him day and night, and see that these directions are carried out, and to keep him warm. Oct. 31.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, Sept. 2.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Dr. Moriarty; Dennis Flynn, of Boston; Minnie Adams to her mother, Christopher Adams, of Providence, R. I., to his brother; Jennie Johnson; Annie Albino, to her father; Ann Maria Hedges, of Concord, N. H., to her mother; John Edson, Mass.

Tuesday, Sept. 3.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Thomas Hamilton, to his brother; White Wing; Richard Barnes, to his wife, in Eastern Maine; Phoebe Fales, of Kennebunkport, Maine, to her son.

Wednesday, Sept. 4.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Dr. John Gardner, of Portsmouth, N. H., to his wife; Philip Atchison of New York City; Willie Thurston, of Pittsburg, Penn., to his mother.

Thursday, Sept. 5.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Henry Allen, of Augusta, Me., to his mother; Lucy Beck, of Falmouth, Me., to her mother; Emma Evelyn Mason, of Andover, Mass., to her mother; Hugh McCloskey, to James Burke.

Friday, Sept. 6.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Clara Stadt, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to her mother; Michael Doyle, of Boston, to his wife.

Saturday, Sept. 7.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Betsey Penhallow, of Portsmouth, N. H., to her son David; Edwidge Payne, of Salem, Mass.; Emma Foster; Robert Barker, to his mother, Mrs. Betsey Barker; Annie Fairlie, of St. Johnsbury, Vt.; Dennis Hogan, of Boston.

Sunday, Sept. 8.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Frederick Weston, of Boston, to his mother; Mary Means, of Boston, to her father; Elizabeth Clough, to her mother and sister; Robert Golding, of the Atlantic.

Tuesday, Sept. 10.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Susan Bennett, of North Cambridge, Mass., to Mrs. John Taylor; Walter Montgomery; William Allen Park, of New York.

Thursday, Sept. 12.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Schiebelle Burt, to her family; Stonewall Jackson; George Pryor, of St. Louis, Mo., to his father; "Pogonka-kashke," to "Red Cloud."

Friday, Sept. 13.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Joe Chish; Annie Louise Temple, of Manchester, Eng., to her parents; Elizabeth Nickerson, of Harwich, Mass.; Lucy Jenkins, of Harwich, Mass.

Saturday, Sept. 14.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Corneilus C. Felton; Hester French, of Sprague, N. Y., to her mother; Margaret Clement, of Liverpool, Eng., to James M. Clement.

Monday, Sept. 16.—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Institute for the Cure of the Insane.

MESSRS. ERRINGTON—Late revelations concerning the Bloomingdale Lunatic Asylum, impel me to direct the attention of the readers of the Banner to the valuable services of Dr. Mead's Psychopathic Institute at Winchester, Mass.

I first became acquainted with Dr. Mead in 1845-5. He was then publishing the "Spiritual Messenger" in Cincinnati, and also had eight to twelve (I should think) patients—insane and idiotic, mostly the former. I was with him in the capacity of composer, about a year, the patients were desolate cells of rooms; little or no open air privileges; no beauty; no soothing influences; no effort to cure; no personal interest; everything done on the basis of how to get the most money for the least work. [See Tribune (daily) of Aug. 31.]

A person who, in 1865, was confined a week or two in this asylum near this city, (a case, I judge, of obsession) reported to me, recently, his experience there. He was rather violent before he went, and (on provocation) after he arrived. He, too, was left to the care of brutal attendants worse than those at Bloomingdale—thrust into a miserable cell over a sink, and a whole night without water! This treatment might have crazed a sane man.

Now what a contrast with Bloomingdale etc! Twenty dollars per week for food badly cooked and badly served; coarse, brutal attendants; hard beds; desolate cells of rooms; little or no open air privileges; no beauty; no soothing influences; no effort to cure; no personal interest; everything done on the basis of how to get the most money for the least work. [See Tribune (daily) of Aug. 31.]

I presume these are fair specimens of the generally of such institutions.

Spiritualists have many important missions to perform. Education, science, politics, jails—all need to be spiritualized; but the treatment of the insane is peculiarly in need of their agency. Dr. Mead is eminently practical, and Spiritualists from the very beginning, (and not only a Spiritualist, but a most determined, self-sacrificing worker in the cause)—has been tabooed by the political and religious agencies which control most asylums—and his large and peculiar experience in this direction kept dormant. His ideas in this direction are eminently practical, and Spiritualists should keep their utmost to enable him to carry them out. There are numbers not Spiritualists who desire their insane friends cured, if possible; and, if incurable, kindly treated. Dr. Mead would meet these requirements.

Washington, D. C. ALFRED CORBEE.

Excerpts from the London Medium and Daybreak.

A SEANCE WITH MRS. BASSETT.—At a seance with Mrs. Bassett, there was a voice talking with us without interruption for at least a quarter of an hour. I may say, indeed, that an old gentleman (for the voice was exactly that of an old man) gave us an address that lasted the above-mentioned time. I do not remember that there was anything particularly striking in what he said; what was remarkable was, that clear and distinct articulation should be possible to an invisible agent; while all the medium knew about the matter was that this talking at the top of her head made it feel very hot. The voice observed that we ought to consider ourselves highly privileged in having the opportunity of conversing with those who had crossed OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE, BECAUSE SUCH INTERCOURSE WOULD HAVE THE EFFECT OF THROWING LIGHT UPON THE SPIRITUAL SIDE OF OUR NATURE, ON WHICH SUBJECT HE CONSIDERED THERE WAS NOT REMARKABLE DOING SO.

What do people understand, for instance, said, by the expression of the Lord laying his hands on Joshua? We were all made to laugh afterwards by the spirit who followed—one of the same calibre as "Pole," of Lamb's Conduit street—referring to the remarkable doing so, for he began to stutter a great deal, and had to confess at last that the force was all used up. "This being the case, no one else was able to manifest himself, and we were consequently obliged, very unwillingly, to raise the seance. I omitted to say that the first spirit who came was a saint amongst us who claims him for his friend."

J. H. GLESTON.

MR. HANNAH has sent us the following spirit communication, obtained in Texas, in 1862: Q.—Will Byron's prophecy of the fate of England be accomplished? A.—Yes; it can be averted only by the rapid spread of Spiritualism. Should we succeed in influencing the British people by spirit influence—which we hope to do ere long—that prophecy will not be accomplished, but should the British people remain insensible to all our appeals, then it must be accomplished. All obstacles of Church and State must be overthrown to make way for spirit influence. Should any institution or nation resist, it will be destroyed. We have means in our power, the world knows not of, to accomplish what we desire. It is the will of God the world should be redeemed. Any institution or nation which resists this intercourse will be overthrown, because it is only by spirit intercourse that it is possible for God to redeem the world. The various governments, churches, creeds and social institutions of man, which interpose between him and his Creator, must be destroyed; they come between the Divine Being and glory and majesty and his children, like a dark cloud of error and falsehood, and dependence on the unreal and outward cannot henceforth be permitted. The command has gone forth, and no earthly power can resist it. Name impressed, Alexander Hamilton, (of the American revolution).

THE EAST LONDON LECTURE HALL.—On Tuesday evening, the 12th inst., a Seance was held at Mrs. Main's, 321 Bethnal Green Road, E., for the purpose of considering the best means to obtain subscriptions in London and the Provinces for the purpose of building a hall for the use of the Spiritualists of the district—Mr. Goss in the chair. The result of the deliberations of the seances was, that a subscription card be issued to all circles and friends in London and the Provinces who are desirous of assisting the committee in their object—the building of a free lecture hall for the Spiritualists of East London.

Married.

In Burlington, Bradford Co., Pa., at the residence of Mrs. Hannah L. Long, Oct. 24th, Dr. James L. Brattlett, of New Paris, O., to Miss Henrietta Long, of the former place.

At East Sagadahoc, Me., Oct. 26th, by N. Frank White, Mrs. Helen Dyer to Geo. A. Lathrop, M. D.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Montgomery, Ala., Oct. 15th, of consumption, Orel B. Scott, son of Sabah and Sarah Scott, of Eden Mills, Vt., aged nearly 36 years.

He was a kind husband, a loving father, an affectionate brother, and a cheerful and friendly friend, and was a devoted Spiritualist. He was an active Mason, and was highly esteemed by his brothers of the Mount Norris Lodge, and frequently attended the meetings of the lodge. He was a member of the Spiritualists of the district, and was highly respected by his friends. He was a man of great energy and ability, and was a great help to his friends. He was a man of great energy and ability, and was a great help to his friends.

From Charlestown, Oct. 20th, Mr. Warren Rand, aged 52 years 5 months.

In this sudden bereavement, the afflicted ones are cheered by the knowledge that the present separation is but a pre

