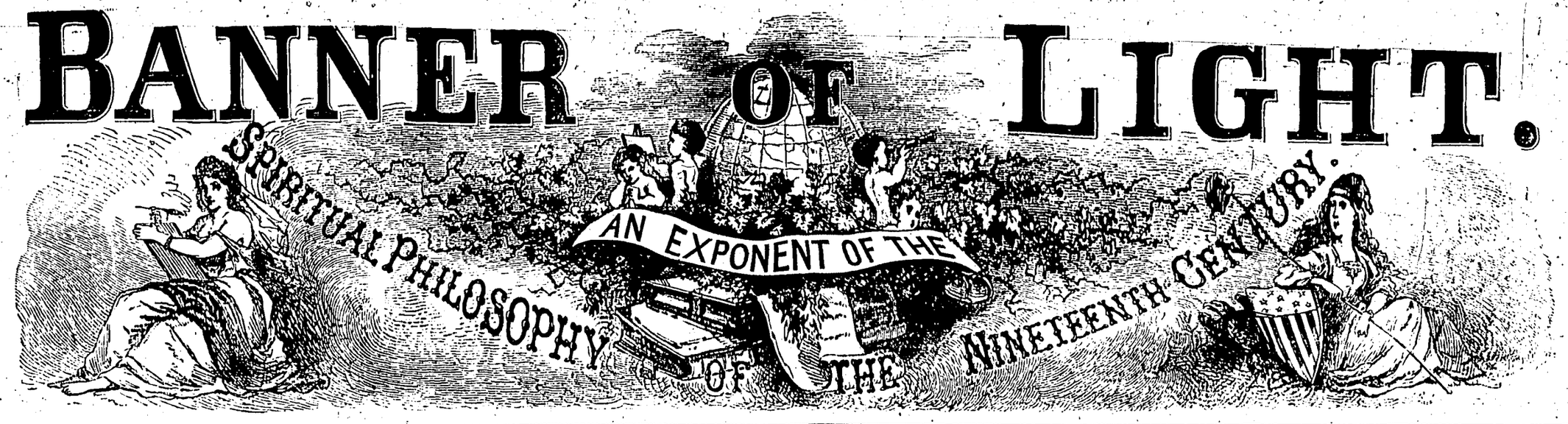
BANNER OF LIGHT.



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For Spirit Message Department see Sixth Page.

Written for the Banner of Light.

"NO WITNESSES."

BY S. H. BRADLEY.

"We have, and can have, no witnesses from beyond the grave. They are clothed in an impenetrable cloud; and whether they be dumb or not, they are all speechless. From them no word ever comes back to our longing hearts and listening ears." * * * "The mystery of mysteries must remain a mystery to us until we join those who have gone before, and then we, in turn, *can send no message back*."—*New York Ledger.*

When o'er the stream "the boatman pale"
Doth bear our friends away,
They come no more to those they've left,
Who mourn them night and day.

The "cloud" that hides them from our sight
Is dark with sombre gloom;
In "mystery" all things are clothed
Beyond the cheerless tomb.

To longing hearts and listening ears
No word from them doth come:
To all our calls they speechless are,
Remaining ever dumb.

A mystery it still must be,
Until we too shall go,
And then in turn no sign from us
Can reach the friends below.

Such is the faith by bigots taught,
To fill the mourner's need;
What wonder that the stricken heart
Rejects the barren creed!

"No witness from beyond the grave!"
What say the spirits bright?
"We are not dead—we still do live,
And from our homes of light.

"We come to add the dear ones here,
Their happiness secure,
To bring a proof of future joy—
And this the promise sure:

"In Summer-Land, so bright and fair,
Where comes no wrong nor sin,
The 'myst'ry' *solved*, we'll meet once more,
And kindred greet with kin."

THE HARMONIAL CYCLOPEDIA:

A Repository of Useful Knowledge Concerning Things and Ideas PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

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

ARTICLE III.

Communism.—The incessantly toiling millions in the social organism find themselves, by force of circumstances, in a state of chronic antagonism toward the wealthy and powerful. Their interests, their tastes, their privileges, their prospects, stand in open opposition to each other. Capital tends to centralization; labor, to free distribution. Wealth seeks *monopoly* as its most natural fortification, and the reins of government as a means of its perpetuation; while Poverty instinctively seeks freedom and democratic independence, as its most natural birthright and the only road to happiness. The first child of communism is christened "Coöperation;" while the first born of wealth is called "Monopoly." The fight between these forces in society generally ends in the defeat of Labor; because the centres of Wealth can afford to "rest and wait," while the coöperative societies "strike and starve;" and the contest ends by the surrender of dying Poverty, which then yields everything—brain, bone, muscle, time, rights, principles.

Communism dreams of an equal distribution of the accumulations of generations; so that no one can be rich, while for only a brief period every one would be equally poor. Industrial and intellectual stagnation would be the immediate effect. The equal distribution of poverty is equivalent to paralysis of individual ambition for invention, conquest and emoluments. Wealth flows into reservoirs as naturally as water accumulates in lakes. The true philosophical remedy for social evils and injustice and the pains of Poverty, consists in the application of the principles of love, justice, and eternal truth, to the Constitution of the general Government, and to the State laws under which society exists and civilization advances. To this end we welcome all these rebellions and threatenings of the working millions. Strikes, processions, communal outrages, international societary combinations against both capital and government—all, all, are steps most indispensable to the reconstruction of Government and to the reörganization of Society upon principles of universal love, truth and justice.

Crime.—This is an effect of some *cause*, either immediate or remote; for it is not possible that crime is a spontaneous outgrowth of human nature. The mind, by a law of immutable growth and gravitation, goes straight to its destination. Circumstances may modify, education may restrain, interior development may change the form of the destiny; yet, by a sort of magnetic magic, the mind carries its possessor onward through space and time straight and certain to its own place. Thus every constitutional defect, like every acquired imperfection of feeling or character, will prevail and punish until it is absolutely overcome. The weeds of inherited crime spring quickly up, even in good social soil which has been carefully managed, and suddenly overtop the plants of wholesomeness and beauty. The poet Massey thus analyzes one of the causes of crime in his "Tale of Eternity":

"See here a wife,
With bosom just a-brood o'er life-in-life,
Who in a fury-fit snatched up a knife
And drove it at her husband. 'T was a miss,
Though near enough to hear Death's arrow hiss!
She had not dyed her hand in human blood,
But she had dipped her unborn in a flood
Of wrath that surged and smoked and flashed hell-flame;
Given her babe baptism in the devil's name:
Stained the pure thing of heaven a lurid hue—
With fume o' the pit, the white star reddened through.
And from that mother-stricken life there grew
A murderer, whose own hand that mother slew."

A careful study of the causes of crime will, in the first place, exalt human nature above the degrading doctrines of innate evil. In the second place, the practical and just knowledge thus obtained, made part of public education in all schools, because inseparable from the science of society and life, will lead into that bright terrestrial era, longed and prayed for by the angels of both worlds, when men will scientifically and philanthropically "overcome evil with good."

Bright's Disease.—It is gratifying to know that, at last, medical men, with the best information derived from science, observation and common sense, unite as one man against the excessive use of alcohol. They finally agree with the testimony of clairvoyants and medical mediums for the last twenty years, that liquors used internally in large quantities, irritate and congest the kidneys, and that the popular, fatal complaint called "Bright's disease" is an affection caused mainly by the excessive drinking of alcohol. Recent investigations in the metropolis have been summed up by the Scientific American as follows:

"Few are aware of the immense quantity of alcoholic liquors yearly consumed in New York. From the 1st of May, 1870, to the 30th of April, 1871, 7,440 licenses were issued for the sale of intoxicating liquors, the annual fees on which amounted to $340,141.91. Estimating the population of the city at 1,000,000, there is one liquor saloon for every 134 inhabitants, men, women and children. If all the liquor saloons in the city could be placed side by side, they would extend a distance of twenty-six miles; or, if situated on Broadway, they would reach the whole length of the street, from the Battery to the end of the island, covering both sides of the way. Deducting the women and children who do not drink, an enormous quantity of liquor must be annually consumed by the remaining men, in order to support 7,440 saloons. Whiskey is the ordinary beverage drunk, and its effect on the kidneys is shown above. The records of the New-York Hospital show that over fifty per cent. of the cases yearly admitted for treatment were caused by intemperance in the use of alcoholic beverages."

Now, it is nothing less than moral darkness and social madness to perpetuate the manufacture and free drinking of alcohol. A government, either local or general, that lives upon revenues derived from the sale of this universal evil, is certain to end in bloodshed. In religion, it is hypocrisy of the darkest character; and such a religion will vanish in the blaze of its own merited punishment. The poor of the world are made poorer, and the wretchedness of the world is multiplied a thousand-fold, because both Church and State clasp and fold their hands piously and smilingly over the alcoholic hells beneath them! How long will such a Religion and such a Government continue to blight and corrupt mankind?

Affectation.—To profess to be what you know you are not, is to practice the vice of hypocrisy, which will soon become a source of torture. You wear a mask to deceive your fellows. You wish and study to appear wiser, or richer, or greater, or better than you are! How long can you keep up this fraud and dissimulation? It is a cloak easily torn—a vice and a crime certain to be found out; when, with speechless mortification, you will find that the hypocrisy of *seeming* to be good, or rich, or great, or wise, is infinitely blacker than the faults of misfortune, or than the evils of a bad organization, with which so many worthy persons are characterized through life. If there were no certain continuation of individual memory and consciousness, it might be possible for some persons to practice hypocrisy and escape final detection. But the future existence is as certain as the present; so it is certain that, sooner or later, all men will come face to face with their own past career, and be then and there rewarded or punished "according to the deeds done in the body."

Accuracy.—Men take a natural pride in being in the *right*, or rather, they wish to be believed as though they were true and reliable, even if the facts be otherwise. This innate passion for accuracy is prophetic of the coming excellence in human nature. The non-fulfillment of a prediction, as in the case of Jonah, even when the prophecy covers great disasters and suffering, is a source of vexation and disappointment. Such a prophet is angry and mortified, first, because the information communicated was inaccurate; next, because the prediction was in its every word erroneous; next, because the people would laugh at him for making the proclamation; lastly, because the failure throws a doubt over the entire profession of foretelling future events. Few men can bear the imputation of ignorance and dishonesty. They would rather be knowing and accurate than kind or good. This state is savage and cruel. But there is in time coming a sure progress into truth and right, founded upon a sincere love of what is intrinsically just and permanent.

Conjugality.—Beyond yourself is your *other* self, from whom either happiness or misery is possible. Spirit is superior to the coupling habits of animals. Feminine and masculine stand for principles and ideas. "Call no man master," is the spirit's command to woman. "Honor, love and obey" is possible only within the paradise of unselfish purity. Inferiority of the woman, and superiority of the man, are teachings of a barbarous era. In true conjugality each heart is to the other "all the world." To love wisely is to practice the religion of eternity. Men and women who meet, and love, and hate, and abandon each other, are but apprentices and blundering servants in the temple of life. The universal daily conflict between the masculine and the feminine, is terrible; nothing less than a war of conquest between two equally armed powers, to overcome and enslave. Selfishness is the foundation of all such wars. The newly married often begin by adoring; the cares of life tone enthusiasm to mutual respect and endurance; a pedant, a fighting, and a miserable period is lived through; personal peculiarities and special rights become less prominent and less imperative; society keeps its omnipresent police (fashion and gossip) stationed near the garden gate and front door; religion, with its Sunday school, subdues the wife and children; habit conquers the husband and father; they privately look and laugh at each other; they wonder how they could ever have loved each other so much, since it is now almost second nature to dwell together and love so little; then the heart wants to grow remarkably still, or they are mute with despair; worldly ambitions and sensuous tastes preponderate over the original want and wish for love; a bell tolls over the sacred temple—one is looking into heaven!

The wings of progress are spread over the slumbering spirit; the daily, never-ending conflict between the customarily married is at an end; the ascending one awaits the descending gods, with whom a new career is about to be opened; and so ends the superficial conjugalities of farmer, peasant, merchant, mechanic, lord, priest, king; so fade the dreams of housekeepers, servants, seamstresses, ladies, teachers, queens. Meanwhile the *truly conjoined* live on and love on, gratefully and faithfully, as when first they clasped hands at the altar and promised mutual affection and equal protection in the presence of witnesses. *The true marriages*, which constantly exist and occur here and there in the social organism, hold up before the eyes of all men *the true standard*, whereby all error and injustice between men and women, either married or single, are justly rebuked and everlastingly condemned.

Charity.—Human nature instinctively dreads poverty. Pity is the first feeling awakened toward the subject of charity. And pity is no more like sympathy than toleration is like the enthusiastic welcome of unrestrained hospitality. Charity is not benevolence, any more than impulsive generosity is uniformly just. Benevolence would, if it could have its natural sway, destroy the causes of poverty; while Charity would, from mixed feelings of pity and pride, build great hospitals, and thus keep the very poor forever in the world. The productive race of mendicants is fed and clothed by the periodical discharges of religious duty. Duty is an obligation imposed upon you by institutionalized custom and circumstances. If you could avoid it, and not lose position, you would not discharge it at all; and yet, because before mankind you faithfully "do your duty," you pride yourself, and expect great reward in heaven! One act of benevolence, which is invariably born out of the heart's love of good for its own sake, is worth more than a thousand acts of charity. The poor will never cease out of the world so long as orthodox religion teaches the duty of charity as a palliative remedy. Benevolence, which is as much higher than charity as bread is superior to a stone, will make extreme poverty impossible in the coming time.

Conscience.—Self-made men, as the saying is, are persons who have worked their own way through greatest obstacles to a position of equality with the best. They are usually possessed of a sound article of conscience—self-made, like the rest of the character—which is not often obedient to popular standards. These are the minds who promote the world's progress. They institute new laws, inculcate new morals, generate new maxims, and fill the air with new revelations of truth and principles.

But all manufactured men inherit consciences to correspond. Their ideas of right coincide exactly with the prevailing definition of right. If they be Jews by birth, it is right to underrate the Christians; if Christians by birth, it is equally right to oppose and berate the Jews. If they be born in slaveholding countries, it is right to perpetuate slavery; if freedmen by birth, it is right to pronounce eternal condemnation upon slaveholders. If born into the lap of Roman Catholicity, it is right to curse and destroy all dissenters as enemies of God; if born among hot-blooded Protestants, it is right to slander the ancient church by calling it the "whore of Babylon." Thus, all through and through the world, what men call "conscience" is a manufactured article, an inheritance, like the color of your hair and eyes, and as blind as learned ignorance always is as to what is in reality right and wrong.

And yet, deeper than all transmitted qualities and bias, is *intuition*; of which Washington said: "Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called Conscience." This innate wisdom is beneath every man's inherited ideas of right and wrong. It is a dangerous power in the spirit. You cannot reason it down to death. After a prolonged silence, it arises in its own might, and by its internal condemnation makes a strong man feeble. When inspired by its approbation, one man can put ten thousand to flight. One man with a clear intuition of Right on his side is sustained as by the strong arm of Omnipotence. It is important, therefore, to know whether your views of right and wrong arrived with your blood, or from the fountain of all spirit—the infinite source of every good and perfect gift.

Action.—Activity may be nothing, but lack of self-government. Great mental activity is frequently compensated for by physiological indolence. A truly industrious person is seldom impulsive, or merely active. A change of position or employment for a brief period is all the *rest* such a person asks. But an idle character is restless, active in useless ways, egotistic, proud, untruthful, tricky, unprincipled.

Action, if suddenly arrested, develops heat and fire. Light, electricity, magnetism, psychic force, gravitation, come from a mass whose component atoms have been suddenly arrested in the sphere of its greatest velocity. This principle works alike in matter and in mind. You cannot impart an idea (*i. e.*, develop *light*) to a mind until you arrest that mind's attention. When, in other words, you arrest motion, you evolve light. The saying is verified, "Still waters run deep." A too active mentality, while it is called "talented," and reputed "smart," is punished in the end with superficialness and the disabilities of disease. But no forgiveness can be promised to the persistently idle either in body or mind. It is not only a fraud deliberately practiced against those who are compelled to work, but the condition of indolence is one in which all good principles stagnate until they breed spiritual darkness and corruption.

Literary Department.

THE OLD ORGAN;
OR,
THE WHITE SWAN'S DYING SONG.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light, BY GRACE LELAND.

CHAPTER V.

Oh purblind race of miserable men,
How many among us at this very hour
Do forge a life-long trouble for ourselves,
By taking true for false; or false for true;
Here through the feeble twilight of this world
Groping, how many, until we pass and reach
That other, where we see as we are seen!
—TENNYSON.

A twofold existence,
I am where thou art;
My heart, in the distance,
Beats close to thy heart.
—SIR E. B. LYTTON.

The twilight of that day seemed peculiarly a holy one. It followed one of the most beautiful sunsets which was ever hung in the great gallery of Nature—that most magnificent of all studios, which is as free to the poor as to the rich. That great artist, who never repeats herself, who surprises us continually with her fresh and varying inspirations, is not niggardly of her teachings, but she whispers these inspirations to the humblest soul that will hush the grosser, harsher voices of his lower nature, so that he *can* listen to her still small voice.

My uncle and aunt had gone out to spend the evening with a neighbor, and the great house was stiller even than its wont. Mr. Lynne and I had been filling our souls with the beauty of the sunset, and as the twilight shades deepened we walked slowly back and forth through the great hall, stopping now and then at either door to look upon Mt. Tamar as she seemed to withdraw into the shadows, or to enjoy the air as it reached us from the garden laden with the fragrance of its flowers.

Our words were few because our hearts were so full. What I had been able to experience with a few dear friends in a limited way, I enjoyed largely with Mr. Lynne at times—that close, true spirit-communion, which seeks for no words, which needs no outward expression. Soul spoke, soul listened, soul answered; and only those who are able thus to talk as the angels do, can understand the thrill of pure delight which such soul-communion brings. He had grasped my hand, and we were walking thus hand in hand through the hall, when suddenly, as we were near the foot of the staircase, there floated out on the still air sweet sounds of melody which transfixed us to the spot! Surely I had heard those strains before! It was the same mysterious music to which I had listened, years previous, in the far valley of the Housatonic! Mr. Lynne had taken my other hand in his, and we stood thus, his head bowed a little as he gazed into my face, and my eyes upturned to his. As the sweet harmony stole forth from that mysterious upper room, and unfolded from its intricate chords the same tale of love which I had partially interpreted at that other time, the whole meaning now filled my soul, and *his* eyes—Mr. Lynne's—looking into mine, repeated the tale. On those invisible chords of angelic music *he* poured forth his hitherto unspoken affection. I could no longer look into his eyes, and as mine drooped, and dropped the burning tears, he drew me close to him, and his heart in its strong regular pulsations repeated the story which I had refused to read from his eloquent eyes. And it was *this* he told me of his love.

Again I could not say *how long* the music continued. It entered my soul with its new meaning like a holy baptism. It seemed to me that there and then heaven and earth touched, and blended in perfect harmony. When it ceased, neither of us, for a few moments, broke the holy stillness which followed. Then Mr. Lynne led me to the garden door, and seating me beside him, said, in low, earnest tones—

"Florence, my heart spoke to yours. Did you hear it?"

"Yes."

"*My own precious darling!*"

That was all he said. We understood each other.

The moon looked down upon us as if pronouncing a benediction on our heads, and it seemed that the flowers wafted a sweeter incense even than their wont from their tiny altars, meet for this holy hour.

At last I said, "Now please tell me the story of the old organ."

"Yes, this is the time for it," he answered, and soon he proceeded:

"Your grandfather, as you know, died before your birth. He was quite wealthy, but a short time before his death he met with great losses which necessitated the sale of the homestead. My father bought it on certain conditions—that the place should be retained in its original form as far as possible—only the necessary repairs being made—that two chambers, the large room over the parlor, and the smaller guest-chamber near by, should be reserved, and kept locked and undisturbed; and that as soon as either of the brothers should become possessed of the requisite means to do so, he should have the privilege of re-purchasing the property.

I remember the awe with which in my childhood I used to look upon those locked doors, and I sometimes accidentally overheard snatches of mysterious remarks, which but increased my curiosity; but it was not till I was a boy in my teens that the mystery was solved. Then I heard some of those wonderful strains to which we have just listened, and I went to my mother for an explanation. She told me the story, and I have since heard it more in detail from other lips.

More than forty years ago, when your father and his three brothers were all young men, the eldest, your uncle Joshua, who had been married several years, and the next in age, Charles, were at home, assisting your grandfather in carrying on this great farm. Your father had finished his collegiate course, was married, and had settled in Boston. Frank, the youngest brother, was away at school. Your aunt Melicent had gone to the spirit-land three years before. Charles was passionately fond of music, and *he* owned the organ, which was at that time an unusually fine instrument. He taught himself to use it, and after working on the farm all day he would often spend half the night with his beloved music.

There was a young girl in the neighborhood, named Maude Lindsey, to whom Charles was deeply attached. She was an orphan, and had been adopted by one of the neighboring farmers, when quite a child. She was a very peculiar girl, and yet in some respects very lovely. She was beautiful. She had that rare complexion in which the rose and the lily blend, and her hair had a tinge of the sunset—just enough of the golden or auburn hue to make it matchless in its beauty. You see that she had the sanguine temperament, with which the nervous blended; and this brilliant combination of temperaments, wanting the strength and fortitude which the bilious temperament gives, is, under unfavorable circumstances, often a fatal one. Persons possessing this combination of temperaments often die early, if great sorrow comes upon them, because the heart, from its exceeding activity, wears out too soon.

But little was known of Maude Lindsey's earliest years. She was of respectable parentage; and her mother had been a noted singer. Maude possessed an unusually rich, musical voice, and was by far the finest soprano singer in this vicinity. Papers which were found after her death, revealed the fact that the poor child, in her longings to cultivate her fine musical talent, had made herself wretched. She longed to learn to play, for the music in her soul oppressed, and almost overwhelmed her. She yearned, as only a child of genius can, to express her soul in music. But feeling, perhaps even too deeply, her indebtedness to those who had befriended her when a lone, friendless child, and knowing that their limited means could not procure for her an instrument, and feeling her strength already failing under her self-imposed tasks, by which she hoped to relieve them from the burden of her support, she hid these longings in her heart, and spent hours at night weeping bitter tears that no one suspected. Had she intimated her desire to learn to play, Charles would have been but too glad to be her instructor, and his organ would have been ever at her service, while she would very soon have become his teacher in turn. He had invited her, again and again, to come in and use his organ, as freely as if it were her own, but she was strangely proud, and had never so much as pressed its keys.

I think there must have been also another reason for this. I can see how a peculiar nature like hers could not endure to give merely a slight vent to those musical inspirations of her soul. She knew well that if she gave them any vent at all, such would be the power of those long pent surgings of melody, that they would burst all barriers, and flood her whole soul, so that the practical duties of life would become intolerable to her. Hers was a morbid nature. Could she have had some one who understood her, to lead her through the intricate ways of her life, she would, in giving vent to this music which filled her soul even to agony, have developed into a noble, harmonious woman. But the poor child had no one to lead her. No one understood the strange windings, and deep, hidden recesses of her nature; and so she went on, facing the great sorrow of her life, alone and silently, dying—slowly, but surely *dying!* This repressed music flowed out ever in the rhythm of motion. She was so graceful in every movement that in the rare moments when they seemed to understand each other, Charles used sometimes, playfully, to call her the "White Swan." Alas! he little thought that the ancient tradition of that beautiful bird was so soon to be fulfilled in Maude's own death!

When, at last, Maude discovered that she loved Charles Kingsley, I can well understand the wretchedness which must have followed. You, with your fine intuitions, can see how, in her morbid mental condition, she must have tormented herself with alternate hopes and fears. True, he had expressed his affection for her in every way possible, excepting in a formal declaration, and that he did not do this also, was owing wholly to her conduct, which was to him and to others wholly inexplicable; for, blinded by her own fears, she could not see that love which was so apparent to others. She was seldom in his presence her true self. Her assumed indifference, and even coldness of manner toward him, would certainly have changed his feelings toward her, had it not been for the occasional glimpses of her real self, which, flashing out at times, surprised and delighted him. Could she only have been true to herself, and to him, and have been more natural, she would have saved them both much bitter sorrow. You can see how deeply such a soul as hers must have loved, and under the circumstances how hopelessly! This music, this poetry of her nature, ever repressed, and shut back upon itself, growing thus intense beyond the power of language to portray, found its only expression in her love for him, and thus deepened and intensified that sentiment till it gained the mastery of her spirit. Blended with all this were the natural reserve, and pride, and timidity of her nature, and you can easily see how these acted upon each other, till her young life held such a world of woe that we do not wonder at what followed.

Still I think that her reserve in not accepting his offer of the use of his organ, would have soon worn away, seconded as his kindness was by her own intense desire, had not such a decided misunderstanding finally arisen between them, as for a time to put aside the possibility of this. The misunderstanding was caused wholly by her own perverse conduct. Each, at last, was fully convinced of the indifference of the other, and though the outward

appearance of courtesy, and even friendship, was continued, each hid deep in the heart a woe unutterable that the other did not read.

Thus matters stood—and Charles had owned his organ but a few months—when one evening, Maude, with several other young ladies and gentlemen, was invited here. It was said that never had she looked so ethereally beautiful as on that evening. The color in her cheeks and lips had for several months grown deeper and richer, and her bright eyes had grown brighter, till her friends looked upon her as a perfect Hebe. But she felt, day by day, the secret pain working steadily at her heart, and its strange, irregular action; she felt the smothering grip of the angel of death, in the quick, unsteady gasps that no one noticed, and she knew he was doing his work slowly but surely. She was glad to have it so. A few papers found after her death revealed these hidden feelings, which no one had suspected while she lived.

She was strangely beautiful that evening. And when Charles played the organ, and they all joined in singing, so sweet and thrilling was Maude's soprano, that one by one the other voices were hushed, till she sang alone, and all listened as if entranced. At last the color in her cheeks went and came again, alternating with a deadly pallor. Her eyes seemed searching for some far-off object, and her face and whole form took on something unearthly, yet at the same time inexpressibly beautiful.

Charles could not see the change which had come over her, as he sat at the organ, idly touching a few chords, in the pause which followed. He was thinking that her singing was fit for heaven itself, and how she might make for him a heaven on earth, if she could, only reciprocate his faithful love for her. His heart was heavy and sad, and unconsciously he struck chords which echoed his feelings in that moment of abstraction.

Suddenly she laid her hand lightly on his, and looked into his eyes with an expression in her own which he had never seen there before; and the low words reached *his* ears alone—"Charles, I have something to say to you. Listen!"

Obeying her gesture rather than her words, he arose, and she seated herself at the organ.

The notes came first in a sweet ripple of music, as if it expressed the pure, gushing happiness of childhood; then a heart-broken wail crept in, and you could almost have seen the motherless child, looking out into the cold, bleak desert of her life, with tearless eyes and shrinking soul. Then came strains of such heavenly melody as could echo only from the invisible harps of angels. Its burden was *Love—Love*, so pure, so full, so deep, intense, and yet *so hopeless*, that every one listened, breathless and awe-struck. Through it all there ran a pathos of sorrow, an undercurrent of heart-break, which none could fail to perceive. At last she sang, in sweet and clear tones, such as none there had ever listened to before, these verses, which burned themselves into Charles's memory, so that, in the grief which followed, he recalled them, line by line, and wrote them down. He allowed me to copy them years ago, and I will repeat them:

They are calling, calling, calling,
They are calling me away;
They have come with words of greeting,
And I can no longer stay.
Oh, these heavenly strains of music!
How they linger on my ear!
Till I wake these answering echoes—
Angel guides, I hear, I hear!

They are coming, coming, coming,
Now to bear me on my way;
I can see the shining portals,
Leading to the realms of day.
Oh, that rest!—for I am weary!—
Grateful will it be to me!
Sweet to soar on angel pinions,
From these earthly fetters free.

Still they call me, still they call me
From these earthly scenes away;
From these dark and dreary shadows,
To Heaven's bright, unclouded day.
Oh, be loved! hold fast the promise!—
I will come to thee in dreams;
I will walk beside thee ever;
It dawn is nearer than it seems!

As they're calling, calling, calling,
All my doubts are fled to flight;
Oh, the peace beyond expressing,
For we twain are one to-night!
I am going, going, going,
To the land where angels dwell;
Weep not! I will oft be near thee;
Loved of earth, farewell—farewell!

Her voice was singularly clear throughout, and every word was distinctly heard. All in the room, save Charles, listened as in a maze, knowing not what it all meant. *He* knew that he was listening to *her life*, thus set to music, and that its hidden meaning was for him *alone*. To him, every sound conveyed its full signification; its import, which they could not grasp, reached his heart; and now, at last—now, when all *too late*, he saw the depth and richness of her nature, and the fullness and intensity of her love for him! At last, he saw it all; but he knew, even then, that, on that sea of exquisite melody, her soul was soaring out of his reach; the spirit was being severed from the bodily temple at each note of melody. How beautiful thus to break away from earth, from its harsh discords and painful realities, thus to soar on music echoes to the Better Land, whose harmony knoweth no discordant note! He felt this then, as he listened, knowing that she was slipping away from him, and yet knowing that *Death*, in taking her, would make her all his own! He was strangely calm. He thought only of what *she was*; of her love for him, of what she had suffered, and of the pure bliss of heaven which was so soon to be hers. He thought of her pain and weariness, and of the rest which awaited her just beyond those rapid, full moments. The time had not come yet when he could think of himself; *that came afterward!*

As she ceased her singing, her fingers still wandered over the keys, bringing out a wonderful harmony and beauty from every touch, till, with a strain of music fit indeed to bear the soul to the portals of heaven, she closed this wonderful improvisation—*her own life-time!* Her hands fell wearily, and she sank, gasping, into Charles's outstretched arms. He pressed his lips to hers in a fervent, lingering kiss, which revealed his long-hidden love for her, and her lips returned the pressure. *They understood each other at last!* In that passionate kiss their souls were wedded, and even death could never separate them.

Tenderly he laid her on the couch near by. *She was dead!*

You have already seen the beautiful monument at her grave in the cemetery, placed there by Charles himself. He mourned for her as if she had been his wife.

He never touched the organ keys after her death. He could not endure that other fingers should press the keys which had answered to her dying touch, making the air holy with harmonies from the spirit-land. He locked the organ, and carries the key in his pocket to this day. He returned from her funeral to that room, and spent hours there whose record is known only to himself and the angels, and to Him who knoweth all our hearts. Then he locked the door, with the request that the room, which had been his own study and music-room, might be regarded as sacred from all intrusion. His request has been scrupulously heeded by all, and the room is now as it was that evening forty years ago.

Charles could not remain at home after that. He went to the far West. In the course of a year, his father lost his property, and was obliged to sell the homestead. Charles came on at once, and rescued the room endeared to him by such sacred associations. My father's family made no use of the guest-chamber adjoining, and that was also kept locked. The reason of this was that strains of music had already been heard from the closed room, and but few persons dared to occupy a room so near the haunted chamber.

A few months after this your grandfather passed to the spirit-land from your father's home in Boston. Your Uncle Joshua had purchased the farm in Vermont, where you have often visited him. Your Uncle Frank was just entering the ministry. From time to time, ever since Maude passed away so strangely, have those beautiful strains astonished the ears of listeners. It is not often that *the whole* is heard, as we have just listened to it. Only once before have I heard it the same, which I know to be *the whole* from the *perfect finish* of the composition."

"Mr. Lynne, *I have heard it all once before!*"

"*You*, Florence?"

"Yes, years ago, while I was at my sister's home, on the banks of the Housatonic."

"When was it?"

"It was the 15th of June, in 1863."

"At twilight?"

"Yes." And I told Mr. Lynne what you already know, reader.

For reply he repeated these lines of Tennyson:

"Dear friend, far off, my lost desire,
So far, so near, in woe and weal;
O, loved the most when most I feel
There is a lower and a higher!

Known and unknown, human, divine!
Sweet human hand and lips and eye;
Dear, heavenly friend, that canst not die,
Mine, mine, forever, ever mine!

Strange friend, past, present, and to be,
Loved deeper, darker understood,
Behold I dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with thee!"

There followed a silence which all lovers will understand, which Mr. Lynne interrupted by saying:

"You heard it with me! I remember the date well. I was alone in the house at the time. I was looking into the future, picturing a home of my own, and that home's presiding genius. I knew that I had never met that angel, but I felt sure she was walking *somewhere* in the earth-paths, and that the Good Father would direct our steps to each other in his own good time."

"Perhaps," I said after a pause, and hesitating a little, "it was *you* who stood on the seashore four years ago, on the 21st day of August?"

"Let me see," said he; "yes, I remember well that afternoon, and the unutterable things that old ocean told me. But what *do you* know of it, dear child?"

"I only know that while absorbed in a little lively discussion with some young friends concerning a matter of needlework, I suddenly found myself, in spirit, on the seashore. The great ocean lay before me, dotted with its white sails. I watched the waves as they rolled up on the beach, and listened to the voice of the sea. The cool breeze from the water swept over my forehead, and I even rejoiced in the salt odor of old ocean's breath, which had not, in its freshness, reached me all summer. I was certain, at the time, that some one with whom I was at that moment *en rapport* stood on the beach enjoying the view; but I supposed it was some friend whom I already knew. I mentioned it afterward to several of my friends, and ascertained that it was with none of them that I shared the scene."

"Did you recognize a human presence there?"

"No; I seemed to be alone. I thought I was, for the moment, absorbed in or blended with that other soul that touched mine from afar."

"Strange!" said Mr. Lynne, "strange how closely we have walked together in spirit, while so far apart and unknown to each other!"

Again there was a pause, which I interrupted:

"Poor Uncle Charles! I knew there was a grave in his heart, but I did not dream of all this!"

"There has been a resurrection there. He holds there now, instead, an angel presence. He walks not alone through life. Yet he is happier away from here, and he does not visit the homestead often. He was very anxious to re-purchase the property long before your father did so, but he has always been unfortunate in his business relations, as you know, and loses his wealth as fast as he gains it. Yet steadily, year by year, he amasses that spiritual wealth which cannot be taken away. He has much treasure awaiting him in heaven."

"You know him well, do you not?"

"Yes; we have corresponded for years, and the story I have told you I heard from his own lips. He has spoken to me of you, Florence, and made me desirous, years ago, to know you. How your spirit must have drawn me to these old hills this summer," he continued, "for I was intending to visit the Adirondacks, which I have not yet seen. I had sketched the beauties of this fine old town pretty thoroughly during my long residence here; but, in a manner wholly inexplicable to myself, I suddenly changed my plans, and determined to pass the summer here, if I could induce Aunt Ruth to take a boarder."

"But I was not here then."

"No, but you were thinking of coming. And if it were not your spirit which directly attracted me, I believe it was some good angel who wished to see us happy in each other. Perhaps it was the loving Maude herself who whispered it to me."

Another pause crept in, which he finally brought to a close by the question:

"Of what is my darling thinking now?"

"I was thinking, Mr. Lynne——"

"*Not* Mr. Lynne, Florence. I want to hear my other name, Chester, always from *your* lips."

"I was thinking, Chester," I said, with a little difficulty, for I had uttered that name only in the deep silences of my own heart, "I was thinking that you were like the strong oak; and I was reminded of an old oak tree that gave me strength once in a time of need."

"Tell me about it."

"You have heard me speak of my sister May, who is married and lives several miles out of town? She has been a great sufferer physically for years. At last a surgical operation was inevitable. My parents and I went out, in company with a surgeon, from Boston, to be with her. I can hardly endure to think, now, of those dreadful hours through which we passed so calmly then. I assisted with my own hands, and when consciousness returned to her—for of course she inhaled ether—I drove out from my face all traces of the pain and horror, so that she might not guess what that hour had been. I always go to my parents, especially to my mother, for comfort and strength under all trying circumstances, but I knew well, then, that the trial was even more bitter for them, if possible, and they would need all their strength for themselves. So I went out into the cold, piercing blasts of that December day, to draw from Nature the strength which I *must* have to enable me to go on with my duties, for I was to remain and take care of my sister for a few days. Everything looked *so cheerless*, as though mirroring my own weary soul. But I knew there was help hidden *somewhere* for me under Nature's bleak face, and I was determined to find it. So I went on, taking deep draughts of oxygen, and searching for all the beauty that glimmered out from the winter landscape. I remember how peaceful and white the distant spires gleamed from the villages in sight, and the sunshine was full of blessing. I saw an old oak tree in the distance, defying the rough blasts, and I hastened to it. It seemed to draw me to it with a strange, silent power. Its dead leaves, as I reached it, seemed to whisper comfort. I put my hand on its mossy trunk, and looked up into its branches with such a feeling of weary helplessness that the tears rushed over my cheeks. It seemed to me that that old oak was almost human, as it ministered to my need then, for I grew calm and strong and brave, and was ready to take up my duties again with renewed courage. Yes, and more than this: it seemed to me that I drew that strength through the medium of the oak tree, from *some human soul* afar off—*some one* whom perhaps I did not know, and never might know, but yet a soul so strong and so true as to be able to give me of its strength! In my heart I thanked that unknown helper, and prayed that the blessing of heaven might ever rest on him, or her, for I knew not which it was."

"When did you have this experience?"

"I remember the exact day. It was the 14th of December, 1867."

"Let me look in my memorandum book," said Mr. Lynne. "I had an experience about that time, the date of which I wrote here."

"I will get a candle," I said, rising; but he held me back, saying:

"No, thank you; this bright moonlight will be sufficient. Yes," said he, after looking a moment, "here is the date, 'December 14th, 1867.' Now listen, little one, while I give you my share in that same experience:

Business called me to Florida that winter. I was spending a few days in an out-of-the-way place on the banks of the St. John. It was a lovely spot, and I had sketched several views in that vicinity. I was busy on the most beautiful view I had found yet, and, dropping my pencil, I allowed myself to enter into the mood of Nature as I found her then and there. I seemed to penetrate into the inner sanctuary of her soul, and drank deep draughts from her inspiring influences. My soul was full of this harmony of Nature. The peculiar haze, and dreamy, poetic softness of that Florida atmosphere, seemed to mellow me down, till I became, as it were, a part of that great poem which Nature was uttering, and to which, doubtless, even the angels were listening.

Suddenly I was conscious of a human soul—whether near or afar, I could not tell—that needed some of this beauty, some of this harmony. I felt that unknown spirit struggling with destiny, almost faltering beneath a burden too heavy to bear; it seemed to be calling to me from depths of woe, for a helping hand, for a ray of comfort, and involuntarily I opened my arms, as if to take the weary, suffering one to a haven of rest and safety, and repeated aloud this little impromptu:

I heed thy call, oh, unknown child of sorrow!
Thou 're weary, and I fain would give thee rest;
Oh! take from my full soul, and thus the morrow
May dawn for thee in brighter colors drest.

Canst thou not see, though blinding tears are falling,
That brighter days will surely ope for thee?
Canst thou not hear, e'en now, the angels calling,
Canst thou not yet God's hidden mercy see?

Poor child! whoe'er thou art, I give thee blessing;
Drink deep of all life's love and harmony;
Here 's life and strength for thee; then, onward pressing,
Life shall yield up its hidden sweets to thee."

Mr. Lynne ceased. When I could speak, I said: "And those echoes from afar reached me, and helped me!"

"Yes, darling; and through life may I thus catch every pang as soon as it is felt, and give you gladness and peace in its place. It shall be my study to make life more beautiful and bright to you than ever before, my own little Florence!"

Reader, I will not transcribe this conversation further, because there was nothing said afterward but what belongs *so exclusively* to the communion of lovers, that those of you who have had experience in that line can easily imagine its purport, and the few who have not are doubtless looking forward to it, so I would not take from the reality awaiting them its charm of novelty.

I said to Chester, the next day:

"We speak of hearing 'the old organ,' but it cannot be that the instrument itself is used in producing that exquisite melody. The organ we listened to must have been made of matter too highly etherealized, or sublimated, even to be visible to mortal eyes, and yet the sounds certainly proceeded from that closed room up-stairs."

"Yes; the music is evidently produced there," he answered; "in what manner, it would be difficult for us to understand. There may be still floating in the atmosphere, and around the objects in that room, and especially about the old organ, a peculiar magnetism which spirits can make use of in producing those harmonies. This is probably the case; still the question *how* it is done, remains unanswered."

"I can see now," I observed, "why I never questioned you or any one else in regard to the story of the organ. Many times I was on the point of asking, but I always checked myself with, 'Not now! wait awhile!'—I am glad I heard the music before hearing the story."

When I returned home, early in September, Chester Lynne accompanied me. I would like to tell you some of the pleasant incidents which occurred during the few days he passed with us, and also some things relating to my own happy home, and the dear home-circle, besides some of the experiences of those poor people whom my father made happy, by sending them into the country for a few weeks—but I fear your patience is exhausted, and if not, my time certainly is. You would not be surprised at this, if you knew what a quantity of sewing I have to accomplish before next Christmas!

CALIFORNIA.

Congratulatory Resolutions.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Hon. J. M. Peebles has just left us after delivering a highly successful course of lectures in Mercantile Library Hall, giving great satisfaction to our people, who turned out in large numbers to hear him. At the close of the lecture, last Sunday evening, the following resolutions were presented, and unanimously adopted by the Society:

Whereas, Hon. J. M. Peebles, well known in this country and Europe as a lecturer, traveler, and author of several books, has publicly ministered to us for several Sundays in Mercantile Library Hall to the satisfaction and edification of large audiences; and,

Whereas, Accompanied by his friend, Dr. E. C. Dunn, he is now on his way to fill lecturing engagements in Australia, with the ulterior purpose of visiting China, India, Egypt and other portions of the East; therefore,

Resolved, That our best wishes for health and success attend him during his journeyings in foreign lands.

Resolved, That, returning freighted with lessons of wisdom from the Eastern countries, he be invited to revisit California, spending such time in lecturing upon this Coast as conditions and circumstances may warrant.

ALBERT KENDRICK, *President.*
GEORGE W. LEWIS, *Secretary San Francisco Spiritualists' Union.*
San Francisco, Sept. 12th, 1872.

The Lecture Room.

The Evidences of Christianity Compared with the Evidences of Spiritualism.

A LECTURE BY WILLIAM DENTON,

Delivered in Music Hall, Boston, Mass.

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

THE EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.

The evidences of the truth of Christianity are generally considered by the Orthodox to be so strong that God can justly consign the rejecters of it, who have heard them, to endless misery. It may be well, this afternoon, to consider what these evidences are, and contrast them with those that we have for Spiritualism, which the Orthodox so generally reject, and whose advocates they so strongly denounce.

Christianity depends upon Jesus. Take him away, and we have a morality common to all religions and superstitions that cultivated and unbiased reason would instantly reject, but no Christianity. Christianity also depends upon the Messiahship of Jesus—that he was the Christ, the anointed, the sent, the set apart by God to be the Saviour of all mankind. Take this from Jesus, and we have a half crazy fanatic, but no Christ, and, consequently, no Christianity. The evidences of modern Christianity should include, first, clear evidence of the existence of Jesus; second, proof that he was the Christ; and, third, that the Christianity of the so called Christian churches is that which Jesus himself taught.

Few Christians are aware how little evidence we possess of the existence of the individual called Jesus. I have no doubt whatever that a man lived, and preached, and was crucified in Judea, over eighteen hundred years ago; that was the nucleus around which Christianity grew; and yet, when I come to look at the historical evidence of the matter, I am not at all astonished that many intelligent men to-day deny that any such person ever had an existence on this planet. They class him with Romulus and Remus, Hercules, Orpheus and Bacchus. I believe that an individual called Jesus existed, about whom the stories contained in the New Testament were gathered; but, apart from the New Testament, it is really surprising how slight is the evidence we have that any such individual ever existed. We have, apart from the New Testament, no testimony from any one that ever saw him, or that ever saw any one who *had* seen him. If Jesus did the most marvelous deeds that were ever done on this planet; if his ministry, his death and his resurrection were accompanied by such wonderful and miraculous events as the gospels teach, and these in a densely populated country, and among a people who, as a class, were about as intelligent as any at that time on the globe, this is indeed surprising.

Flavius Josephus, the Jewish historian, was born about the time that Jesus died. Many of his friends must have been living at the time that Jesus was preaching in Judea, and performing his wonderful miracles. He wrote a history of the Jewish nation, from the earliest times to his own day, in which he refers to all the remarkable events that had transpired, and yet he never says one word about Jesus or his disciples, neither does he mention the name Christian. And this is the more surprising, because he was not a bigoted Jew, but a man whose mind had been expanded by a knowledge of the general literature of his time, and by intercourse with the Romans, by whom he was highly esteemed, and among whom he lived at the time when his history was written. Before he was thirty years old, he was appointed Governor of Galilee, the very province where Jesus was born, and where many of his "mighty works" were accomplished, if the New Testament tells us the truth. It is true that we find, in our common editions of Josephus, something said of Jesus, but we also have reason to know that this is a Christian forgery. Let me read you the statement:

"At this time there exists Jesus, a wise man—if it be allowed us to call him a man, for he performed wonderful works, and instructed those who received the truth with great joy. He thus drew to him many Jews and many of the Greeks. He was the Christ. Pilate having punished him with crucifixion, on the accusation of our leading men, those who had loved him before still remained faithful to him. For on the third day he appeared unto them, living anew, just as the prophets of God had announced, who had predicted of him ten thousand other miraculous things. The nation of Christians, named after him, continues even to the present day."

"This passage," as Anthon in his Classical Dictionary says, "placed in the middle of a work written by a zealous Jew, has all the appearance of a marginal gloss which has found its way into the text; it is too long and too short to have formed part of the original text. It is too long to have come from the pen of an infidel, and it is too short to have been written by a Christian. St. Justin, Tertullian and St. Chrysostum have made no use of it in their disputes with the Jews; and neither Origen nor Photius make any mention of it." Gibbon tells us that it "was inserted into the text of Josephus, between the time of Origen and that of Eusebius, and may furnish us with an example of no vulgar forgery." It is rejected by the best Christian critics; among them Ittegius, Le Clerc, Bishop Warburton, Lardner the great Christian evidence writer, and Adam Clarke the Methodist commentator. Eusebius in the fourth century is the first to quote it, and it is very probable that he forged it.

There is another reference to Jesus in Josephus, where he speaks of "James, brother of him who is called Christ," but this is judged by Le Clerc, Lardner and other Christian writers, to be also spurious. The silence of Josephus is very remarkable. Had Jesus healed the sick, fed the multitudes and raised the dead, as the New Testament record declares, Josephus must have known of it, and could hardly have failed to refer to it in a befitting manner. The Christians in the time of Josephus were still Jews, as Jesus had been, and zealous for the observance of the law, and these wonderful deeds of Jesus would have shed lustre on the Jewish nation. Fear of the Jews could not have prevented his declaring the truth, as he was under the protection of a foreign nation, and had sufficiently offended the Jews already by accepting that protection. Had a star appeared in the East on the birth of Jesus, of such a character as to guide wanderers from a distant country to the place where the child Jesus lay—had Herod slain all the children of Bethlehem "from two years old and under"—had darkness covered all the land for three hours at the crucifixion of Jesus—had the earth quaked, and the rocks rent, and above all, had the bodies of the saints come out of their graves and walked about Jerusalem, as Matthew affirms—how could Josephus have failed to notice these prodigies—and especially if he accepted of Jesus as the Christ.

But Josephus informs us that there was a historian of Galilee, Justus, who wrote a history of the Jews, commencing with Moses, and ending with the death of Agrippa, before whom Paul was tried. Both Justus and his father lived on the shore of Lake Gennesaret, and his father—who, Josephus says, was naturally of a good and virtuous character—must have known of the great deeds done by Jesus, living as he did within almost eight miles from Capernaum, where we are informed that Jesus did such wonderful deeds, that if they had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented in dust and ashes. The works of Justus are not in existence, but Photius, the learned patriarch of Constantinople, who had read his history, informs us that "he makes not the least mention of the appearance of Christ, or what things happened to him, or of the wonderful works that he did."

We can most reasonably account for the silence of Josephus and Justus by supposing Jesus to be such an obscure individual, or such a wild fanatic, that they did not regard him as of sufficient moment to introduce into their histories. The few ignorant Galilean fisherman who believed in him must have appeared to a man like Josephus or Justus as of very little importance; while pretenders to the Messiahship were so numerous that they must have appeared to them, unless there were very particular circumstances connected with their pretensions, quite unworthy of notice. So numerous were the impostors who had set themselves up as Messiahs among the Jews, that had Josephus attempted an enumeration of them even in the briefest degree, a book five times as large as the one he wrote would have been required.

Philo Judæus was an Alexandrian Jew, in the prime of life about the time Jesus was crucified; he was a religious man and a philosopher, a man well acquainted with general literature, and with Palestine, and had traveled extensively: yet though his works are very voluminous, he never mentions Jesus or the Christians.

The elder Pliny and Seneca, Roman philosophers, were both living at the time of the crucifixion of Jesus. Both were attentive observers of Nature, and have recorded the most remarkable natural phenomena of their times, yet they say nothing of that remarkable darkness at the crucifixion—which they would certainly have noticed had it occurred. Neither of these individuals seem to have been aware of the existence of Jesus, or of any one who had faith in him.

Tacitus, who wrote about A. D. 107—that is seventy-four years after the death of Jesus—is the first, apart from the New Testament and Christian writers, who bears witness to the existence of Jesus and of Christians; though the genuineness of the passage has been doubted by some. Speaking of a people whom Nero had punished "commonly known by the name of Christians," he says: "They had their denomination from Christus, who, in the reign of Tiberius, was put to death as a criminal by the procurator Pontius Pilate." Allowing the genuineness of this, it simply proves that in the time of Nero, about thirty years after the death of Jesus, there were in Rome men who believed in Jesus, and were called Christians, and who taught that he was put to death by Pontius Pilate.

Suetonius, who wrote A. D. 110, in his life of Nero, says: "The Christians, a race of men of a new and villainous, wicked or magical superstition, were visited with punishment."

The younger Pliny, who wrote at the same date, in a letter to the Emperor Trajan from Bythinia, where he was pro-consul, (a province in the northern part of Asia Minor, and about one thousand miles from Judea,) more than seventy years after the death of Jesus, refers to the Christians, who appear to have been numerous in the province, and speaks of their religion as an "austere and excessive superstition," but says nothing about Jesus. All we have from Pagan writers for two centuries are very meagre notices, such as the most obscure sect might receive from a living historian.

Even when we turn to the New Testament, the evidence from those professing to be eye-witnesses is very slight. The author of Matthew never speaks in the first person—never says, "I was there," "I saw;" and where Matthew is personally referred to, he writes in the same indefinite manner which characterizes the whole gospel, and indicates that its writer was but recording the traditions of his time. It is not pretended that Mark and Luke were eye-witnesses. Luke, in fact, clearly indicates that he was not; he merely relates what others had seen and informed him of. The writer of John's gospel professes, on some occasions, to describe what he saw, and we will allow his claim, though there are grave doubts of even John's gospel having been written by an eye-witness. Then we have a few expressions in the epistles of James and Peter, indicating their belief in Jesus rather than their knowledge of him, and this is absolutely all that we possess from those that we can presume to have been eye-witnesses. What wonder, then, that many intelligent minds, reflecting on the want of proof apart from the early Christians—knowing these early saints to have been abominable liars, [laughter] who repeatedly forged books to prove their doctrine—should utterly deny that such a person as Jesus ever did exist! But, for myself, I have no doubts of his existence. The evidence of this fact I may give at another time, but to-day the point at issue is to see what evidence Christianity has to offer from eye-witnesses or persons living at the time in proof that he lived, and then, so existing, that he was the Christ, the sent of God, to make known to us that which in no other way we could obtain. [Applause.]

Socrates, who preceded Jesus more than four hundred years, is real to us, a man whose existence no man acquainted with the facts concerning him could doubt. He seems like one of us, a genuine flesh and blood human being. But the life of Jesus, written apparently by men who never saw him, and who regarded him as a supernatural being, has an air of unreality about it that leads the critic to doubt his real existence. What evidence is there—supposing his existence to be real, as I believe—that he was the Christ, the miraculously sent of God? It is claimed that he was distinctly prophesied of, with more and more clearness, until, in the "fullness of time," he made his appearance—the grand centre toward which pointed the prophetic rays of two thousand years. I am told that the proof contained in these prophecies is so plain that "he who runs may read." But, when we come to examine them, we cannot find one that will bear criticism; and many of them are too silly for serious consideration. If you were not told, you would not dream that these prophecies of the Old Testament referred to him. The first is God's curse pronounced upon the serpent: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." The simple meaning of this is: people will hate snakes, and kill them by crushing their heads, while the snakes will of course bite their heels. This, written in a country where people wore sandals, and before boots were made, was a very natural thought. It would require a wonderful pair of theological spectacles to see that Jesus is meant herein. This saying has no more reference to Jesus than to a locomotive on the Worcester railroad. Weak indeed must be that cause which seeks to rest itself upon such poor evidence [Applause.]

The next wonderful prophecy is in the blessing of the dying Jacob: "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a law-giver from between

his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be." Shiloh, in every other biblical passage meaning a city, is here supposed to mean a man, and that man, Jesus. But even then, the prophecy is utterly falsified by the event. Nearly six hundred years before the time of Jesus, Jerusalem was taken, its temple destroyed, and its people carried away captive by Nebuchadnezzar to Babylon, where they were held for more than fifty years. If the sceptre did not depart from Judah then, it has not departed now. For four hundred years after this, Judea was in the hands of the Persians and the successors of Alexander. If Shiloh meant the Messiah, it is evident that Jesus could not be that Messiah—he came six hundred years too late. [Applause.] The fact that the word sceptre is used, shows that the prophecy was written after there were kings in Judah.

The next prophecy generally quoted as referring to Jesus is that of Moses, in which he says (Deut. xviii:15): "The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto him ye shall hearken." This, Moses is represented as saying to the Israelites, on the morning of the day that they passed over Jordan, and therefore on the day that he was taken from them, according to the story in Deuteronomy. It was of some importance for them to know who would be their prophet when Moses was gone; but of what possible interest could it be to them to learn that a prophet was to be raised up fifteen hundred years from that time, and how could they hearken unto him? The passage evidently refers to Joshua, who, after the death of Moses, became their leader.

Then follows the second Psalm, headed in King James's Bible, "The Kingdom of Christ." The eighth verse reads: "Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." How common it is for Christians to ask this of God: "Oh Lord, give thy son the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession." And all the people say, "Amen!" But do they ever think what he will do with them when they are given to him? The next verse reads: "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel." The Psalm is simply Jewish bigotry, pride and bad temper set to music, and flavored with religion; and it refers to Jesus just as much as to John Brown. [Applause.] How long is such nonsense to be palmed off upon the people in the name of religion. [Applause.]

In the sixteenth Psalm we are supposed to have a prophecy of Jesus in the words of David: "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption." But what has this hope of David that his soul will not be left in the grave to do with the carpenter's son of Nazareth? The twenty-second Psalm is also regarded as a prophecy of Jesus. A portion of it is indeed referred to as such in the New Testament: "They part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture." "Dogs have compassed me; the assembly of the wicked have enclosed me; they pierced my hands and my feet." But the same person who is represented as saying this, is also represented as saying: "Thou art he that took me out of the womb; thou didst make me hope when I was upon my mother's breasts." This, instead of being a prophecy, refers to some event in the past—"Dogs *have compassed*," "they *pierced*," "*took*," "*didst make*." Why could not he who "knows the end from the beginning," reveal to some one the actual facts as they were to be?—"The Messiah will be of Nazareth in Galilee; at thirty years of age he will commence to preach; his companions will be the poor and lowly; he will be crucified between two thieves, and his body will be buried in the tomb of Joseph, a man of Arimathea; but on the third day he will rise from the dead, and reveal himself to his disciples." An unequivocal prophecy like this would be of some value; but the disjointed, double-meaning scraps that are called prophecies of Jesus would disgrace an intelligent *man*; how much more a God! [Applause.]

The one hundred and tenth Psalm is referred to by Jesus himself, as a prophecy of the Messiah, yet in it we read: "He shall judge among the heathen; he shall fill the places with the dead bodies; he shall wound the heads over many countries." Is this the work of the "Prince of Peace?" Then we, who are heathen according to David's idea, may pray to be delivered from such a judge. The following passage from the forty-fifth Psalm is considered by the author of Hebrews as referring to Jesus: "Thy throne, oh, God, is forever and ever; the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre. Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness; therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows." But if this refers to Jesus, the next two verses must also refer to him: "All thy garments smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia, out of the ivory palaces whereby they have made thee glad." The garments of the man who was in the wilderness forty days among the wild beasts, and who lay in the fishing boats of Gennesaret, must have had a very different smell from that of myrrh and cassia. [Laughter.] What kind of ivory palaces had the man who had not where to lay his head, and whose followers—on whom he was dependent for daily bread—were among the poorest of the poor?

The Psalmist continues: "King's daughters were among thy honorable women; upon thy right hand did stand the queen in gold of Ophir." How different should all this be to refer truly to Jesus! It should read: "Thy honorable women were the poor and lowly—widows whose only subsistence was two mites, and the abandoned, possessed of devils."

"Harken, oh, daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house;

So shall the King greatly desire thy beauty: for he is thy Lord, and worship thou him.

And the daughter of Tyre shall be there with a gift; even the rich among the people shall entreat thy favor.

The King's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold.

She shall be brought unto the King in raiment of needle work; the virgins, her companions, that follow her, shall be brought unto thee.

With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought; they shall enter into the King's palace.

Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth."

The translators of the Bible—government priests of the Church of England—finding this psalm referred to in the New Testament, and considered as alluding to Jesus, headed it: "The majesty and grace of Christ's kingdom. The duty of the Church and the benefits thereof." But it is evident, at a common sense glance, that it would more appropriately refer to Gen. Grant than to Jesus. I will tell you what the genuine meaning is: David was looking after another wife. [Laughter.] He was another Brigham Young, or Young is a faithful follower of him. He desired the daughter of some neighboring king, many of the kings, at that time, being little, if any, superior in power to the mayors of our small cities. A verse-maker at his court, desirous to curry favor with the king, writes this song for the perusal of the lady, in order to help on the king's suit, and David is so well pleased with it that he preserves it, and it becomes eventually one of the holy psalms, and a wonderful prophecy of Jesus, to be paraded before New England congregations in the nineteenth century. "Yes," says the retained royal poet, "harken, oh, daughter, and consider; listen to what the king has to say; forget also thine own people; leave your father's house, and come forth, and the King shall greatly desire thy beauty." No doubt of it! [Laughter and applause.] "King David shall be thy Lord, and thou shalt worship him, and he will make you a lady, and 'the daughter of Tyre shall be there with a gift.'" Think of it! What a temptation to leave her people for the house of the king! And the writer continues specifying how glorious shall be her apparel—needle work and gold of Ophir—presents shall be brought her—and her children shall be "princes in all the earth." This is preëminently a love song: The writer commences under the sub-heading of "A Song of Loves:" "My heart is inditing a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made touching the king," proclaims this royal courtier. "Thou art fairer than the children of men; grace is poured into thy lips: therefore God hath blessed thee forever." In what surer way could he recommend himself to the king, or recommend the king to the lady?

He continues: "Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, oh most mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty." And again: "Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the King's enemies; whereby the people fall under thee." Very appropriate to the blood-shedding David, but what has all this to do with the "Prince of Peace?" [Applause.] What has Jesus of Nazareth to do with all this twaddle? It is time we spoke of these love songs and war songs as they deserve, and refused to have them thrust upon us in the name of God any longer. [Applause.]

Then comes the seventh chapter of Isaiah, and they say: "Here is evidence of which there is no mistaking:" "A virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel." This chapter being referred to by Matthew as a prophecy of Jesus, is headed by the translators: "Ahaz being troubled with fear of Rezin and Pecah is comforted by Isaiah: Ahaz having liberty to choose a sign, and refusing it, hath for a sign Christ promised." The Kings of Israel and Samaria go up toward Jerusalem to make war on Ahaz, King of Judah. Ahaz runs to Isaiah and says: "Look here, these two Kings have come together, and I cannot withstand them. What shall I do?" And Isaiah says: "They shall not conquer." But the King says: "How shall I know if you speak truly?" And this is the answer: Isaiah prophesies that what they purpose to do shall not come to pass, and as an evidence that what he says is true, he gives them this sign, which is called a promise of Christ. But how could that which was to happen seven hundred and fifty years after, be evidence of the truth of Isaiah's statement, or any comfort to Ahaz? The King would have said: "I shall be dead and gone long before that—give me something *now!*" [Laughter.] The name of Mary's child, too, was Jesus, and not Immanuel: so the prophecy was *not* fulfilled in this respect: and how the coming of Jesus in *any* manner fulfilled this saying of Isaiah it required a New Testament writer to discover. Matthew quotes the statement: "Behold a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us." This is doubtless a wonderful fulfillment of the prophecy, but I fail to see it. [Applause.] The child which Isaiah prophesied, was to eat butter and honey that he might know how to choose the good and refuse the evil. Was Jesus so ignorant or so vicious as to require a diet of butter and honey to enable him to choose the good and refuse the evil? And how would such articles help an individual to this important choice? Our reform school managers would do well to adopt this butter and honey diet for their scholars if it has any such tendency as that.

Then comes the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, in which it is said the Messianic prophecies culminate. But here it is evident, whoever the individual was, it has no reference to Jesus, but to some one either living at the time of Isaiah, or before his time. Of this person Isaiah says: "He *is* despised;" "We *hid* our faces from him;" "He *was* despised;" "He *hath borne* our griefs;" "We *did* esteem him." What has all this to do with a man who was to be born seven hundred years after that time? Is this a prophecy? No, it is history—it is mostly written in the past tense. Let any man or woman study these pretended prophecies, and compare them with their alleged fulfillment in the New Testament, and the whole fabric will tumble in an instant! I did it when I was a Methodist, and it was one of the greatest things that opened my eyes to the light of reason. [Applause.] When this part of Christian evidence is critically examined, it dissolves like the mist of the morning in the rays of the rising sun. There are no prophecies of Jesus in the Old Testament. All that are called so are mere applications of passages to certain events *after* they have taken place, or pretended events written *to fit* the supposed prophecies. [Applause.]

Where, then, *is* the evidence that Jesus is the Messiah? Are we told that he worked miracles? What were *they?* Healing the sick, causing the dumb to speak, the blind to see, and the lame to walk. For every miracle or cure which Jesus, in the New Testament, is *said* to have done, I will bring you a man, to-day, in Boston, who has done ten—and just as remarkable ones, too. [Applause.] But we are told that Jesus raised the dead. Where is the evidence? In the case of Lazarus we have only the testimony of John; and if the miracle had occurred it seems impossible that the other evangelists would have passed it by. We should reject, instantly, stories of miracles in other books that had no better evidence, and why not this? What better is the story for being old—we must look only at the evidence upon which it stands! There is no evidence that the book of John was in existence till more than one hundred years after the event is said to have taken place.

Do you tell me that the doctrines Jesus taught are evidence that he was the Messiah? I will find you all that is good in his doctrine in the teachings of many men, ancient and modern, who never claimed to be Messiahs. I will find you just as good morality among the Pagans. If his morality proved him to be the Messiah, then the morality of Socrates, Plato and Seneca proves them to have been Messiahs also. [Applause.] Where, then, is the evidence that Jesus was the Messiah, the sent of God? There's none—none whatever that a man fully released from the prejudice attending a Christian education, and thoroughly versed in the philosophy of the nineteenth century, can accept for a single instant. All these alleged evidences are seen to be but empty show; and the only chance for the leaders of the Church is the position they have assumed, that these things are established, and *must* not be questioned. [Applause.]

But suppose it could be proved that Jesus lived, and that he was the Christ, what have you done? Why, you have but proved the utter falsity of all that goes by the name of Christianity to-day, which is as contrary to the doctrines of Jesus as if he had commanded his followers to do the very contrary of his commands. Jesus says: "Swear not;" they swear almost to a man. Jesus says: "Pray not in the synagogues, and at the corners of the streets;" but in churches, which are the Christian synagogues, they pray constantly, and not seldom at the corners of the streets. Jesus says: "Love your enemies;" Christians, by their conduct, say, "Punish your enemies." Jesus says: "Resist not evil;" Christians say, "Resist evil." Jesus says: "Blessed are ye poor;" they say, "Blessed are ye rich." If Jesus taught the doctrines of Christianity, then it is certain that what is called Christianity to-day is a fraud, and more akin to Solomon, the Jewish debauchee, than to Jesus, the poor fanatic of Galilee!

THE EVIDENCES OF SPIRITUALISM.

Now, let us inquire into the evidences of Spiritualism. Have we no better testimony upon which to base our belief than we have found for Christianity? If we had not, I should not be here this afternoon to address you. In the first place, Spiritualism does not depend upon any man or woman as Christianity does upon Jesus. Let Davis die, and his works be swallowed up in oblivion; let the Foxes and the Fishes perish—let all the mediums who have stood before the world for the last twenty years be forgotten, and Spiritualism would stand unharmed, and just where it did before! [Applause.] We need no evidence that the sun shone two thousand years ago; it shines to-day. The astronomer need not search old manuscripts in order to learn that Galileo saw the moons of Jupiter through his telescope. We can see them through ours, and this renders that superfluous. What care I whether spirits manifested themselves to certain persons twenty-five years ago? They manifest themselves now, and to us, and this renders the evidence of others of but little importance.

The evidences, the witnesses of Spiritualism are preëminently satisfactory, for they do not depend upon the past; they are living, and with us to-day. Ever since spirits passed into the spirit-world, there have probably been manifestations of their existence given to the living; every age has been blessed with the evidence, better and better understood and appreciated as man has advanced to a higher intellectual condition; and to-day we have clearer and more abundant evidence than the world ever before received. We have every kind of evidence that we can ask for to demonstrate to us the spiritual existence of the departed, and their ability to communicate to us. In the first place, we have personal, living evidence. The difference between personal evidence and hearsay evidence is so great that, as you know, our courts of justice insist upon personal evidence. Tell the court, "He told *me* he saw," and you will soon hear, "We do not wish to know what any one told you *he saw*; we wish to know what *you* saw, yourself." Christian testimony is nearly all of the hearsay kind. Somebody told Mark, and Mark wrote what somebody said somebody saw; or perhaps it was what somebody said somebody else said that somebody saw. Luke undertook to set forth in order, not what he had himself seen, but what had been delivered to him by eye-witnesses. The writer of Matthew *never* speaks in the first person, or professes to have seen or heard the wonderful things he tells us; and if John tells the truth, who *does* profess to have been an eye-witness of some of the things he narrates, Matthew never did see them, for their testimonies are utterly irreconcilable. But, as I said before, we know nothing of the document bearing John's name till more than one hundred years after the events which it professes to describe, and John had long been in the grave. Christian evidence is indeed the poorest kind of poor evidence, and such as no court in the land would admit.

"Any testimony," says Locke, "the further off it is from the being and existence of the thing itself, the less force and proof it has. A credible man vouching his knowledge of it is a good proof; but if another, equally credible, do witness it from his report, the testimony is weaker; and a third that attests the hearsay of an hearsay is yet less considerable." Our evidence for Spiritualism is personal, not hearsay, and the persons are living. I am one, our chairman is another, William Lloyd Garrison of this city is another. Give me time, and I can give you the names of one thousand truthful witnesses in this city, who will affirm that they have been in communication with the spirits of the departed. And the phenomena have not ceased. The Christians say Jesus *appeared* to his disciples. Very well; I suppose it was very satisfactory to those who saw him, but in order for us to be satisfied with that appearance he must appear to *us*. We have as much right to demand it and be gratified as Thomas. Can Jesus or the Church give us this? Their testimony is dead—eighteen hundred years dead—and Christianity will ere long be just as dead. [Applause.] But Spiritualism gives us living testimony. Spirits, whilst I talk, are rapping, writing, speaking, magnetizing mediums, curing diseases, and demonstrating in a thousand ways their existence and their power. They appeal to us through the avenues of the senses. First, we have audible testimony. Raps we have heard, some of us hundreds and thousands of times, made by some power distinct from the individuals composing the circle—not sporadic, as some have called them, or irregular, like the dropping of rain from the eaves, but raps produced by intelligence, the mind producing them hearing questions and responding to them, and frequently communicating knowledge foreign to the mind of every individual present in the body; raps, laughed at by some, but to me as beautiful and natural as the clicks of the telegraph, and as indicative of the mind by which it is operated; tiny raps, like the fall of raindrops; thundering raps, as if made by the fist of a giant; and I have heard some that I should think would be audible half a mile off in the open air. Music has been made upon closed pianos, when no human fingers could possibly touch either keys or wires; on the guitar, when only spirit fingers swept its strings; on the accordion, the medium holding it upside down, with one hand, and spirits discoursing sweet music by drawing it out and manipulating the keys, as I have frequently heard them in daylight, and under circumstances that left no room for trickery; [Applause.] spirits speaking with their own voices, and revealing sometimes what was known to but one in the circle, and at other times what was unknown to all; and these manifestations, wonderful as they are, well attested, and becoming more abundant every day.

Nor is the evidence of physical manifestations merely addressed to the ear. To this is added the testimony of the touch. We generally feel very sure of the existence of what we hear; but when we can both feel and hear, there is no room left for doubt.

"You say," says the lawyer to the witness, "that it was dark, and yet you say you know that some person was in the room. *How* do you know?" "As I went into the room I heard some one speak, and the voice was in the room." "Yes, but voices sometimes appear to come from a certain place when the person speaking is in a very different place." "I then moved about the room," says the witness, "and distinctly felt a man standing near the centre, my hand grasping his as I felt my way along." There is no chance to overturn such testimony as this. Just such evidence does Spiritualism give. We are told that Jesus said to Thomas: "Reach hither thy finger." And even doubting Thomas was satisfied. Jesus should have left his body behind, when he went up, for the benefit of the doubting Thomases yet to be born. Boston alone holds 50,000 of them. But Spiritualism furnishes to the doubters even this tangible evidence. Many, many times have I felt the hands of spirits, that were laid in mine. "What! spirits, that we cannot see, lay hands in yours that you could feel?" Yes, but the hands I could feel, I could also *see*. "But how could a spirit be thus seen and felt?" I answer: I do not know how you hear the sounds that fall from my lips; the fact does not depend upon my knowing. That spirits out of the body can make hands of various sizes, I know, and feet in like manner. I have seen baby spirit feet, and heard their patter on the floor.

But added to these evidences, Spiritualism gives us the certainty of spirit sight, and this, to most persons, is the most satisfactory. We have, first, the visions of spiritual seers who behold spirits when those who only possess ordinary vision cannot see them. I once visited a medium with a lady who was no Spiritualist, but a very good clairvoyant; the medium described several spirits, and gave many particulars regarding their appearance, dress and motions. On leaving the house, the lady said to me: "All that the medium described I saw just as she described it." When the vision of one clairvoyant thus corroborates the vision of another, we have evidence of the reality of what is seen. I have known mediums to describe the spirits of departed friends whom they had never known, and of whom they had never heard, and then look over an album and point out the very faces that they had seen, and were thus enabled to recognize.

But we have much more satisfactory evidence even than this—spirits and objects presented by them made plain to ordinary vision; tables moved by spirits when no human being touched them; and I have seen a large, double-leaved dining table turned completely round and lifted from the ground without *the contact of a human being*. We have been familiar with the appearance of spirit hands ever since the opening of the Koons' rooms in Athens Co., Ohio; but now, at Moravia, N. Y., spirits are showing their faces to their friends, so that they can readily recognize them. That well-known lecturer and writer, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, in the Banner of Light, gives us her experience in the observance of such phenomena, at the various seances attended by her at this place:

"At the fourth the curtain was raised and spirits stood before us just as real as in life. Among them came my grandfather, Dr. John Hall. He looked me in the face, bowed, and turned about and walked away. Then Dr. Loomis, an old friend, stood before me. In wonder I cried out, 'Why, Gilbert, is that you?' He put out his hand, and then, in a clear, distinct voice, said: 'Isn't it heavenly to be able thus to speak?' With the last word the speaker *faded from sight*. Dr. Loomis, though young, wore glasses in life, and came to me spectacled yesterday. A spirit came to a gentleman, and, calling him by name, said, 'I thank you, sir, heartily, for helping me and my family when we were in need.' The person and the facts were remembered by the gentleman. * * *

"Mrs. R.'s husband came, took her by the hand, and said, in soft tones, 'Elizabeth, I am not unmindful of our bridal day. You will be my bride again in *this* beautiful land.' Mrs. R. had not till then, remembered that this was the anniversary of their bridal day. No one besides them could have known the fact.

Mrs. G. and her little boy came to-day to see husband and father. Mr. G. came and told the loved ones of his care, love and hopes regarding them. Master Charlie, in the full joy of his young heart, cried out, 'I can see my father; he knows me, too!'

This morning I sat with two ladies—sat between them. A young man came to Mrs. C., and said: 'My own dear mother, I am so glad to see you! You will not forget the orphans, the poor, the homeless, will you, mother?' A young woman came to Mrs. W., and said: 'I am Olivia, your sister, and I am so glad of this opportunity of speaking.' Both ladies were widows; both had loving words from their husbands. A spirit stood behind me, with both hands on my head. At the same time, my sister Mary put her hand in mine, and said: 'You have here your sister Mary. I have been with you in your years of shadow and sunshine.'"

Oh! if these things had only happened two thousand years ago, and been embodied in the Christian Bible, how you would have read such passages with tears of joy running down your faces! How the Orthodox world would have lifted up its choked and broken voice in praise to God that he had robbed death of its sting, and the grave of its victory! [Applause.] But here they are, taking place in our own day and generation; persons whom we know to be truthful and reliable tell us the facts, and that is not all; if we will take the requisite steps, we can see these wonderful phenomena for ourselves—*we* can know that this is no attempt to palm a lie upon us, but an actual, eternal verity! [Applause.] What more evidence, what better evidence, *can* we ask for, than this which it is our privilege to receive? This is all the testimony that spirits can give, for it is all that the nature of the case allows, and it seems to me that it is all that mortals can reasonably ask.

Shall we, then, curse every one who accepts not our gospel? Shall we call our Christian brethren who accept not Spiritualism with its overwhelming evidences infidels, and denounce them as wilfully blind? By no means. I am here to throw no stone at my Christian neighbors—I wish to do for them a work of kindness in showing them what is true. Nature has calmly waited for all these ages for man to recognize the truth of spiritual communion. Let us imitate her—pour out knowledge as the sunshine—let facts be presented like the falling rain-drops—and we shall behold souls growing as wheat grows in June, and bearing fruit to eternal life! [Applause.]

Illinois.

CHICAGO.—Wm. J. Jeffery, Secretary, writes, Sept. 16th: At the regular meeting of the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago, held Sept. 1st, 1872, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: S. J. Avery, M. D., President; A. H. Williams, Vice President; Wm. J. Jeffery, Secretary; Dr. Ambrose Davis, Treasurer; Mr. Collins Eaton; S. J. Avery, M. D., Col. Cushman, J. L. Hunt, A. H. Williams, Trustees. Our Society has just resumed its regular Sunday lectures, after a vacation of two months. Bro. Lyman C. Howe, an able speaker, has been engaged for a year. We have a first-rate Children's Lyceum, with a handsome set of new equipments. The Lyceum was organized by the First Spiritualist Society. Its place of meeting is No. 99 West Randolph street; time, every Sunday, at 10 A. M. Lectures in the evening at present. The members of the Lyceum are preparing a concert and exhibition for Sunday, Sept. 29th, 1872, to be held at their place of meeting. In conclusion, I would say that our Society is doing well, and hopes by earnestness and *work* to make Chicago the Western centre of radical and progressive thought.

Every person arrested, convicted and sent to the penitentiary in the United States costs on an average $1,200, while every boy educated at the expense of the State costs only about $400.

Spiritual Phenomena.

A Seance with Herne and Williams.

I had heard much of the manifestations through Messrs. Herne and Williams, but had never attended any of their seances till the evening of Monday, August 12th, when I accepted their invitation to be present at their rooms, 61 Lamb's Conduit street, previous to their departure for a short time for the Continent.

There were present Mr. Clifford Smith, Dr. Dixon, Mr. Andrews, an American lady, (a stranger,) my sister and self. We had scarcely entered the seance room when the voice of John King saluted us. I had not heard it for two or three years, but there was no mistaking its rough, powerful, manly tones, so expressive of energy, strength and decision of character. Of the identity of that of Katey, which also kindly greeted us, with the voice I had formerly heard I am not so sure. Presently a loud shrill voice broke in, which was recognized by some of the company as that of a spirit they called Peter. This spirit was obtrusive, garrulous, conceited, and evidently desirous of attracting as much attention as possible. Lights now began to appear—clear, bright, and phosphorescent. Katey inquired if we would like to see her, and on our all replying in the affirmative, said she would in the course of the evening endeavor to make herself visible. Peter inquired if I would like him to bring me something from the adjoining room. I told him he might bring me my hat. In about a couple of minutes I felt something soft touching my head, and putting up my hand, there, sure enough, was my felt hat in the act of being placed on it. I had left it in the front room in which the gas was left burning, the seance room being dark, and communicating with it by folding doors, and which could not have been opened, without the light streaming in. Other voices now joined in the conversation, sometimes three or four speaking simultaneously, each in a different key, and with strongly marked individuality. One of them spoke in clear, plain, broad Yorkshire. He was kindly, sensible, good-humored, with a *naïve bonhomie*, which made him a very pleasant companion. On my asking him if he was not better off in the other world, he answered with great gusto, "Ay, lad, I wouldn't be back again for a million a day. It's a grand thing to be a spirit. You don't know what it is to be a man or a woman till you become a spirit." Whilst all this was going on, some of the company had their own private experiences. Friends in spirit-life shook hands and held converse with them, and made themselves so far visible as to be readily identified. The American lady received a communication from her spirit-child, Jenny, and messages from her spirit-guides, in answer to her questions. Mr. Smith saw the face of a lady with whom on earth he had been intimately acquainted, and she conversed freely with him. Mr. Andrews has kindly furnished me with the following memorandum:

"My father had promised me at the commencement of the seance that he would show himself during the evening, and I had the delight of gazing on his dear face, he bidding me to observe a red mark showing where he had been wounded in that sanguinary action at Quatre Bras. This was not all. I lost sometifteen years ago a dear child, who often comes and speaks to me in audible voice, and pats me on the head: at this seance, she showed me her spirit-form in all its loveliness, and leaned forward and kissed me on the forehead. I recognized her dear features, the same that appear on the spirit-plate with her mother's portrait, which she sat for at Mr. Hudson's, with Mr. Herne as medium." * * *

We had now been sitting a considerable time in a close room, and all adjourned to the front room. In a few minutes we resumed the seance, hoping that one or more of the spirits would succeed in making themselves visible to us; and we were not disappointed. The hands and feet of the mediums were securely fastened to their chairs; they were placed in a corner near the window, with the window curtains over them, and the table placed against them so that they could not move. Presently a luminous hand appeared over the table, distinctly visible; it was gently waved, and by its light the face of Katey was seen—a small face, dark, of the Oriental type, and with a head-dress something like a turban. Once it came quite close to me, so near that I could feel the spirit's breath upon my face. Katey requested us each to feel of her drapery, which we all did; it was soft and as substantial as if it had been woven in Paisley. I asked if I might cut a piece from it, but this was not permitted; I was told that on another occasion it might perhaps be done. John King's stentorian voice was now heard—"Look toward the ceiling. Here I am!" And there, truly, he was; his tall, dark form was visible by the strange spirit-light. He continued: "Yes! here I am. I am John King, formerly known as Sir Henry Morgan. May God bless you!" The voice of Peter was now heard clamoring for John to help him by his light to become visible. He, too, was seen, though not so distinctly, crouching at the feet of John. Then another form was seen. It was almost a duplicate of Mr. Herne, except that it was in loose drapery, and a voice also like Mr. Herne's, but softer and clearer, said, "I am Willy Herne, brother to the medium. It is I who appeared on the plate. Tell that to Willy Harrison." (editor of the Spiritualist.) The spirit appeared just as in the photograph with his brother, taken by Mr. Hudson. As we all desired to feel the drapery of the spirit, he threw it severally to each of us in succession. It seemed more ample and of closer texture than Katey's.

Observing my defective sight, John kindly magnetized me, manipulating round the eyes and on the top of the head; the fingers were large and flexible, as solid, palpable, and life-like in their impact as any human fingers could be. The luminous emanations from them were perceived by the other sitters. He breathed gently on the eyes; the breath felt warm and natural.

John, clapping his hands loudly, again made his entire form visible, and with a fervent "God bless you all!" concluded the seance. The mediums were found fastened to their chairs as they had been tied. T. S.

From the Missouri Democrat of September 16.

Free Religion—Discourse by Warren Chase.

Services were held, for the first time this fall, in the Washington Avenue Hall, by the Free Religious Society. The association is composed of free thinkers of all shades of opinion, and listen weekly to a lecture, or sermon from their leader. The lecturer yesterday was Warren Chase, who has occupied the position for some time. Mr. Chase is a Liberal Republican in politics, and a Liberal Christian in religion. He addressed the working-men last summer on the labor question; more recently he was sent as a delegate to the Liberal State Convention, at Jefferson City, and took a prominent part in the proceedings. He was made one of the electors on the State ticket, and is a member, it is understood, of the Liberal County Committee.

The Bible is not made use of, and the topic is generally selected from a poem, or one of the morning papers. Sometimes the question of land reform is discussed, and sometimes the proposed amendments to the Constitution. Last evening Mr. Chase took as a subject, "The Signs of the Times," and discussed the land question, the religious troubles in Europe, the amendment proposed to the Constitution recognizing a Supreme Being, and several other topics. He debated the question of the utility of religion at all. He declared that religion did not make a man any better, or the loss of it any worse. There was no difference in sacredness between the drayman who d—d his mules, and the man who took the name of God in vain in his prayers. Neither did any good. The mule was n't d—d, and the prayer was not answered. It did not pay, and the attention of the words should be directed into other and more practical channels. The money spent on churches and religious institutions would be sufficient to educate every child in the land who had not received an education until it was of age; or enough to provide every family in the land with a home that has n't one.

It was a useless burden, and the intellect of the country would perceive its uselessness and demand its removal, peaceably if they could, forcibly if necessity required it. He denied that religion was essential to the morals, or that it had a tendency to elevate the morality of an individual or a community. He concluded by urging to unite and organize to carry the movement forward. At one or two points the audience applauded.

We do ourselves wrong, and too meanly estimate the Holiness above us, when we deem that any act or enjoyment, good in itself, is not good to do religiously.—*Hawthorne.*

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1872.

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

The Chippewas.

It is a source of supreme pleasure to us to make public all the records of actual improvement among the Indians, wrought through the agency of the Government in the fulfillment of its solemn stipulations; and we publish below the letter of Judge Jones, of Ohio, to the Secretary of the Interior on the subject, containing, as it does, the precious secret which has but to be conscientiously applied to all the tribes in order to bear equally good fruit. These Chippewas, who are spoken of in the letter of Judge Jones, were originally from Mississippi, and comprise several bands. The census of 1871 shows that they number two thousand one hundred and thirty-nine souls. They became parties to a treaty with the United States in 1867, by which they ceded their lands in Minnesota to the Government, except only the two reservations known as the "White Earth" and "Leech Lake" reservations. In return for this cession, the Government bound itself to perform many valuable services for them upon their reservations, and particularly upon that named "White Earth," which was the most valuable of the two for farming purposes. It agreed, for instance, to erect schoolhouses, dwellings and mills, as fast as the same should be needed, and to teach the natives in the rudiments of learning as well as in the arts of industry; to purchase cattle, horses and agricultural implements as the natives should manifest their need of them by their ability and desire to use them; and, finally, to survey the reservation, and make equitable allotments of land to all such Indians as should show a disposition to cultivate the soil.

The Chippewas were greatly scattered prior to this treaty, since which they have been steadily drawing together on this smaller reservation. Various causes are reported to have hindered this arrangement from being as rapidly perfected as it otherwise might have been, but the task of removal to their homes has been progressing with all due diligence, the present season having witnessed the successful removal of several hundred. They show decided thrift and industry upon the new reservation, and, what is better than all, a spirit of true contentment. All they seem to need is the assurance that the present treatment of them by the Government shall be continued to the end. They want the advantages and facilities of civilized life as fast as they can utilize them; and, under the Government's fostering care, assisted by the philanthropy of individuals who feel a true interest in their condition and progress, they may be the means of solving that problem of the civilization of the red man which certain men in authority and with influence profess to believe it possible to dispose of only with powder and ball. We sincerely trust that every statement in this letter from Judge Jones will be confirmed by the permanent peace, prosperity and happiness of this Indian colony. Here is his letter:

MINNEAPOLIS, *Aug.* 28, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR—We have just returned from White Earth, where, with Bishop Haven, of the Methodist Church, President Fairchild, of Oberlin, and two other clergymen, we spent three or four days. On Sunday we saw the Indians at church, the preacher, Mr. Johnson, a full-blood Chippewa, officiating, with a selected Episcopal service and a sermon, all in Chippewa. We were called upon to say a few words to these wards of the nation. I never was more interested—was, in fact, so overwhelmed with gratitude to God for the great work he was doing, through the President and your Department, for these poor children of the wilderness, that I could scarcely speak. To see their respectful attention, to hear them repeating the prayers they had memorized to our common Father, was enough to soften the heart and convince the judgment of the most hardened opponent of your policy. Bishop Haven, before we got to White Earth, although a supporter of this policy, had great doubts of its success; but he came away, as we all did, full of hope, and, I may add, gratitude to God and to the President and those whom he has selected to aid him in this work, for the great things that are being done.

Besides the most satisfactory evidence of moral improvement, we saw on every hand evidence of progress in their physical condition. Many were living in comfortable hewed log-houses, with pine shingle roofs; others were aiding in the construction of houses; and nearly all had vegetables under cultivation, which seemed to be fairly tended. The crops first planted had been destroyed by grasshoppers, and corn and potatoes planted for a second crop the last of June and first of July, and will make a fair yield.

We were at the Government steam saw-mill, where we were pleased to see full-blooded Indians working as diligently and skillfully as white men.

I would have given anything if Mrs. Delano, Mr. and Mrs. Ames and yourself could have been with us. The judgment of the whole party was that President Grant and those in authority with him were entitled to more credit for the glorious work they are doing for the Indians than it was possible for any one to conceive who had not witnessed its practical operation.

* * * * * * *

Your sincere friend, T. C. JONES.

Hon. Columbus Delano.

Not Forgotten.

We have just perused "a letter to the editor" from the pen of our friend and co-laborer, Ed. S. Wheeler, who tells us from his sick room that his heart overflows with gratitude for the kindly aid he has received in many ways from friends, which convinces him more than all else that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," and that the humble worker is not forgotten in the hour of his affliction. Bro. Wheeler is far from well yet. Although convalescent, he will not be able to enter upon his public duties for a long time to come, probably; therefore those who have the dollars to spare cannot, we think, do better than forward a few to us for the use of our invalid brother.

The Uprising of Labor.

All Europe is honeycombed to-day with the labor organizations that come home to a common centre in the well-known International. As this society of workingmen spreads and manifests its power, it is mentioned with greater respect and consideration both by press and orators. We have seen it charged with crimes for which it disavows all responsibility; and when accused of seeking revolution by violent methods, its uniform reply is, that it exists only in the name of the people; who, in claiming their natural rights to the fair rewards of labor, have to insist also on their plain right to self-government. Garibaldi, who is a leading member of the International, says that it is alluded to "as if it meant the same thing as petroleum and conflagration." He cannot very well deny that the Paris Commune for the time overwhelmed it with distrust, if not general hostility, but in announcing its precise features and objects as an organization, he puts it as far from all the frenzied characteristics of the Commune as possible. This is what he briefly states to be its purpose: "First—Its name, which regards alike the African and the American, the European and the Asiatic; that is to say, the fraternity of men, to whatever nation they may belong. Secondly—The International will have none of the priest—that is to say, no lies. Thirdly—No standing army, for that perpetuates war, but a citizen militia for the maintenance of intestine order. Fourthly—The International wishes for the administrative Government of the Commune; and it is one of the chief glories of Paris that the capital of France—a city more than any other interested in maintaining a central Government, voluntarily renounces the metropolitan domination which has lasted so many ages, and leaves to its sister cities that municipal freedom which is as sacred as the liberty of the individual or of the nation."

The Commune is certainly not upheld in its excesses by anything to be found here. This is a clean bill of purposes, democratic in spirit and aim, and full of pledges for the good of the laboring classes who everywhere compose the body of the people. Who, that wishes to see the growth and advancement of popular liberty, would object to anything in such a programme as this? It means, to be sure, overthrow for the dynasties of Europe, in order that popular rule may come in; but nobody should be supposed to be hostile to that except the reigning families and those who are linked in with them. Are the fortunes of these selfish and pampered few of more importance than the comforts and rights and advancement of the laboring many? We see already that the upper class in England is joining hands with what is styled there the lower, which is the laboring; but it is only because the latter have made the nation feel their asserted power. We shall witness a great popular revolution in England in our own day, on the basis of land and labor. And in Massachusetts the ground has of late been pretty thoroughly plowed and harrowed.

Science Turned out of Court.

In the trial of Mrs. Wharton, at Annapolis, it was demonstrated as clearly as it is possible to do it, that Science knew no more about matters it considered itself competent to testify upon than Ignorance. It abounded in contradictions, and proved nothing beyond a peradventure. If ever it ought to have been capable of being of practical service, it was then; having all the circumstances strongly on its side, too. But at that trial it only demonstrated itself to be a flat failure. It did nothing that it promised, but rather confused what it undertook. Had it established any distinct theory, it would have been held in respect by both court and jury; but in consequence of its endless crossings and windings, it was summarily and deservedly dismissed from the consideration of both with something very like contempt. And now it has come to an equally ignominious end in the case of Dr. Schoeppe, of Pennsylvania, who was three years ago convicted of murder in the first degree, sentenced by the court to be hanged, and reprieved only forty-eight hours before the time appointed for his execution. The charge brought against him was the murder of an elderly lady of seventy, who remembered him in her will for his many acts of professional kindness. The dissatisfied relatives brought an accusation of murder by poisoning against him, and he was convicted on the testimony of Science.

After three years of terrible anxiety within prison walls, he has at last prevailed on the State authorities to grant him a new trial, his appeal having been based on further developments of testimony on the charge of poisoning. He has just had his trial, and on Saturday week was acquitted altogether, the jury being out but fifteen minutes. The court, in its instructions to the jury, expressed thanks at the fact that Justice had not been permanently disgraced by the execution of an innocent man. The testimony on the second trial completely destroyed that adduced on the previous one, thus showing again that Science is of all things the most unreliable. It has floored itself, and proved that it is idle to hang any faith upon it. Yet while it shows its incapacity to deal with demonstrations on the coatings of the human stomach, it presumes in the most impudent manner to pass judgment on the mysteries of spiritual phenomena, of which it can know much less than it does even of physical operations. Year after year it comes forward to deny the truth of Spiritualism in the most dictatorial and offensive manner, while year after year Spiritualism continues to advance with its proofs and to make captive the convictions of the human mind and heart. We may reasonably conclude, therefore, that Science is a humbug, a pretender, a charlatan, not fit to be trusted with a judgment on any matter that involves such great interests as those involved in human belief.

A New Book.

William White & Co., 158 Washington street, Boston, have just issued in superior style, and under peculiarly favorable auspices, a volume with the title of "Golden Memories of an Earnest Life," which gives the remarkable experiences and mediumistic labors while in physical life of that earnest worker in the harvest field of reform, A. B. Whiting—see announcement in another column. The subject has finished his career on earth, and joined his voice to the "harvest home" song of the angels, but the lessons of his life, culled and arranged by the sympathetic and artistic hands of his sister, are presented in a form at once pleasing to the eye and satisfactory to the soul. Read the work, and grow stronger thereby for the conflict with error.

The London Spiritual Magazine

For September is received, filled with choice literary matter on spiritual subjects. Read the interesting article in another part of this issue, transferred from its pages, on "A Séance with Herne and Williams," which shows that the physical phase of the manifestation of spirit presence—which, after all, makes the most powerful appeal that can be offered to the skeptical mind in favor of life after death—is in active operation and doing a good work in England.

Physical Manifestations.

Master DeWitt C. Hough—whose genuineness as a medium was recently endorsed by competent judges—is still in this vicinity. His séance in Hampshire Hall, Boston, on Sunday last, was largely attended. During the past week he has been holding séances in this and neighboring cities with good success.

The coat test astonishes the skeptic and baffles imitators. The medium's coat is first buttoned up, and then sewed together securely in front; both sleeves are then sewed together at the wrists. In this condition, it is evident to every one that the garment cannot possibly be removed by *mortal* agency without breaking the threads or taking the coat to pieces. Thus pinioned, the medium is placed in the cabinet, and in about a minute the doors are opened, and the coat is found lying across his lap! It is then closely examined, but not a thread is displaced or a seam ripped.

"Well, that is a miracle, truly. If he can put it on again without breaking the threads, we will be satisfied," several skeptics exclaim.

The medium, coat in hand, enters the cabinet again, and in less than a minute comes out with the coat on, without a stitch or thread broken.

This young man has been subject to spirit control (according to the testimony of his mother, Mrs. Stoddard—herself a medium at ten years of age, and for fourteen years a clairvoyant physician) since he was four years old, and is gifted with the powers of clairaudience and clairvoyance. The presiding intelligence at his séances is a spirit giving the name of Andrew Perkins (colonel of a Connecticut regiment), who fell in the late civil war. Master Hough and parent were originally natives of Hartford, Conn., but removed from thence some two years since, locating in Philadelphia, where the greatest success has attended his numerous séances, (sometimes five per week) public or private, as required. We are informed that he has been very favorably received in many localities in the State of Pennsylvania and elsewhere—invariably submitting himself to test conditions desired by the audience, and never failing to give satisfaction.

There are those in the spiritual ranks who, filled with a desire to occupy "conservative" ground, affect to despise the alphabet of spirit intercourse—the raps and physical manifestations—and to brand all "dark circles" or cabinet séances as the enginery of fraud. While we would not for a moment be understood as desiring to shield imposture, we nevertheless feel to say that more charity should be exercised toward our physical media. Upon this, the first round of the ladder, as far as the skeptic is concerned, depends the real perpetuity of the spiritual philosophy. Take from it the material evidence thus offered to the senses, and the field of discussion is at once removed from the region of the tangible to the air-drawn lines of the metaphysical, and far, far from the yearning heart of humanity. We venture to prophesy that from henceforward the demonstrations of spirit presence through physical manifestations will increase, both as to modes of expression and depth of development, and claim that important place in the coming years which the mind of the present has haughtily denied it.

Disease by Vaccination.

Spirit authority, as our readers have abundant reason to know, has again and again asserted that the discovery of vaccination, instead of being the blessing to the human race it has been claimed, becomes even a worse scourge than the disease whose ravages it is intended to stay. The evidences of it are to be found thickly on every side of us. We see persons—old and young, male and female, robust and delicate—who are inoculated with the virus of other diseases by this practice, and their blood permanently poisoned by the impurities which are thus ignorantly absorbed into it. So far as vaccination tends to check the ravages of small pox, it may indeed be a success; but as a means of introducing other and no less fatal diseases in its stead, it is freely proclaimed by authority that cannot be successfully contradicted the most effectual of any that can be recalled. On this point our spirit friends are unwilling to leave us in any doubt whatever. In the book, "Flashes of Light," Dr. Doane has furnished us with his very distinct and convincing views on the subject. It is also stated that in Oneida, Illinois, erysipelas and other loathsome diseases have been developed in a virulent form of late, by the vaccine matter with which the children have been inoculated with the view of preventing the small pox.

Good scientific authority is ready with its proofs to demonstrate that this disease is far less dangerous than the other horrible diseases which are sown broadcast by this practice of vaccination. We know that in England measures were not long ago introduced into Parliament to release the community from the tyranny of being compelled to poison itself in order to escape from one disease by taking on others. Look at some of the numerous diseases and affections that are imported into the human system under guise of protecting itself against a disease whose effects it is taught to dread. There are consumption, erysipelas, scrofula, venereal infection, and others; and if none of them result in death as quickly as the small pox itself does when ignorantly handled, they nevertheless terminate fatally at last by undermining the system, and they impose upon the patient the suffering and agony of living death many times told. It is nothing that the virus is said to be taken from the arm of a healthy child; that child's blood may contain the disease of previous generations, not yet developed. And it is liable to develop those diseases in others even though it does not as yet in itself. There is no security in that plea whatever. The prevalence of erysipelas and its various tendencies may in very large part be ascribed to this general practice of vaccination, and they are thus handed down from generation to generation. A law is positively called for to stay this dreadful evil of ignorance.

Mrs. Katie B. Robinson in Baltimore.

This excellent medium and most estimable lady has been spending the past two weeks in Baltimore, at the invitation of the First Spiritualist Congregation. Mrs. Robinson, though modest and unassuming in her deportment, seems to have a clear and just appreciation of the responsibilities of her vocation. She has made a very favorable impression among our people, and through her test mediumship has convinced some who were groping in theological darkness that life is eternal and light universal.

She will spend a few days in Washington City, and be at her home in Philadelphia on Monday, 30th inst., ready to receive visitors.

Mass Meeting in Pardeeville, Wisconsin.

The Spiritualists will hold a mass grove meeting in Pardeeville, Columbia Co., Wisconsin, on Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 28th and 29th. J. O. Barrett, Mrs. J. H. Severance and other speakers will be present.

Dr. J. R. Newton will close his office in Detroit, Mich., Oct. 5th, instead of the 13th, as previously announced.

Ministers Turning Truth-Tellers.

Rev. Dr. Sheldon, pastor of the 5th-street Baptist Church, preached last evening upon "Phases of Infidelity." They were as follows: Atheism, Pantheism, Deism, Rationalism and Spiritualism. These were defined, and shown to be defective. Concerning Rationalism, he said: "It teaches that the Scriptures are not from God; that Paul was no more inspired than Thomas Carlyle, Ralph Waldo Emerson or Andrew Jackson Davis." He criticised Spiritualism most severely, and said that it "played the part of the religious clown; it is made up of the odds and ends of all creeds, all absurdities and all characters."—*Troy (N. Y.) Daily Times, Monday, Sept. 9, 1872.*

REMARKS BY A. J. DAVIS.

The beauty of holiness is as admirable in a minister as in any member of his congregation. Telling the plain truth in a sermon is as commendable as writing it in a book. It is true that the phases of infidelity (which term means a refutation of and disbelief in the articles of various sectarian creeds) are five-fingered, like the almighty hand of Truth. Providence is showing his hand in these latter days, visible to those who have light in their eyes, finely proportioned, with four great strong, beautiful fingers and a powerful thumb; the four are *Atheism, Pantheism, Deism, Rationalism*, but the member of greatest energy, the thumb, is SPIRITUALISM. We hail Rev. Dr. Sheldon gladly to our ranks. He is to-day a Baptist, and will not, therefore, fear to wade deep into the waters of new truth. He criticised the thumb "severely," and alluded to it with emphasis, and described it in language not lawful for man to utter outside of the brave man's castle. His mistake was that he did not discern that what he unhappily termed "infidelity" is the great, white hand of Providence, having four beautiful fingers and a thumb, just now moving over the world with an almighty grasp.

Dr. Sheldon made another mistake. And how true it is that mistakes beget misrepresentations, and that immediately from them misunderstandings are rapidly born, in twins and triplets, until every room in one's social and intellectual house is overrun with more unpromising children of darkness than is lawful under the new rule of "fewer and better." The next mistake made by the Doctor was in the assertion that Rationalism "teaches that the Scriptures are not from God." A brief reflection along the line of truth would have enlightened his darkened understanding. Rational-minded persons everywhere teach that "all scripture, given by inspiration, is profitable," etc. In this statement you perceive the very rational implication, which no true minister ever rejected, that there is in the world a great mass of "scriptures" which is not profitable, because such scriptures were *not* "given by inspiration." But a little mistake, like the foregoing, on the part of the truth-telling Dr. Sheldon, should not be remembered by any one against him; for does he not speak the whole truth in the next passage—that, in the religion of Rationalism, "Paul was no more inspired than Thomas Carlyle, Ralph Waldo Emerson," etc.?

Dr. Sheldon never uttered a truer sentence. It is, in fact, far truer as it stands than the reverse would have been, namely: "that Emerson and Carlyle are no more inspired than was Paul." For every candid searcher after religious truth *knows* in the secret places of his own heart that Paul's best writings do not contain a tenth part of the internal evidence of inspiration from God as do the best scriptures of either Emerson or Carlyle. But we must remember that Dr. Sheldon said that, rationally speaking, "Paul was *no more* inspired," etc.; which is saying a good deal of unpopular truth for a minister, and we are grateful for it.

"Spiritualism," he said, "played the part of the religious clown." A hectic flush mantled our healthy cheek when we read this assertion. We blushed, because the remark was like the unexpected utterance of a scandal, in which a beloved and pure relative was ruthlessly and hopelessly involved. That relative is known as "Christianity." The worst that can be truthfully said of spiritual manifestations is, that they reproduce and re-illustrate the "wonderful signs" which followed the early disciples. Modern *shows* of spiritual presence, inspiration and power are parallel, in every essential detail, to the reported "shows" by the primitive founders of our beloved relative, the Christian system. Dr. Sheldon should not permit himself to indulge in such slanderous imputations. He knows that the *show* of "blasting the fig-tree" is not more objectionable than his stigmatizing the old miracles as the plays of religious clowns. At this very hour there are sterling temperance men stumbling headlong over the performance at the wedding of Cana—the unfortunate *show* of power by which pure "water was changed into wine." These performances upon the boards of the ancient stage did not exalt either the actors or their audiences. And when Dr. Sheldon stigmatized modern Spiritualism as "a religious clown," we blushed lest superficial minds would reject living evidences together with miracles long dead, and exclaim, in their foolishness, "There is no God! Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die!" The proverb of those who "live in glass houses should not throw stones," and a good many other old saws come up for quotation, but we give them the go-by, believing that Dr. Sheldon will honestly think the matter over, and openly recant every mistake in due time.

And here we would gladly take down our harp from the weeping willow bows, and we would now begin to sing a new song of welcome to a minister who is turning truth-teller, were it not for his closing saying, that "Spiritualism is made up of the odds and ends of all creeds, all absurdities, and all characters."

There is truth in the first statement; in fact, there is truth in it all; but the inference is slightly uncharitable, not to say unchristian. A magnificent bouquet of flowers is always made up of the odds and ends of the garden. Who wants the rough roots and prickly stalks, when one can obtain the sweet green leaves (the "odds") along with the thrice blessed flowers (the "ends") which grow upon the tip-top places and upon the outermost branchlets of the flowering trees and shrubs? It would not be unfair to say that Rev. Dr. Sheldon *himself* was made (by God, of course) of the odds and ends of physical Nature. He is a compound of gases, liquids and solids, which are elementary; the very odds and ends of millions upon millions of organized bodies in the lower and lowest walks of creation. Dr. Sheldon need not feel disheartened and humiliated, because, physically and mentally, he is nothing but an organized bouquet of such *gases* as oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, etc., of such *fluids* as bromine, mercury, phosphorus, etc., of such *solids* as iron, sulphur, lime, etc.; he should preach truth-telling sermons all just the same, and be properly remunerated therefor, his origin and constitution not being remembered to his personal disadvantage.

Nor would we in this place array against *his* theology or against *his* Christianity the ten thousand and one absurdities of Oriental mythology and religious speculation which have at last culminated in this popular system which passes in society under the pompous title of "Evangelical Religion." Spiritualism is entitled to be known by a less ancient and less questionable parentage. It is the legitimate child of modern living facts; not the final result, as theology is, of ancient dead fictions. And it is also something worth recalling that "all characters" find shelter under its adoptive wings. Peter! call thou not *unclean* anything which the Lord God has made. Dr. Sheldon will remember the great story of the great ark: Did it not contain (by the Lord's express instructions and commands) two of every kind of four-footed beasts and a pair of every variety of creeping things? Odds and ends of all creation? and specimens of every character? Why, then, all this antagonism to the ark of Spiritualism? We do not want to put to sea in any vessel that is not absolutely seaworthy and large enough to carry and provide comfortably for the whole human family; composed as it is of all characters, of all creeds, of all absurdities, of all and everything, which the law of gravitation holds lovingly and faithfully to the bosom of Nature.

And with this candid declaration we bid adieu to the truth-telling Dr. Sheldon; simply expressing the hope, that he will continue to lead his congregation toward the gates of light.

Mr. Alcott's Concord Days.

A beautiful volume from the press of Roberts Brothers, Boston, has just appeared, bearing the title of "Concord Days, by A. Bronson Alcott." The author is well known to many Spiritualists for his large sympathy with many of their views, while among metaphysicians and philosophers his reputation is deservedly great. Having now passed his threescore years and ten, his teachings have the authority of a sage. Mr. Alcott, like Socrates has always preferred to make conversation the vehicle for communicating his philosophy of life and religion. His published works are not numerous. We have here the pith of much that he has taught, not formally stated, but given to us in glimpses and snatches, conveyed in a brief, sententious style very attractive to those who require a more bracing literary atmosphere than that of the sensational novel.

A writer who has practiced on the principles set forth in the following racy passage from Mr. Alcott's book, must in the nature of things be worth reading:

"Burn every scrap that stands not the test of all moods of criticism. Such lack longevity. What is left gains immensely. Such is the law. Very little of what is thought admirable at the writing holds good over night. Sleep on your writing; take a walk over it; scrutinize it of a morning; review it of an afternoon; digest it after a meal; let it sleep in your drawer of a twelvemonth; never venture a whisper about it to your friend, if he be an author especially. You may read selections to sensible women—if young the better; and if it stand these trials, you may offer it to a publisher, and think yourself fortunate if he refuse to print it. Then you may be sure you have written a book worthy of type, and wait with assurance for a publisher and reader thirty years hence—that is, when you are engaged in authorship that needs neither type nor publisher."

Among the various subjects treated in this volume, at once pleasant and profound, are the following: Diaries, Thoreau, Emerson, Recreation, Margaret Fuller, Childhood, Pythagoras, Plotinus, Goethe, Carlyle, Phillips, Greeley, Hawthorne, Coleridge, Collyer, Beecher, etc. Here is diversity enough, one would think; but Mr. Alcott is strongest when unfolding the inner thoughts of Plato, Plotinus, and the other spiritual philosophers of antiquity. We cordially commend his book to the attention of thinkers.

Verification of Spirit Message.

The following letter tells its own story concerning the reliability of a very peculiar message concerning the spirit ship, not long since published on our sixth page from Capt. Wilmot Seiders, of Boston. Owing to the length of the communication it is not here reproduced, but as will be seen, it is recognized and endorsed in every particular by those who should know concerning the manifestor:

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—It was with pleasure that we perceived in the Message Department of the Banner of Light, dated Sept. 21st, 1872, a communication from our brother, Capt. Wilmot Seiders, as delivered at a séance held May 14th at the Free Circle Rooms. We desire to bear witness to the entire truthfulness of the spirit's utterances as far as our information extends. Our brother passed away at sea, as stated in his characteristic way, and we are assured that Mrs. Conant could not by any possibility have obtained the knowledge concerning his demise in any other way than is claimed—viz.: That his spirit, entranced her, spoke the words reported. She had, we are certain, never heard his name, which is a peculiar one. He was once or twice incidentally referred to in her presence "as the big canoe man," by an Indian influence controlling Mrs. Campbell—no mention of his relationship being made at the time. We have sedulously avoided any reference to him in presence of Mrs. Conant, hoping that in time he would return through her, and thus offer a test of a perfectly convincing character which could not be attributed to the previous knowledge of the medium. This wish of ours he has fully met, and we feel deeply grateful to him therefor; and to the medium of communion through whom his words have reached us. We remain, sirs, Respectfully,

MRS. FRANK CAMPBELL,
MISS M. A. SEIDERS,
Sisters to Capt. Wilmot Seiders.

Boston, Mass., Sept. 23d, 1872.

Medical College for Women.

New York now offers all the manifold advantages of a medical education for women, *free of expense;* such an opportunity as is not offered elsewhere on the continent. The first regular winter session of the College proved a perfect success, and the second regular session commences on Tuesday, Oct. 15th, to continue twenty weeks. Surgical and medical cliniques will be given during the whole session. Patients are prescribed for in presence of the class. Obstetrical cases are assigned to advanced students, the regular Professor being within call in all abnormal cases.

A room for practical anatomy will be open during the session, New York supplying abundant material for dissection. The conditions on which diplomas are awarded are plain and reasonable, attendance on two full courses of lectures being required, the latter at this college. Candidates must likewise have studied medicine three years under the direction of a regular graduated physician, including attendance upon lectures, and also have attained the age of twenty-one years. They are likewise expected to write a thesis on some subject connected with the science of medicine. This College is located at No. 225 East Fifty-Third street, where applications may be made after Oct. 8th. We rejoice at the success of a project that opens a new career for woman in the field where she is most needed.

Debate.

Dr. M. Henry Houghton and Dr. A. Morron are to debate, *pro* and *con.*, the following subjects in Harwich, Mass., for six evenings, commencing Oct. 1st, which no doubt will draw large audiences:

"That departed human spirits, or the spirits of the dead, hold tangible and mental intercourse with persons now living on the earth."

Dr. Houghton affirmative for the first three nights; Dr. Morron the negative.

"That the phenomena of Spiritualism can be accounted for without the aid of departed spirits."

Dr. Houghton negative for the last three nights.

Free Lectures to Women.

A course of twelve free Saturday afternoon lectures will be given on English Literature, at the large hall of the Technological Institute, Boston, on the Saturdays of October, November and December.

The course will open with an address by Mrs. Edna D. Cheney, on "The Relation of Literature to Woman's Life." On the 12th of October, Mr. E. P. Whipple will lecture on "The rank held in Literature by British Authors." On the 19th, John Weiss will lecture on "The Humor of Shakspeare." On the 26th, Prof. Oliver Wendell Holmes will lecture on "English Versification." The lectures will begin promptly at three o'clock, at which hour the doors will be closed. The hall will seat nine hundred persons, and none of the places can be occupied by gentlemen, as all the space is needed for ladies who will desire to attend. No tickets will be required at the door, and any woman who chooses to walk into the hall will be provided with a seat if she comes before the room is full. The door is to be opened at half-past two o'clock on lecture days.

The lecturers for November and December are George S. Hillard, Wendell Phillips, Ralph Waldo Emerson, William R. Alger, George William Curtis, James Freeman Clarke, Phillips Brooks and a lady whose name has not yet been announced. The idea involved in this movement is an excellent one, and the project is a prophecy of better things yet to be.

J. M. Peebles.

This gentleman is on his way to Australia, *via* Honolulu. He sailed in the steamer Idaho from San Francisco, Sept. 11th. The San Francisco papers contain graphic accounts of Mr. Peebles's lectures there, especially the last at Mercantile Hall, where a great crowd assembled to hear him expound the New Religion of the nineteenth century. The Daily Post of Sept. 10th contains a report of his lecture; also, the Chronicle. The latter paper, after peppering its notice at the commencement with the usual tirades against Spiritualism, *a la* the religious (so-called) press, just to please some of its Orthodox readers, says:

"In San Francisco, this struggling and unaccepted doctrine has quite a respectable following. It has an incorporated Society, with officers of the highest character and standing in the community, and the patronage of some of the best and most cultured minds among us. For the past month, the Society has secured the services, on Sunday, of the Rev. J. M. Peebles, a well-known member of the spiritualistic world, who has delivered a series of lectures on the subject at Mercantile Library Hall. Mr. Peebles was formerly a Universalist minister in Chemung County, New York, and a number of years ago he created a sensation in the western part of that State by the great power of his oratory and the earnestness of his efforts in the cause of religion. Latterly he has become a convert to the cause of Spiritualism, and in that cause he has employed the same power, the same fixedness of purpose which actuated his labors years ago."

Organization.

While writers and speakers have been for years discussing, *pro* and *con.*, the propriety of organization, and are still displaying their rhetoric upon the subject in lengthy dissertations, the whole thing lies in a nutshell—and here it is:

We would like very much if an arrangement could be made to send out lecturers (itinerant) to visit the weak towns, (spiritually speaking,) especially where there are but a few Spiritualists, who are not able to employ speakers. I would be willing to pay my portion of a *tax* to secure such speakers. I hope the National Convention of Spiritualists will look well to this matter. I am yours for the cause of truth, J. A. HALL.

Greenfield, Ind., Sept. 18, 1872.

We have recommended this very course many times as the only feasible one to be inaugurated, if Spiritualists sincerely desire thorough organization. But the trouble has been, and still is, that certain aspiring minds cannot wait for the slow process of primary organizations, and so have attempted to erect the temple from the apex instead of the base. Failure has been the result, and will be in the future, until the Spiritualists of the nation adopt some plan akin to that recommended by Bro. Hall.

Dr. A. H. Richardson.

We are informed by one who is acquainted with the facts, that the work accomplished by this well-known gentleman as a magnetic healer is gradually widening in its sphere, and that his services are sought by patients at various localities throughout Massachusetts. The Doctor's brief vacation being now at an end, he may be found at his residence, 95 Main street, Charlestown, Mass., by those desiring magnetic assistance for the overcoming of disease. He will also visit patients at their residences in the city or vicinity, or in inland cities and towns not too far distant from his office. He has been at work as a healer for some eight years, and has the best of references as to his success at his command.

The Western Star for October.

The fourth number of this interesting monthly is for sale at our counter. Its contents are—Life's Triple-Cord; "Modern American Spiritualism;" Night (Poem); "Ghost-Land," or, Researches into the Mysteries of Spiritual Existence; Spiritual Footprints in the Home: Amongst the Spirits, or, Sketches of Spiritual Men, Women, Spirits and Things; The Garland—Summary of Passing Events.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Fannie Allyn speaks in Lynn, Oct. 13th, 20th and 27th; in Springfield during November; in Lowell during December. Address as above, or Stoneham, Mass.

Mrs. Fannie T. Young, on her way to California, has arrived at Utah. She will stop at Ogden two weeks. Her address at Ogden is care of John Jost.

R. Augusta Whiting's address till Oct. 15th will be care H. T. Reed, 86 Lincoln street, Boston.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend-Hoadley will speak in Providence, R. I., during October. She may be addressed during November, care Dr. John Mayhew, Washington, D. C., box 607.

Mrs. E. R. T. Trego, lecturer and test medium, is engaged at Oil City, Pa., for September, and at South Stockton and Bemus Point for the month of October. P. O. address for October, St. Clairville, N. Y.

Cephas B. Lynn will answer calls to lecture East or West. Address him, Sturgis, Mich.

Henry C. Gordon, the medium, has returned to New York City and is located at No. 406 Fourth avenue.

Andrew Jackson and Mary F. Davis, the famous founders of the system of Children's Progressive Lyceums, labored with good results, during September, with the friends in Troy, N. Y. Their address at present is Orange, N. J.

A. E. Carpenter will speak in Washington, D. C., during October, and would like to make other engagements for the coming season. Address care Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

Professor Tyndall will visit the United States the coming winter.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

☞ The first of the series of "LETTERS OF TRAVEL," for our columns by J. M. Peebles, is received, and will be presented to our readers in the next issue of this paper.

☞ A spirit (see sixth page) says: "Immortality is a term entirely misunderstood by at least nine out of every ten souls dwelling on earth," and gives a view of the subject from *his* standpoint.

☞ The Music Hall Free Spiritualist Meetings in this city will be resumed Sunday afternoon, Oct. 6th. Read the manager's card in another column, and then comply with his request at once.

☞ Read the card of Grace Leland, published in this issue of the Banner. We are well acquainted with the advertiser, and can recommend her as a lady of education and refinement.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the short-comings of advertisers. It is utterly impossible for us to sit in judgment upon their moral *status*. We endeavor to the best of our ability to keep out of these columns the advertisements of unprincipled people.

☞ The London Medium and Daybreak of Sept. 6th, gives a long and interesting account of the doings of the National Jubilee Conference of Progressive Spiritualists, held in the Lecture Room, Central Hall, Darlington, July 30th and 31st, 1872.

☞ We continue to receive good news from England in regard to the progress of our cause there. One writer says: "Spiritualism grows amazingly, and its instrumentalities increase hour by hour." The same may be said of this country. New and powerful mediums are being developed rapidly, and the good work goes bravely on.

☞ We are in receipt of a large and elegant bouquet of flowers, for our Circle Room table, from the garden of H. E. Felch, Boxboro', Mass., for which we tender the donor our sincere thanks.

"THE POOR AND THE INSANE" is the title of an article by Thomas R. Hazard which will appear in our next number.

Two valuable additions to the literature of Spiritualism have been recently issued by the American press. The first of these is a compilation from the bold, clear and fearless writings of Thomas R. Hazard, of Rhode Island, whose admirable articles on "Mediums," "The Manifestations at Moravia," "Who are the Blasphemers?" "The Ordeal of Life," etc., have been arranged in pamphlet form by Messrs. White & Co., and are now offered for sale at the Banner of Light office. The name of the noble author is justly dear to every true Spiritualist, and the arrangement of his valuable contributions in the compendious form presented by William White & Co., ought to be esteemed as a boon to the friends of progress.—*Western Star.*

HOW TO DISPOSE OF MUTILATED CURRENCY.—Under the new postal code persons having mutilated fractional currency have only to take it to the post office, where it will be placed in a registered package, sent to Washington for redemption and returned free of cost.

Robert Dale Owen's address is Cambridge, Mass.

The "Banner of Light," the Spiritual paper of this region, and the oldest if not the best of its class, has commenced another volume with new and handsome type. It makes a very neat appearance—a peculiarity which a printer always notices, as the first thing in a newspaper. Our spiritual brethren seem to have a good taste *materially*, as regards typography, for their journals look well and in some respects read well. We cannot, as yet, indorse the teaching of the Banner in relation to *spirits*, but we appreciate all its endeavors to benefit *humans* by its liberal and tolerant principles, and therefore are glad to see it alive and flourishing.—*Boston Investigator.*

A man incarcerated in the Tombs has been figuring in chalk on the walls of his cell. It reads: "In New York City, the spires of 342 churches, worth $41,120,000, point heavenward. I 'm here for stealing a loaf of bread for my starving child."

Bulwer says poverty is only an idea in nine cases out of ten, and that there is really more happiness among the workingmen in the world than among those who are called rich.

We learn from the Banner of Light that Nos. 1 and 2 of a new monthly Spiritual Magazine have been issued in America—The Western Star, edited by Emma Hardinge. From the ability of the editor, and the materials in her possession, we have no doubt it will be of general interest to Spiritualists on both sides of the Atlantic. We suppose it can be procured through Mr. Burns.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

A TRUE STATEMENT.—Dr. Echeverria, who has had much experience in this and European countries, says that it is his opinion constant intercourse with insane people creates or develops in the minds of keepers a brutality which results in cruel treatment to those under their charge, and that the most vigilant care is necessary to prevent them from injuring the unfortunate patients.

The wise fortify themselves by reason—fools, by despair.

The Crown Princess, Victoria of Prussia, offers a prize of ten thousand thalers for the best essay on advancing the material prosperity of working-women. The essays may be written in German, French or English.

THE LYCEUM-HERALD.—This is the title of a new sheet devoted to the Lyceum cause. It is published in New York by E. C. Townsend and C. I. Thacher.

Errors, like straw, upon the surface flow; but he who seeks for pearls must dive below.

New Publications.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE—J. B. Lippincott & Co., publishers, 715 and 717 Market street, Philadelphia—offers the following table of contents for October: "From Lake Superior to Puget Sound," illustrated; "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," a Serial Novel, by William Black, chapters 25, 26; "My Portrait Gallery," by Lady Blanche Murphy; "C'est l'Amour," a Poem, by Mary Stewart Doubleday; "Mr. Twitchell's Inventions," a Story, by S. W. Kellogg; "Parisine," by Edward De Leon; "A Summer between the Four Seas," concluding paper, by Sarah B. Wister; "Mark Black's Venture," a Story, by J. T. McKay; "Something about Eton," by an old Etonian, W. D. R.; "Private Art Collections of Philadelphia," by E. S.—8, Mr. Henry C. Carey's Gallery; "All About It," a Story, by Ella Williams Thompson; "Drawing-Room Tactics;" "The Laureate Singer," a Poem, by Mary B. Dodge: "Conversations at Casa Tonti, conversation 2," by Edward Howland; "Our Monthly Gossip," and "Literature of the Day."

SCRIBNER'S for October—Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway, New York—is a remarkable issue both for the variety of its articles and the profuseness of its illustrations. Stories, sketches and poetry from the pens of Mary E. Bradley, John Hay, Mrs. M. P. Handy, Edward King, Charles K. Tuckerman, Titus M. Coan, Kate Putnam Osgood, Susan Coolidge, Joshua Cooke, Charlotte F. Bates, Mrs. Oliphant, Charlotte L. Forten, Albert Rhodes, Kate Hillard, A. McElroy Wylie, G. Haven Putnam, W. P. A. and Louisa Bushnell, and the usual departments: "Topics of the Times," "The Old Cabinet," "Nature and Science," "Home and Society," "Culture and Progress," and "Etchings," make up the number. For sale by A. Williams & Co., 135 Washington street, Boston.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS—James R. Osgood & Co., 124 Tremont street, Boston—is received. This popular monthly publication has won a place in the estimation of the peculiar class of readers for whom it is intended, which renders commendation at this time unnecessary.

OLIVE VARCOE.—Loring, publisher, corner of Washington and Bromfield streets, Boston, Mass., has issued in a neat style this brilliant English novel, by Francis Derrick, which is destined to command great attention.

BRAINARD'S MUSICAL WORLD for September is received. Musical people will find on its pages many good things for their perusal. Spicy editorial matter, new music, answers to musical queries, "dramatic" items, etc., etc., are furnished in abundance. Published by S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland, Ohio.

Loring Moody has just appeared before the thinking public, in a volume from the press of William White & Co., in which "THE PROBLEM OF LIFE AND IMMORTALITY" is thoroughly treated. We shall print a brief review of the book in our next issue.

CHURCH'S MUSICAL VISITOR—John Church & Co., 66 West Fourth street, Cincinnati, O.—has come to hand for September. Eight pages of choice music, and much literary matter of an interesting and profitable character are here to be found.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE for October has come to hand. "Conquered, but not Subdued," constitutes its steel-plate frontispiece—which is a gem in expression—colored fashion-plates, patterns, poetry and choice miscellany, fill its pages. Published at 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., by Charles J. Peterson.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for October—Deacon & Peterson, 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.—is received. Two graphic illustrations: "The Wishing Well," and "On the Summit of the Jungfrau," commence the number, and are followed by the "Honeymoon Schottische," patterns, and admirably executed letter-press.

"THE BLACK MAN OF THE SOUTH, AND THE REBELS," by Charles Stearns, a Northern Teacher, Missionary and Planter. The papers are full of praise of this able work.

AN "ADDRESS delivered on the 22d of July, 1872, before the Combined Literary Societies of Colby University, by William Whiting," is an interesting document.

THE PATENT RIGHT GAZETTE for September, 94 Chambers street, New York City, is a work that should be in the hands of people interested in patents.

THE WESTERN LIFE-BOAT, an illustratrd monthly magazine of Biography, History and Geography. Published by a Company of the same name at Des Moines, Ia.

THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY for September, Rochester, N. H., is filled with choice reading.

THE FOLIO for October gives a song by C. A. White, "Mother, meet me at the beautiful gate," a Polka Mazourka and a musical selection suitable for church service, together with a lithograph likeness of F. Chopin, and much interesting matter for reading. Boston: White, Smith & Perry, 298 and 300 Washington street.

THE NORTHERN OHIO SOUVENIR for September—an illustrated magazine for the people—W. C. Chambers & Son, 114 Main street, Painesville, Ohio.

A MEMORIAL ON INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS, delivered before the Committee on Education of the Massachusetts Legislature, Feb. 1st, 1872, by Lizzie S. Batchelder, M. D.

THE TRUTH-SEEKER for September—Rev. John Page Hopps; London, Eng., Trübner & Co., Paternoster Row.

Music-Hall Free Spiritual Meetings.

The season is near at hand when this spacious hall will again be opened for the free use of those who wish to hear Spiritualism and kindred reforms elucidated by some of the best minds of the day. The next course of lectures will commence Sunday afternoon, Oct. 6th, by a discourse from Miss Lizzie Doten. She will be followed by William Denton and others in succession, until the close of May. A quartette of choice singers will add to the harmony of the services.

The usual price of ten dollars will be charged for a reserved seat for the season, to help defray the heavy expenses, and it is therefore to be hoped that those who are able to contribute toward that end will esteem it a privilege to add their names to the subscription paper or buy a season ticket. The manager is now ready to deliver the tickets at the counter of the Banner, and also receive additional names to the subscription paper.

Per order committee,
L. B. WILSON, *Manager.*

MRS. HENRY WOOD'S NEW BOOK, "WITHIN THE MAZE; OR, LADY ANDININIAN'S TRIAL," by the author of "East Lynne," is in press and will be published on Saturday next, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, from the author's manuscript and advanced proof-sheets, purchased by them from Mrs. Henry Wood and will be in uniform style with "Dene Hollow," "Bessy Rane," "Roland Yorke," "The Channings," and all the previous works by this favorite and popular author. It is some time since we have had a new novel by Mrs. Henry Wood, whose "East Lynne" has been dramatized by half a score of adapters, and played at at least one hundred theatres. For some months past, a new serial, entitled "Within the Maze," has been published in The Argosy, a London Magazine edited by Mrs. Wood. It will be completed for English readers in the December number; but, in consequence of a special arrangement with the authoress, who has supplied the Peterson's with her manuscript in advance, they will publish the whole story complete in one large octavo volume next Saturday, thus anticipating the publication in London by over two months. The plot is entirely original, introducing the adventures and misadventures of a young baronet, who kills a man in the heat of passion, is sentenced to death, has his sentence commuted to penal labor for life, attempts to escape, is believed to have been shot by his pursuers, and—but we must not disclose too much of this very exciting tale, but would advise all to procure a copy of the book at once. It will be issued in a large octavo volume, and sold by all booksellers at the low price of $1,75 in cloth, or $1,50 in paper cover; or copies will be sent by mail, to any place, post-paid, by the publishers, on receipt of the price.

Spiritual and Miscellaneous Periodicals for Sale at this Office:

THE WESTERN STAR. Published in Boston. Price 35 cts.
THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cents.
HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents.
THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 8 cents.
THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published in New York. Price 20 cents.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion.

SPECIAL NOTICES.—Forty cents per line, Minion, each insertion.

BUSINESS CARDS.—Thirty cents per line, Agate, each insertion.

Payment in all cases in advance.

☞ For all Advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

☞ Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Monday.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

DR. SLADE, Clairvoyant, is now located at 210 West 43d street, New York. tf—O5.

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 301 Sixth av., New York. Terms, $5 and four 3-cent stamps. *Register all letters.* *O5.—tf

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED by R. W. Flint, 31 Clinton place, New York. Terms $2 and three stamps. Money refunded when not answered. O5.—tf

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS TO SEALED LETTERS. Send $1,00 and 4 stamps. Address M. K. CASSIEN, Station B, New York City. 6w*.S28.

A COMPETENT PHYSICIAN.—The best and most efficient healer in Boston is Dr. J. T. Gilman Pike. He compounds his own medicines, is a mesmerizer, skillfully applies the electro-magnetic battery when required, administers medicines to his patients with his own hands, has had forty years' experience as a physician, and cures nine out of every ten of his patients. His office is in the Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Room C. Au31.

CHARLES H. FOSTER, TEST MEDIUM, can be seen at No. 16 East 12th street, New York; Wheeling, Va., November 4th, 5th and 6th; Cleveland, O., 8th, one week; Cincinnati, O., 16th, one week; Lexington, Ky., 23d, one week; Louisville, Ky., 30th, one week; St. Louis, Mo., December 8th, 10 days; Chicago, Ill., 19th, one week; Evansville, Ind., 27th, 28th and 29th; Nashville, Tenn., 30th, one week; Memphis, Tenn., January 6th, one week; New Orleans, La., 15th, four weeks. tf.S28.

BUSINESS CARDS.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Message Department.

EACH Message in this Department of the Banner of Light we claim was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of

MRS. J. H. CONANT,

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs,) on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.

MRS. CONANT receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

Donations of flowers for our Circle-Room are solicited.

The questions answered at these Séances are often propounded by individuals among the audience. Those read to the controlling intelligence by the chairman, are sent in by correspondents.

SEALED LETTERS.—Visitors at our Free Circles have the privilege of placing sealed letters on the table for answer by the spirits. First, write one or two proper questions, addressing the spirit questioned by his or her full name; then put them in an envelope, seal it, and write your own address on the envelope. At the close of the seance the Chairman will return the letter to the writer.

It should be distinctly understood that the answers to questions propounded by writers must necessarily be brief, the spirit addressed always writing its answer or answers upon the envelope containing the question or questions. Questioners should not place letters for answer upon our circle table expecting lengthy replies, otherwise they will be disappointed.

WILLIAM WHITE, *Chairman.*

Invocation.

May the peace of God the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, be with us this hour while we shall worship. May the faith that cheered and sustained the good of other days, be our faith, and the reward to which they have gone, be our reward. May the darkness that has so long found an abiding place in Church and State, speedily give place to that spiritual light which, at the command of the Infinite Spirit of all light and truth, hath taken up its abode in Church and State. And unto him who was, and is, and ever shall be, we will ever praise and ever pray. Amen. May 21.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If the Chairman has questions to propound, I shall answer them.

QUES.—(From a correspondent.) If Christ was but a man, why did he claim to be more than man? It would make him an impostor, it seems, to me. I want to believe he was a being higher than man, and next to God. Can the spirits tell us, in brief, what he was?

ANS.—He was a son of God, and a son of man, born of the earth earthy; spiritually born of the spirit, and therefore divine. Your correspondent claims for Jesus what he never claimed for himself. It is true, the record makes him say "I and my Father are one," and each one of us can with as much truth affirm the same. We, the living sons and daughters of God, being born of God, are one with God. Jesus claimed no more. I believe him to have been a great reformer—a bright light shining in the dark age in which he lived. I believe, also, that the Spiritualists of the present age have a clearer understanding of what this man was, than any other people. When I was on the earth, I held him as divine; I worshiped him as God; but the clearer light of the upper life has shown me my mistake.

Q.—What did he mean when he exclaimed, in his agony, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" Had he been expecting to be rescued by miraculous power, and then disappointed, and in despair did he so cry out?

A.—That utterance was born of his human weakness; and if there were nothing else to prove him human, that would certainly do it. Every clear reasoning mind must discern the humanity of Jesus, in that utterance, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" The peculiar spiritual condition into which Jesus was thrown, through fear—which is the twin sister of weakness—had closed the door spiritual between him and his spiritual attendants. He did not feel their presence. He sensed their absence. He had gone down into the valley, as many of your media are wont to go, ever and anon, in the present day; and in his agony, he wondered if the Father had withdrawn these sources of aid and comfort. He was human. He prayed as a human should, and only as a human could, under such circumstances.

Q.—Will the time come when spirit friends will show themselves to us all? And when?

A.—That is a confidently expected condition, within the next fifteen years.

Q.—Will the controlling spirit of the circle please give us the cause of the difference between an ignorant spirit who passes out of the earth-form without the knowledge or belief that spirits can return and communicate with mortals, and another, who believing and knowing they can return, makes promises to that effect—that he will come to your circle, and give evidence to his friends of this truth? As a general thing, the ignorant return in a few days and communicate, while the others do not for months, and seem unable to keep their promises. I should like this explained.

A.—These promises are made in supreme ignorance of the laws governing spirit control and spirit return, and therefore it often and nearly always happens that the spirits who have promised thus, find the law against them. The very desire to fulfill that promise, under some circumstances, acts as a positive force inimical to the correct action of the law. And again, they who enter the spirit-life knowing whither they are going, generally have so much to take up their attention in that life, that they are apt to forget these promises, or to lay them upon the shelf until a convenient season shall arrive for them to fulfill them. They are apt to wait, feeling that they can come at any time, and that the longer they wait, the better the condition they shall be in to fulfill these promises. They who pass out in ignorance of these things, not knowing where they are going, many of them not caring, are in a negative state. When they learn that they can return, they have not marked out any way by which they shall return, but like little children, they rush to any highway that may be open, and embrace every opportunity that may be offered; while those who have made promises to go to this place, or that, often refuse opportunities to go to any other place than the one where they have promised to put in an appearance, or from whence their friends expect to hear from them. This acts against them. Little children find it easier, I am told, to return and to avail themselves of these beautiful laws and conditions, because they are always negative, and take whatever way is offered them, and are grateful for the way.

Q.—I would ask whether we, in earth-life, can aid or help our spirit friends to communicate by attending different circles? Or, what is the best method to adopt?

A.—The best method, doubtless, is to occasionally frequent those places where spirits have the power to communicate, thus giving your friends the opportunity to do so, provided they can.

Q.—Does the spirit, in its refined state, possess the power of visiting the different planets in our solar system?

A.—It does; and many spirits take great delight in these visits.

Q.—Is each planet surrounded by a spiritual sphere like our earth?

A.—It is. May 21.

Minnie Garcia.

I am Minnie Garcia. I want to send some message to my father. He says if he can only know that there is a hereafter, and that the spirit is better off in the other life, that nothing would give him so much joy; so I thought I'd try and come. I have been gone four months. I died of lung fever.

My father is a musician, and he'd like to know, if there is another life, if they have music there. Oh, yes—such music! it would put all the music of this world to shame! The music of this world is nothing but jargon compared to the music of our life. It is so sweet, and so full, and so harmonious! not a single break in all the grand scale! I have been to some concerts, here in this life, and I know, if I live a thousand years, I shall never get into any happier place. I don't want any better heaven. I was so happy! it seemed to me that I was in heaven! I don't know where heaven is if it isn't where music is. One of the choristers told me—he heard me asking if that was n't heaven—"My dear, you never will find any higher heaven; you never will be any happier." I don't believe I ever shall. And then I did wish father was there so, because I knew he would like it so much. And now if my father will go to Mr. Foster, in New York, I will tell him a great many things, and I will make him know that it is me. I was eleven years old. May 21.

David McGilvray.

The question of life after death, with me, is now settled. It was one, when I was here, that I could never come to any satisfactory conclusion about. Now to the friends who have called me here, who want to know if I am now satisfied that there is another life, and that spirits or persons dwelling in that life can return and communicate, I have only this to say: I am satisfied, because I know that I live, and know that I am here speaking. I suppose I could not understand these things when I was here, because my skull was so egregiously thick that light could n't penetrate it. That is the case with a good many, you know. You thin-skulled people ought to be very thankful that you see, that you can get the light of these bright coruscations through it. Your whole being gets illuminated, and you become walking lights, while to fellows like myself, if they have any at all, it is so small that it do n't amount to much.

My friends want to know if I am satisfied with this new life. Yes, abundantly satisfied. I get all that I deserve, and a good deal more. I am happy. I am not disappointed. Why, to know that we have shuffled off—as Shakspeare has it—this old mortality, and put on one that is not subject to pain, one that does not break down, and break us down at every turn, is a heaven of itself. I should be glad to shed whatever light I may be able to upon all the friends I have left here, and if they will meet me half way—which I believe becomes a necessity on their part, and on mine—I shall do all I am able to to cheer them while they are struggling through this dark life, and to inform them concerning that which is to come. I am David McGilvray. May 21.

John Clark.

I have a wife and daughter I would like to reach. I have been away from them since 1857. I was a ship-painter by trade. I was painting the bark Sea Gull, when I fell from the mast-head, and that was the last of earth for me. My name was John Clark; my wife's name, Marietta Clark; my daughter, Clara. I was forty-eight years of age. May 21.

Tom Sibley.

Say for me that Tom Sibley, of Galveston, Texas, will communicate with his brother and his partner as soon as he finds himself able to give all the points of the case that they require. Good-day, sir. May 21.

Séance conducted by Pope Gregory the Eighth; letters answered by "Vashti."

Invocation.

Our Father and our Mother God, through the sweet influence of prayer we would come consciously nearer to thee. Though thou art not far from any one of us, yet, in our ignorance, we seem to have wandered from thee, and the sunlight of thy presence seems sometimes obscured from our consciousness. So, not alone with mouthed utterances, but with holy thoughts, with holy deeds, with all the powers of our being, we would seek to come consciously nearer to thee; thou, whose holy presence gladdens all the hours and pencils the earth with beauty; thou, who, in spring-time, dost call upon Mother Nature to yield up her beautiful gifts, and gladden the heart of humanity; thou, who, in summer-time, dost again call upon Mother Nature to put forth still further efforts to please thy children; and again, in the autumn, thou dost still call upon her to give of her fruits and grains, of all that which shall sustain the physical powers of humanity, and thus aid the soul in its mission through time; and again, in winter, when, Madonna-like, the earth rests in repose, thou dost teach thy children through her changing seasons the law of life, and holy reliance upon thee. Though the winter cometh, with cold winds and snows, yet she promises of spring, of summer and of harvest. And so it is with the changing scenes through which our souls are passing; each one of them is a prophecy of another, pointing onward to thee. And oh, our Father and our Mother God, may we so fully realize this in every step we take in life, that we shall no longer grope in darkness, no longer seem to wander from thee. And now, joining powers with they who call themselves the living, we, the dead, would invoke the presence of all holy and true influences that shall lead us, each one, nearer to thee. Amen. May 23.

Questions and Answers.

QUES.—(From a correspondent.) Are animals' souls immortal?—since soul is applied to persons, beeves, asses and sheep (Numbers xxxi:28). And if a soul is immortal, how can a priest eat of it (Lev. xxii:2)?

ANS.—A strange confounding of the soul with matter. All souls are immortal. They are so of necessity, because they are of God, and they are God. It matters not whether it is the soul of my dog, or the soul of my medium, or my own soul; all souls are immortal. That through which the soul expresses itself is constantly changing form, changing place—dying, if you please—and being re-born again. The trees in autumn shed their leaves. In spring-time, as the little rootlets draw nourishment from the soil, the sap rises, buds burst, and the tree is adorned in its clothing of emerald. As it is with matter in all universes to-day, so it is with matter under all circumstances. There is just as much matter in the universe to-day as there was, millions of years ago, and no more; but this matter, in the great labratory of change, is being triturated again and again, through all the various circumstances of law, until it becomes so finely attenuated as to have lost its crude conditions, and then it stands upon the threshold of spirit; and yet it is matter. The great work is ever going on. The mills of God are ever grinding, grinding, grinding, and there is always something to grind. Immortality is a term entirely misunderstood by at least nine out of every ten souls dwelling on earth. By the most of them, it is applied to matter and to mind synonymously. To most, it implies a perpetuity of form and all of the consequences of form; while the real truth is, immortality is an attribute of God, perfect, and belonging to the Soul of all things. Now, then, it would seem that those persons who have classed the immortality of matter and of mind synonymously are correct; but they are not, and for this reason: they determine that matter as it is must ever exist, that forms as they are are eternal. Now, the difference is, the soul, as it is, must ever exist. The soul, as it is, is changeless; it is a spark of the Deity, perfect in itself. It has come from perfection; it remains perfect through all its journeyings through matter, and returns to God again, a perfect soul.

Q.—What becomes of the souls of infants, idiots and heathen, who have never heard or obeyed the gospel? If they go to hell, wherein is the justice? If to heaven, did the gospel, or something else save them?

A.—A question worthy of the inhabitants of the dark ages—certainly, wholly unworthy of a mind born in the present age. What becomes of an infant who has not received the seal of the church? This little coruscation from the Infinite God is not dependent upon the church or upon the baptisms of faith for its salvation, neither are the souls who have had longer contact with matter. They are, each one, dependent upon their relationship to God, and to nothing else. The solar system revolves in perfect harmony around its centre. The powers of that centre, acting upon each planet, keep each one in its place, determine the orbit of each one, determine the growth of each one, hold all in the inexorable grip of law. So it is with us as souls. This central power, our God, who ever has been, is, and ever will be amply able to keep us all in our proper place, whether there are churches or no, whether the rite of baptism is administered or no. These are the plays of childhood; and, like St. Paul, when you have grown to the manhood of wisdom, you shall lay them by as childish toys, having no further use for them.

Q.—(From A. V. Spalding, Crown Point, N. Y.:) REMARKABLE PROPHECY.—The following, which is known as Mother Shipton's Prophecy, was first published in 1488, and republished in 1641. It will be noticed that all the events predicted in it, except that mentioned in the last two lines, which is in the future, have already come to pass:

THE PROPHECY.

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the world thoughts shall fly,
In the twinkling of an eye.
Water shall yet more wonders do;
How strange, yet shall be true!
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at root of tree.
Through hills men shall ride,
And no horse or ass be at their side.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green.
Iron in the water shall float
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found and found,
In a land that is not now known.
Fire and water shall wonders do.
England shall at last admit a Jew.
And the world unto an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

A.—Your own Emerson says that "all truths are in the air, and they who are the most sensitive to them catch them first." And this medium of other days was so sensitive to these prophetic truths that she caught them and uttered them, and the ages have proven them. Yes, the last part of the prophecy will come true; not however in the sense of the destruction of this world, but in the overthrow of those conditions that have been arbitrary in the earth, in the early dawn, if you please, of a new heaven, wherein shall dwell righteousness.

Q.—(From the audience.) Who will be the best man for the next President—Grant or Greeley?

A.—It is exceedingly difficult to determine from which the greatest amount of good could be evolved; but it is altogether probable that the present President will be the next President, and it remains with the people, more than with him, whether his next administration shall be for good or for evil, for he is a son of the people; he floats upon the popular tide. See to it, then, that that popular tide is clear, is as free from error as possible, is such as shall land the nation in the harbor of peace, when he shall retire from the Presidential chair; for there is no peace to-day; a seeming one, we know, but there is a war of thoughts, of interests, so potent that they will make their record, if we mistake not, within a few years, as a war of swords. May 23.

Deborah Willey.

I was born in Elliot, Me., in the year 1816. I died in Elliot, in 1849. My name was Deborah Willey. I should like to have my people know something about this power of return. My sister Sarah told me once that one day when she was running candles, a spirit appeared to her and talked with her. Now she's alive, and yet she says she do n't believe a word in these things. I want to know how she accounts for that. She can't have forgotten it, because it made such an impression on her that it made her sick. I want to know what that meant, and if she lied to me. If she did, own up to it; if not, own up to this beautiful faith, that's all. Good-day, sir. May 23.

Mary Jane Phillips.

I lived here in Boston, in 1789. My husband kept a bookshop on King street. My name was Mary Jane Phillips. Some of my descendants have desired the return of some one of the family who shall preclude the possibility, they say, of any deception, and shall shut out all doubts of the matter. I have no end to serve in coming here, only to do what I can toward enlightening them, although I must say I think the motive they have in view is mean enough. Yes, it is not to gather wisdom from the spirit-world, so much as it is to establish a correct family pedigree, so that they may get money by it. I have seen through it, and if the exposure only leads them to a just appreciation of these things, and a proper, spiritual, God-like investigation, I shall be glad I did it. If not I shan't be sorry, for my intention was good. May 23.

Susie Alexander.

I am Susie Alexander. My mother lives in Fall River. I want to send a letter to her. I want to tell her that I live with Aunt Ann, and that I am well now, and I do n't forget her, and that I am sorry when she cries, and I am glad when she's happy. I shall be real glad when the right time comes for her to come to me, but she must stay as long as she can, and do all the good she can, so she will be all the happier when she does come. I am eight years old to-day, and I thought I'd come on my birthday and send her a letter for a birthday present. Good-by, sir. May 23.

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

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, May 27.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, N. S., to her son James; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Boston, to her mother; William Sparark, of Sing Sing, to his mother; Capt. John Eldredge, to Capt. Harvey Thomas.

Tuesday, May 28.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Johnnie Wilkins, of Trenton, N. J., to his mother; L. Judd Pardee; Daniel Staples, of Exeter, N. H., to his family; Annie Henderson, to her mother.

Tuesday, Sept. 17.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; "Sam," to Mrs. Temple; Susan Puttam, of North Cambridge; William Allen Park, of New York.

Thursday, Sept. 19.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Walter Montgomery; "Stonewall" Jackson; Mehitable Radcliffe, to her family; Georgie Pryor, of St. Louis, Mo., to his father; "Pogonakasheek," to "Red Cloud."

Monday, Sept. 23.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; J. H. Powell; Elizabeth Taylor, of Chicago; Mary Waters, of Portland, Maine; John Henry Kimball, of Co. C, New York Zouaves.

HEAVEN IS WITHIN.

How far from here to heaven?
Not very far, my friend;
A single hearty step
Will all thy journey end.

Hold there! where runnest thou?
No heaven is *in* thee!
Seek'st thou for God elsewhere?
His face thou 'lt never see.

Go out—God will go in;
Die thou, and let him live;
Be not, and he will be;
Wait, and he 'll all things give.

I do n't believe in death;
If hour by hour I die,
'T is hour by hour I gain
A better life thereby.

—*Angelus Silesius, A. D. 1620.*

Spiritualistic Lecture.

Mr. E. V. Wilson, a prominent and able lecturer on Spiritualism, has at the Court House for several evenings past, been edifying and imparting light, from a Spiritualistic standpoint, to those seeking it. Those who throw aside prejudice and their set ideas, and judge Mr. Wilson, his theories, his arguments, and above all his *tests*, from a desire only to acquire information, cannot fail to be convinced, and must admit that any person gifted as Mr. Wilson undeniably is, to say nothing of the cause, religious belief or religion, that can through its advocates or expounders produce such unequivocal proofs of its innate, hidden and mysterious power and influence as Mr. W. produced, deserves at least thoughtful respect at the hands of every thinking man and woman. Mr. W. labored under the disadvantage of talking to an audience composed entirely of skeptics in Spiritualism, whose religious training, if not their prejudices, were at war with the ideas enunciated by the speaker; but notwithstanding these drawbacks, he presented his views with such logical conciseness, such force and ability, that all had to admit his wonderful powers, and the strength of a cause having such sound materials with which to erect the temple of Spiritualism. His sermon or address on Wednesday evening was one of the ablest and most eloquent efforts we have ever listened to on any subject in this city. His reading of character from amongst subjects selected by and from the audience partook of the marvelous. The correctness of his phrenological, physiological outlines of the salient characteristics of Mr. J. Brennan, as well as his giving fixed dates that marked certain leading events in the early life of Mr. Brennan, go to show the candid thinking world that Spiritualism has something more than mere wordy arguments to uphold it.—*Sioux City (Iowa) Weekly Times.*

Michigan.

BREEDSVILLE.—F. McAlpine, writing September 13th, says: "Please place the name of Henry Straub, Dowagiac, Mich., within your list of lecturers. Mr. Straub is too well known through his writings in the Present Age, to require an introduction to the Spiritualist societies. He is well prepared to become a standard-bearer, and from personal acquaintance I know that the cause of Spiritualism will prosper in his hands. Will societies in Michigan and adjoining States please help to welcome Bro. Straub to the work for which he is so well qualified?"

LIST OF LECTURERS.

[To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever and wherever they occur. This column is devoted exclusively to lecturers, without charge. If the name of any person *not* a lecturer should by mistake appear, we desire to be so informed.]

JAMES MADISON ALLEN, trance and inspirational speaker, will make engagements in the West. General address, Monmouth, Ill.
MARY A. AMPHLETT, inspirational, care Dr. C. Bunkley, Dayton, O.
MRS. N. J. ANDROSS, trance speaker, Delton, Wis.
C. FANNIE ALLYN, box 209, Stoneham, Mass.
MRS. M. A. ADAMS, trance speaker, Brattleboro', Vt. Manches-
MRS. EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN lectures in during No-
ter, N. H., during October; in Brooklyn, N. Y., cannot visit
vember; in Boston, Dec. 1 and 8. Mrs. Britten distant engage-
the West or South this season, or take more Sabbaths of the winter
ments than Washington. A few Sabbaths of the winter
months still free. Address care of Mr. Thomas Ranney, 251
Washington street, Boston, Mass.
REV. J. O. BARRETT, Glenbeulah, Wis.
REV. JOHN B. BEACH, Bricksburg, N. J.
MRS. H. F. M. BROWN will answer calls to lecture and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light. Address, 225
West Randolph street, Chicago, Ill.
MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES, Wollaston Heights, Mass., box 87.
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BRIGHAM, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.,
will lecture during September, in Glen's Falls, N. Y.; Octo-
ber, November and December, in Troy, N. Y.; January, April
and May, Hartford, Ct.; February 2d, 9th and 23d, in Music
Hall, Boston, Mass.; February 16th, in Portland, Me.; March,
in Philadelphia, Pa.
MRS. A. P. BROWN, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.
REV. WILLIAM BRUNTON will speak in Albany, N. Y., during September, November and December. Permanent address, No. 5 Poplar Place, Boston, Mass.
MRS. ABBY N. BURNHAM, inspirational speaker, No. 52 Tremont street, Charlestown, Mass.
MRS. E. BURR, inspirational speaker, box 7, Southford, Ct.
DR. JAMES K. BAILEY, Chicago, Ill., care of Religio-Philosophical Journal.
ADDIE L. BALLOU, inspirational speaker, Chicago, Ill., care R. P. Journal.
WILLIAM BRYAN, box 53, Camden P. O., Mich.
REV. DR. BARNARD, Battle Creek, Mich.
MRS. E. T. BOOTHE, Milford, N. H.
MRS. PRISCILLA DOTY BRADBURY speaks in Bingham, Me., one-fourth of the time. Address, North Madison, Me.
MRS. EMMA F. JAY BULLENE, 151 W. 12th st., New York.
WARREN CHASE, 614 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.
ALBERT E. CARPENTER, care Banner of Light, Boston, Ms.
DR. DEAN CLARK, Sheboygan Falls, Wis., care Dr. A. Clark.
A. B. CHILD, West Fairlee, Vt.
ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, 160 Warren ave., Chicago, Ill.
JAMES M. CHOATE, inspirational, 5 Poplar place, Boston, Mass.
DR. J. H. CURRIER, 39 Wall street, Boston, Mass.
MRS. LORA S. CRAIG, Bradford, N. H.
MRS. JENNETTE J. CLARK, 698 Shawmut avenue, Boston.
DR. JAMES COOPER, Bellefontaine, O., will lecture and take subscriptions for the Banner of Light.
LEWIS F. CUMMINGS, inspirational, Chicago, Ill., care Religio-Philosophical Journal.
J. P. COWLES, M. D., Camden, Me.
M. C. CONNELLY, Louisville, Ky., inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture.
MRS. MARIETTA F. CROSS, trance speaker, West Hampstead, N. H.
MRS. M. J. COLBURN, Champlin, Hennepin Co., Minn.
MRS. D. CHADWICK, trance speaker, Vineland, N. J., box 272.
DR. H. H. CRANDALL, P. O. box 1338, Bridgeport, Conn.
MRS. AMELIA H. COLBY, trance speaker, Pennville, Ind.
IRA H. CURTIS, Hartford, Conn.
MRS. E. L. DANIELS, 10 Chapman street, Boston, Mass.
A. H. DARROW, Waynesville, Ill.
HENRY R. DOANE, Vineland, N. J.
A. BRIGGS DAVIS will answer calls to speak on Spiritualism, the Woman Question and Health Reform. P. O. address, Clinton, Mass.
DR. D. D. DAVIS, inspirational, 66 Leverett st., Boston, Ms.
A. E. DOTY will attend funerals in Herkimer County, N. Y., and vicinity. Address, Ilion, Herkimer Co., N. Y.
DR. J. R. DOTY, Covington, La.; address during October, Lancaster, Texas, care L. H. Baker.
WM. DENTON, Wellesley, Mass.
MISS LIZZIE DOTEN, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston.
DR. E. C. DUNN, Troy, N. Y.
MRS. AGNES M. DAVIS, Rock Bottom, Mass.
J. HAMLIN DEWEY, M. D., will answer calls for Sunday lectures on the scientific phases of Spiritualism and reform. *Address* 200 Elliot street, Boston, Mass.
MISS NELLIE L. DAVIS will speak in Plymouth, Mass., Oct. 6 and 13; in Plympton Oct. 20; in East Abington Oct. 27; in Fall River during November. Address box 323, care A. P. Lake, Lowell, Mass.
JAMES FORAN, M. D., Hygean Home, Florence, N. Y.
ANDREW T. FOSS, Manchester, N. H.
J. G. FISH, Avon Springs, N. Y.
THOMAS GALES FORSTER, 1919 Walnut street, Philadelphia.
MRS. CLARA A. FIELD, 111 Middlesex street, Lowell, Mass.
CHARLES D. FARLIN, inspirational, Deerfield, Mich.
MRS. M. LOUISE FRENCH, trance and inspirational speaker, 8 Dexter street, Washington Village, South Boston.
GEORGE A. FULLER, inspirational, Natick, Mass.
MISS ALMEDIA B. FOWLER, inspirational, Sextonville, Richland Co., Wis., care F. D. Fowler.
DR. R. P. FELLOWS, Vineland, N. J.
DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD will speak in Salem, Mass., during October. Address, Ancora, N. J.
J. WM. FLETCHER, Westford, Middlesex Co., Mass.
REV. J. FRANCIS, Ogdensburg, N. Y.
MRS. M. H. FULLER, Elk River, Minn.
A. B. FRENCH, Clyde, O.
KERSEY GRAVES, Richmond, Ind.
MRS. M. L. S. GILHAMS, inspirational, Brighton, Ind.
N. S. GREENLEAF, Lowell, Mass.
ISAAC P. GREENLEAF, 27 Milford street, Boston, Mass.
MISS HELEN GROVER, inspirational speaker, Bloomington, Ill., drawer 28.
MRS. LAURA DE FORCE GORDON, Washington, D. C.
MR. J. G. GILES, Princeton, Mo.
DR. GAMMAGE, lecturer, 134 S. 7th st., Williamsburg, N. Y.
DR. L. P. GRIGGS, inspirational, box 409, Fort Wayne, Ind.
SARAH GRAVES, inspirational speaker, Berlin, Mich.
MRS. HETTIE CLARK-HARDING, trance speaker, 24 Dover street, Boston, Mass.
MRS. A. HULL, trance and inspirational speaker, 1716 Park avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.
DR. M. HENRY HOUGHTON will speak one-half the time in Stowe and one-half in Hyde Park, Vt., for one year. Address, Stowe, Vt.
MRS. M. A. C. HEATH (*formerly Brown*) will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals. Address, Bethel, Vt.
JAMES H. HARRIS, box 99, Abington, Mass.
WM. A. D. HUME, West Side P. O., Cleveland, O.
R. W. HUME, Hunter's Point, L. I., N. Y., will lecture on the following subjects: "Revealed Religions Discussed," "The Spiritual Deluge, and after." Also prepared on the reforms connected with Spiritualism.
ZELLA S. HASTINGS, inspirational, East Whately, Mass.
REV. J. H. HARTER, Auburn, N. Y. Persons or societies desiring his services at funerals, weddings, or for lecturing, indoors or out, may address as above.
MOSES HULL, 21 Milford street, Boston, or Vineland, N. J.
MRS. ELVIRA S. HULL, Vineland, N. J.
D. W. HULL, inspirational and normal speaker, Hobart, Ind.
LYMAN C. HOWE, Waukegan, Lake Co., Ill.
MRS. S. A. HORTON, East Saginaw, Mich., care K. Talbot.
MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND-HOADLEY will speak in Washington, D. C., during November; in Springfield, Mass., during January; in Lynn during February.
E. ANNIE HINMAN, West Winsted, Conn.
CHARLES HOLT, Warren, Warren Co., Pa.
SIDNEY HOWE, inspirational, 14 Chester Park, Boston, Ms.
DR. E. B. HOLDEN, inspirational, North Clarendon, Vt.
DR. J. N. HODGES, trance, 9 Henry street, East Boston, Ms.
MRS. A. L. HAGAR, inspirational, Mount Clemens, Mich.
MRS. F. O. HYZER, 433 East Baltimore st., Baltimore, Md.
MRS. L. HUTCHISON, inspirational, Owensville, Cal.
MISS SUSIE M. JOHNSON, 61 Grand River st., Detroit, Mich.
DR. P. T. JOHNSON, lecturer, Ypsilanti, Mich.
WM. F. JAMIESON will speak in Detroit, Mich., during October—address, 110 Miami avenue.
W. LINDSEY JACK, M. D., Beverly, N. J.
S. S. JONES, ESQ., Chicago, Ill.
HARVEY A. JONES, ESQ., can occasionally speak on Sundays for the friends in the vicinity of Sycamore, Ill., on the Spiritual Philosophy and reform movements of the day.
ABRAHAM JAMES, Pleasantville, Venango Co., Pa., box 34.
DR. C. W. JACKSON, Oswego, Kendall Co., Ill.
MRS. S. A. JESPER, lecturer, Bridgewater, Vt.
ALFRED KELLEY, normal speaker, Roby's Corner, N. H.
MRS. MARIA M. KING, Hammonton, N. J.
D. P. KAYNER, M. D., St. Charles, Ill.
GEORGE F. KITTRIDGE, Buffalo, N. Y.
MRS. M. J. KUTZ, Bostwick Lake, Mich.
MRS. FRANCES KINGMAN, New London, Conn.
O. P. KELLOGG, East Trumbull, Ashtabula Co., O.
MRS. R. G. KIMBALL, Lebanon, N. H.
MRS. FRANK REID KNOWLES, Breedsville, Mich.
MRS. DR. H. R. KNAGGS, box 201, Traverse City, Mich.
JOHN R. KELSO, Springfield, Mo.
J. W. KENYON, Deansville, Dane Co., Wis.
JOSEPH B. LEWIS, inspirational, Yellow Spring, O.
MISS JENNIE LEYS, inspirational, will lecture in Lynn during September; in Worcester during October; in Boston during November—in Chelsea in the evening; in Portland during December; in Philadelphia during January; in Providence during February; in Manchester during April. Permanent address, care Dr. B. H. Crandon, 4 Tremont Temple, Boston.
MRS. F. A. LOGAN, Genesee, Wis.
CEPHAS B. LYNN, Sturgis, Mich.
DR. GEORGE W. LUSK, lecturer, Eaton Rapids, Mich.
CHARLES A. LOHMUELLER, trance speaker, Butteville, Or.
W. B. MASON, South Bend, Ind.
MRS. ELIZA H. FULLER MCKINLEY, San Francisco, Cal.
PROF. R. M. M'CORD, Centralia, Ill.
EMMA M. MARTIN, inspirational, Birmingham, Mich.
F. H. MASON, inspirational speaker, No. Conway, N. H.
MRS. A. E. MOSSOP will lecture in Albany, N. Y., during October; in Philadelphia during November. Permanent address, Sturgis, Mich.
MRS. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK, box 778, Bridgeport, Conn.
MRS. SARAH HELEN MATTHEWS, Quincy, Mass.
FRANK MCALPINE, inspirational, Dowagiac, Mich.
MRS. ELIZABETH MARQUAND, trance and inspirational speaker, 767 6th avenue, New York.
MRS. LIZZIE MANCHESTER, Stoneham, Mass.
MRS. MARY A. MITCHELL, M. D., will lecture in Illinois and Missouri. Address, box 91, Huntley, McHenry Co., Ill.
MRS. NETTIE COLBURN MAYNARD, White Plains, N. Y.
MRS. TAMOZINE MOORE, Needham Vineyards, Mass.
REV. A. K. MACSORLEY, San Francisco, Cal.
CHARLES S. MARSH, semi-trance speaker, Wonewoc, Juneau Co., Wis.
DR. JOHN MAYHEW, Washington, D. C., P. O. box 607.
J. W. MATTHEWS, lecturer, Heyworth, McLean Co., Ill.
DR. JAMES MORRISON, lecturer, McHenry, Ill.
J. WM. VAN NAMEE, trance speaker, 404 Dean street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; P. O. address, box 5120, New York.
RILEY C. NASH, inspirational speaker, Deerfield, Mich.
MISS SUSIE NICKERSON, 82 Dover street, Boston.
J. M. NORRIS, trance, Rock Island, Ill.
ROBERT DALE OWEN, New Harmony, Ind.
J. M. PEEBLES, Hammonton, N. J.
J. L. POTTER, trance speaker, Northfield, Minn.
LYDIA ANN PEARSALL, inspirational, Disco, Mich.
MRS. EMMA L. MORSE PAUL, trance, Alstead, N. H.
G. AMOS PEIRCE, box 87, Auburn, Me.
A. A. POND, inspirational speaker, Rochester Depot, Ohio.
DR. J. H. PRIEST, Healdsburg, Sonoma Co., Cal.
DR. E. E. PERKINS, Kansas City, Mo.
MRS. HARRIET E. POPE, Morristown, Rice Co., Minn.
DR. S. D. PACE, Port Huron, Mich.
DR. L. A. PLUMB lectures upon "The New and True Idea of God," at convenient distances. 110 Hanover st., Boston.
EDWARD PALMER, trance, Cambridge, Somerset Co., Me.
WILLIAM C. PIKE, Boston, Mass.
NATHANIEL M. PIERCE, Putnam, Conn.
MRS. L. H. PERKINS, trance, Kansas City, Mo.
MRS. S. L. CHAPPELLE POLLEY, inspirational, Boston, Ms.
MRS. ANNA M. L. POTTS, M. D., lecturer, Adrian, Mich.
HENRY PACKARD, 377 Dorchester st., W. V., South Boston.
MRS. E. N. PALMER, trance speaker, Big Flats, N. Y.
MISS NETTIE M. PEASE, trance speaker, Chicago, Ill.
MRS. J. PUFFER, trance speaker, South Hanover, Mass.
DR. P. B. RANDOLPH, 89 Court street, Room 20, Boston, Ms.
DR. H. REED, Chicopee, Mass.
MRS. S. A. ROGERS, trance and inspirational, Cambridge, Me.
HENRY STRAUB, Dowagiac, Mich.
J. RUSSELL SLEEPER will answer calls to lecture on temperance—its theoretical and practical establishment—and on liberal subjects. Address Boston, Mass., care Banner of Light.
JOSEPH D. STILES, Montpelier, Vt., care of Geo. W. Ripley.
ELIJAH R. SWACKHAMER, lecturer, 767 6th avenue, N. Y.
DR. E. SPRAGUE, inspirational, Mendota, Ill.
JAMES H. SHEPARD will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals. Address, South Acworth, N. H.
MRS. JULIA A. STARKEY, trance speaker, Wilmington, O.
MRS. LAURA CUPPY SMITH lectures in Springfield, Mass., during October; in Worcester during November and December; in Albany, N. Y., during January; in McLean, N. Y., during February; in Moravia, N. Y., first two Sundays in March, and in that vicinity the remaining Sundays of March; in Lynn, Mass., during April. Permanent address, 179 Temple street, New Haven, Conn.
JOHN BROWN SMITH, 812 North Tenth street, Philadelphia, Pa.
JAMES SHOLL, inspirational speaker, 241 North 11th street, Philadelphia, Pa.
O. L. SUTLIFF, Ravenna, Portage Co., O.
MRS. C. A. SHERWIN, Townsend Center, Mass.
MRS. ADDIE M. STEVENS, inspirational, Claremont, N. H.
MRS. CARRIE A. SCOTT, inspirational speaker, 10 Chapman street, Boston, Mass.
MRS. L. A. F. SWAIN, inspirational, Union Lakes, Minn.
SELAH VAN SICKLE, Greenbush, Mich.
MRS. J. H. STILLMAN SEVERANCE, M. D., Milwaukee, Wis.
MRS. NELLIE SMITH, impressional speaker, Sturgis, Mich.
J. W. SEAVER, inspirational speaker, Byron, N. Y.
MRS. M. E. B. SAWYER, Manchester, N. H.
ABRAM SMITH, ESQ., inspirational speaker, Sturgis, Mich.
MRS. MARY LANSTON STRONG, 70 Jefferson st., Dayton, O.
MRS. ALMIRA W. SMITH, 55 Cumberland st., Portland, Me.
DR. H. B. STORER, 137 Harrison avenue, Boston, Mass.
MRS. CORA L. V. TAPPAN, care Messrs. Redpath & Fall, No. 36 Bromfield st., Boston, Mass.
THOMAS B. TAYLOR, inspirational, Providence, R. I.
J. H. W. TOOHEY, Providence, R. I.
HUDSON TUTTLE, Berlin Heights, O.
MRS. SARAH M. THOMPSON, inspirational speaker, 161 St. Clair street, Cleveland, O.
MRS. ABBIE W. TANNER, Portland, Me., care Jos. B. Hall.
S. A. THOMAS, M. D., Pennville, Ind.
MRS. ROBERT TIMMONS, Mexico, Audrian Co., Mo.
F. L. H. WILLIS, M. D., Willimantic, Conn., box 362.
N. FRANK WHITE'S address during September, Taunton, Mass.
JAMES WHEELER, Litchfield, N. Y.
E. V. WILSON, Lombard, Ill.
E. S. WHEELER, care Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.
J. G. WHITNEY, inspirational, Rock Grove City, Iowa.
MISS R. AUGUSTA WHITING, inspirational, Albion, Mich.
MRS. E. A. WILLIAMS, Oriskany Falls, N. Y.
S. H. WORTMAN, Buffalo, N. Y., box 1454.
MRS. S. E. WARNER, Appleton, Wis., box 11.
LOIS WAISBROOKER, box 548, Battle Creek, Mich.
PROF. E. WHIPPLE, Clyde, O.
E. WHEELER, semi-trance and inspirational, Utica, N. Y.
DR. E. B. WHEELOCK, Pleasanton, Kan.
WILLIAM H. WILLAHAN, Albion, Orleans Co., N. Y.
ELIJAH WOODWORTH, inspirational, Leslie, Mich.
A. C. and MRS. ELIZA C. WOODRUFF, Eagle Harbor, N. Y.
WARREN WOOLSON, trance speaker, Hastings, N. Y.
MRS. MARY J. WILCOXSON, Chicago, Ill., care of Religio-Philosophical Journal.
MISS SUSIE A. WILLIS, 249 Broadway, Lawrence, Mass.
MARY J. WENTWORTH, Newport, Me., box 40.
WARREN WIGHT, inspirational speaker, Waterloo, N. Y.
N. M. WRIGHT, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture in the New England States. Address, Boston, Mass., care Banner of Light.
MRS. VICTORIA C. WOODHULL, 44 Broad street, New York.
DANIEL WHITE, M. D., Carlinville, Ill.
MRS. MARY E. WITHEE, Marlboro', Mass., P. O. box 532.
MRS. SOPHIA WOODS, trance speaker, Burlington, Vt., care Col. S. S. Brown.
MRS. N. J. WILLIS, 24 Windsor street, Cambridgeport, Ms.
A. A. WHEELOCK, New York City.
GEORGE C. WAITE, trance and inspirational, Leeds, Me.
MRS. JULIETTE YEAW will speak in North Scituate, Oct. 22. Address, Northboro', Mass.
MRS. FANNIE T. YOUNG will answer calls to lecture; also will perform the marriage rite and attend funerals. Address, Centre Strafford, N. H., care Dr. H. C. Coburn.
MR. and MRS. WM. J. YOUNG, Boise City, Idaho Territory.
REV. JOHN S. ZELLER, Burlington, N. J.

Passed to Spirit-Life:

From the city of New York, on the 17th inst., Orvin S. Roe, in the 53d year of his age.

Within the short space of one hour after crossing the shining river, he was able to communicate with his wife through the mediumship of two friends, and also to be present at the laying away of his body. Services conducted by Thomas Gales Forster, to which he most heartily responded. G. C. B.

New York, Sept. 19, 1872.

From Somerville, Mass., Sept. 16, little Amiebell Libby, aged 20 months.

She was the only child left the fond and doting parents, and one whom they hoped might be spared to them as the light of the household, having parted with one a few years since, on whom they also deeply placed their affection. May the beautiful truths of Spiritualism sustain them and guide them onward till they meet their loved ones again.

25 Dix Place, Boston. SAMUEL GROVER.

Mediums in Boston.

Office of Dr. H. B. Storer,
137 Harrison avenue, Boston.

MANY PERSONS

DESIRE CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS and counsel as to the care of their health from the spiritual world. All such will find

MRS. GEORGE W. FOLSOM,

An excellent Clairvoyant and Medium, at No. 137 Harrison avenue, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of each week, from 9 o'clock A. M. until 5 P. M. Sittings or examinations, $1,00; when written, $1,50. tf—Sept. 7.

Cancers are Curable.

MRS. A. E. CUTTER, Electro-Magnetic Physician and Healing Medium, 72 Essex street, Boston, Mass., removes Cancers or Tumors from any part of the system without drawing blood, and with very little pain. Persons at a distance afflicted with Cancer, can have the remedies sent to them, with full directions for use, by giving a full description of their case.

All letters for advice must contain one dollar and stamp. Office hours from 10 A. M. till 4 P. M. 3m*—July 27.

MRS. DR. JULIA B. DICKINSON,
The Well-known Clairvoyant and Magnetic Healer,

AFTER a successful traveling practice of six years in the Eastern, Western and Southern States, has located in Boston. Cures all curable diseases. Consultations free. Satisfaction guaranteed. The poor examined free on Fridays. Office No. 46 Beach street. 1w*—Oct. 5.

Dr. Main's Health Institute,
AT NO. 342 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON.

THOSE requesting examinations by letter will please enclose $1,00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state sex and age. 3m*—Oct. 5.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM,

MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT AND HEALING MEDIUM. 292 Washington street, Boston. Mrs. Latham is eminently successful in treating Humors, Rheumatism, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, and all Bilious Complaints. Parties at a distance examined by a lock of hair. Price $1,00. Sept. 21.—4w*

MRS. HARDY,

NO. 4 Concord Square, Boston. Hours, 9 to 4. Public séances Sunday and Wednesday evenings, admittance 25c. Aug. 17.—3m*

MRS. DUNNING,

CLAIRVOYANT Magnetic Physician and Developing Medium. Office hours 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. 663½ Washington street, Boston. 6w*—Sept. 7.

MRS. N. J. ANDREWS,

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, Spiritualists' Home, 46 Beach street, Boston, Mass. 11w*—Aug. 31.

MISS S. F. NICKERSON, Business and Test Medium; also examines for disease. Circles Sunday and Thursday evenings, at 8 o'clock. 82 Dover street. Aug. 17.—13w*

MISS SEVERANCE, 74 East Brookline street, 3 doors east of Harrison avenue. Washington street cars and coaches pass the street. Hours 10 A. M. to 6 P. M. Sept. 14.—8w*

MRS. HETTIE CLARK-HARDING, 24 Dover street. Hours from 9 to 8. Public Seance Sunday and Wednesday evenings, at 7½ o'clock. 4w*—Sept. 14.

MRS. M. CARLISLE, Test, Business and Clairvoyant Physician. Hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. No. 94 Camden street, Boston. 13w*—Aug. 17.

MRS. FRANK CAMPBELL, Clairvoyant Physician and Spirit Medium. Hours from 9 to 12 and 2 to 5. 616 Washington street, Boston. tf—Aug. 3.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 23 Dix place (opposite Harvard street). Dr. G. will attend funerals if requested. 13w*—Sept. 7.

MRS. J. M. GURNEY, Clairvoyant Physician and Spirit Medium, 42 Bartlett street, Boston Highlands. Circle Sunday evenings, at 7 o'clock. 4w*—Sept. 14.

MRS. L. W. LITCH, Trance, Test and Healing Medium, 163 Court street, Boston. Circle Tuesday and Sunday evenings at 7½ o'clock. 4w*—Sept. 21.

GEORGE DUTTON, M. D., Psychometric Physician. Hours from 2 to 4 P. M. Office 60 Essex street, Boston, Mass. 3w*—Sept. 21.

MRS. F. C. DEXTER, Clairvoyant, Business and Test Medium, 494 Tremont street, corner of Dover. Sept. 21.—13w*

DR. F. HATCH, 35 Harrison avenue, Magnetic Physician for Chronic Diseases. Office hours, 9 to 4. Sept. 21.—4w*

MRS. MARSHALL, Spiritual Medium, 19 Temple place, Boston. Hours 10 to 12, and 3 to 5. Sept. 7.—13w*

C. CUSHMAN, Magnetic Physician, No. 82 Dover street, Boston. 13w*—Aug. 24.

MRS. C. H. WILDES, Test and Business Medium, 77 Inman street, Cambridgeport. Business days—Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, from 10 to 4. Horse-cars leave Bowdoin Square, Boston, every five minutes. Oct. 5.—1w*

Miscellaneous.

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

OWING to ill health, DR. WILLIS has been compelled to give up his New York Practice, and go to a place where the wear of professional life is not as great, and takes this method of informing his numerous patients about the country that for the present he may be addressed as above.

From this point he can attend to the diagnosing of disease by hair and handwriting. He claims that his powers in this line are unrivaled, combining, as he does, accurate scientific knowledge with keen and searching Clairvoyance.

All diseases of the blood and nervous system, Cancers, Scrofula in all its forms, Epilepsy, Paralysis, and all delicate complicated nervous diseases the Doctor claims especial skill in treating, and is permitted to refer inquirers to patients who are now under treatment, and to numerous parties who have been cured by his system of practice.

Address by mail as above. tf—Sept. 7.

DR. J. R. NEWTON,
Practical Physician for Chronic Diseases,
Will remain at the
Russell House, Detroit, Mich.,
Until October 13th.

Dr. Newton has for many years desired to visit

MICHIGAN,

To relieve those who have been unable to visit him in Boston.

Dr. N. often cures when every other effort and practice have failed.

All who receive treatment are benefited. Those persons who cannot well afford to pay are cordially invited to come and be healed, "without money and without price."

Dr. J. R. Newton will next visit CALIFORNIA, and commence to heal at the

Cosmopolitan Hotel, San Francisco,

November 1st. Sept. 28.

CARTE DE VISITE PHOTOGRAPHS

Of the following named persons can be obtained at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston, for 25 CENTS EACH:

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WILLIAM WHITE,
ISAAC B. RICH,
DR. H. F. GARDNER,
WILLIAM DENTON,
N. FRANK WHITE,
DR. F. L. H. WILLIS,
MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,
Dr. Willis's DAUGHTER,
J. WM. VAN NAMEE,
ONIETA, HOBART, GREAT HEART, } Controls of J. Wm. Van Namee.
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THE SPIRIT OFFERING, 50 cents.
THE SPIRIT BRIDE, 25 cents; do. 8x10, 50 cents.
PINKIE, the Indian Maiden, 50 cents.

☞ Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price.

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Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.

MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit her in person, or send their autograph or lock of hair, she will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past and future life; physical disease, with prescription therefor; what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those intending marriage; and hints to the inharmoniously married. Full delineation, $2,00; Brief delineation, $1,00 and two 3-cent stamps. Address, MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE, White Water, Walworth Co., Wis. Oct. 5.—tf

SAN FRANCISCO.
DR. ALBERT MORTON, Magnetic Healer.
MRS. MORTON, Clairvoyant, Medical and Business Medium and Psychometrist,
Late of Boston.

HEALING, Clairvoyant Examinations, Spirit Communications, Psychometrical Readings of Character from Letters, and Analysis of Ores. No. 11 O'FARRELL STREET. Aug. 3.—tf

MRS. MAUD E. LORD'S GOLDEN DISCOVERY.

Liver Remedy and Blood Purifier

THIS great Clairvoyant Liver Remedy and Blood Purifier was given MRS. LORD while in a clairvoyant condition, and numerous trials of this wonderful medicine have won for it a well-deserved reputation. Price $1,00 per bottle, or six bottles for $5,00. Send for Circular.

W. G. HOOKER, General Agent,
251½ Park Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

July 27.—3m*

THE MAGNETIC TREATMENT.

SEND TEN CENTS to DR. ANDREW STONE, Troy, N. Y., and obtain a large, highly illustrated Book on this system of vitalizing treatment. tf—Oct. 5.

Miscellaneous.

CREAM OF LILIES.

WITH all its simplicity and purity there is no article that will compare with it as a Preserver of the Skin. The toilet is imperfect without this delightful and harmless preparation. It positively removes Birth Marks, Wrinkles and all cutaneous diseases from the skin, producing a soft and white satin-like texture. In all cases of chapped and brittle skin it works like magic. It is different from anything of the kind ever offered to the public, and is free from all poisonous substances. It has given entire satisfaction in every instance, and many are the certificates expressing unqualified admiration, from which are copied the following:

Greenfield, Mass., Aug. 23, 1870.

DEAR MADAME—In reply to your request to know how I liked the *Cream of Lilies*, I would say it has taken the moth from my face that had marred my looks for over five years, leaving my skin soft and white.

Yours with gratitude, MRS. SARAH A. BAKER.

Northampton, Mass., Sept. 8, 1870.

DEAR MADAME—About six months ago I purchased a box of your *Cream of Lilies*, that I had heard highly recommended for removing Small Pox Pits, and of which I was afflicted. After using three boxes I could perceive that the Pits were gradually wearing away. I sent for three more, used them as before, and I could plainly see that they were fast disappearing. I sent for three more, and before using them half up they had nearly disappeared. I feel very grateful, and cheerfully recommend it to all who are afflicted with Small Pox Pits. Yours with respect, W. M. PAIGE.

Worcester, Mass., Oct. 17, 1870.

DEAR MADAME—Having used your *Cream of Lilies*, I would certify that it has taken off my face a scar that was made in the army, and left the skin smooth and clear like that of a child. I consider the *Cream of Lilies* invaluable.

Yours respectfully, JAMES B. ANDERSON.

For sale by MADAME BODINES, at No. 37 East Brookline street, Boston, Mass. Price, One Dollar per box. Sent by mail, post-paid, to any address. eow Jan. 6.

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We have on hand a few back numbers of the LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE and HUMAN NATURE, (English,) which we will forward, post-free, on receipt of 15 CENTS per copy. This is an excellent opportunity to obtain substantial reading matter, as the pages of these Magazines are filled with sound and logical articles on the Spiritual Philosophy.

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CURING Coughs, Colds, Catarrhal and Bronchial Affections, arresting Incipient Consumptive Tendencies, and completely purifying the blood, thereby removing effectually all troublesome humors and eruptions from the system, renovating the entire person, and infusing new life into every vein. Price $1,00 per bottle; six bottles for $5,00.

DR. C. B. EMERSON'S CLAIRVOYANT PILLS will remove all Bilious Inflammation from the system, bring a perfect digestion and give tone and strength to the bowel system. Price 50 cents per box. Please send in your orders and call at No. 10 Sudbury street, Worcester, Mass. 4w*—Sept. 14.

A $5,00 Book Given Away for $1,25!

POSTAGE PREPAID. 350 pages bound in cloth. Illustrated with an engraving of Correggio's celebrated picture of THE VICTIM OF TEMPTATION, and twenty-five other very costly and instructive cuts. MARASMUS; OR, SELF-IMMOLATION. The perusal of this section alone will save millions of lives from premature graves. Send to DR. ANDREW STONE, Physician to the Lung and Hygienic Institute, Troy, N. Y. tf—July 6.

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Clairvoyant diagnosis and prescriptions given by a physician in my care—charges from $1 to $3, with return postage stamps, *handled by the patient.* Address, DR. WILLIAM B. FAHNESTOCK, Lancaster, Pa. 13w*—Aug. 24.

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BROWN BROTHERS have had a professional experience of fifteen years. Send for pamphlet of instructions. Dec. 30.—eow

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Apr. 2.—eow

MAGNETIC PAPER.

DR. J. WILBUR, 460 West Randolph street, Chicago, Ill., a Physician of twenty years' practice, heals diseases only by Magnetism, applied personally, or by means of Magnetized Paper. Trial paper sent by mail. Only 25 cents. Aug. 31.—3m*

Sure Cure for Catarrh and Neuralgia.

I HAVE the only remedy that will cure the above diseases. In no case will it fail. Sent by mail, large bottles $2, small $1. 902 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill. W. PERSONS, D. M. Sept. 7.—tf

DUMONT C. DAKE, M. D.,

ANALYTICAL PHYSICIAN, No. 15 Ellis Park, Chicago, Ill. The Doctor's Health Journal mailed free to any address. Oct. 24th and 25th the Doctor will be in Sycamore, Ill. Oct. 5.—tf

A WELL-KNOWN CLAIRVOYANT.

INCLOSE $1,00, lock of hair and handwriting, with age and sex of the patient, for clairvoyant examination and prescription. Address RACHEL LUKENS MOORE, care Warren Chase & Co., 614 North 5th street, St. Louis, Mo. June 17.—tf

F. K. PHŒNIX, Bloomington Nursery, Ill.; 600 acres; 21st year; 12 Green-Houses; TREES, BULBS, HEDGE PLANTS, Nursery Stock; 4 Catalogues, 30 cents. Aug. 10.—12w

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DEATH AND ITS EFFECTS.

Death is the Christian's "king of terrors," and the Spiritualist's gateway to the Summer-Land of promise. In the philosophy of the first, it is the greatest curse of God, bestowed on mortals for the sin of Adam and Eve in the Eden of life; but in the philosophy of the latter, the greatest blessing bestowed on human beings in this world, and a complete release from most of the evils of life that afflict us in the body. What death does for the animal, we cannot determine with our present limited knowledge of the elements. If life were only a peculiar manifestation of motion, resulting from organization, we could decide at once that death was its entire cessation, or the end of that manifestation of motion; but if life is (as we believe it to be) a self-existent element, which cannot be created nor destroyed, and which enters into organic forms as other materials, and helps to constitute the organization during its active period, then life is not destroyed by death, but only departs from the body, either entirely, or sufficiently to disarrange the structure. From this point we proceed to the next, which, in human beings, is proven by indisputable facts, viz.: that they have elemental organizations as well as physical, and that the former is *not* terminated by death, while the latter is destroyed as a living and acting body by it. That this is true of animals also is *not* proven yet, as the few cases of continued identity, as *seen by spirits and clairvoyants*, are easily accounted for by psychology and the will-power to produce subjective existences; while, in our case, this utterly fails to account for the phenomena. In the death of a human being, the element, life, may pass into and constitute a part of the spiritual organism; and if there be such spiritual organism in animals, it may also be true with them; but, to us, the animal organizations seem to run too low in the scale of being to warrant any assumption of spirit-life for them, and we can find no point of separation so definite and appropriate as the one between human beings and animals, as that is quite well defined, as no other below it in the scale is. We have not been able to establish what we call intelligence in any degree in the animal kingdom, and we can find slight traces of it in all races and conditions of human beings, but varying widely in power and expression in different races and ages of the world. We have believed that intelligence was evidence of the spiritual form and existence, and belonged wholly to it, and that an utter want of it was evidence that there was no soul-life in the being. This construction would cover all cases of insanity, and most of idiocy; but we are baffled somewhat in this theory by the well-established fact that still-born infants, and even those who never reach mature gestation, are found alive and growing to man and womanhood in the spirit-world. This field of research is yet almost entirely unexplored, and no doubt the next century will establish well-defined boundaries to the spiritual life in this world, and, for aught we know, find some boundary below the human race, and save the horses and dogs for which so many have very strong attachments, and desire to use as companions in the life to come; but it is hardly probable that the fleas and mosquitoes, with other noisome insects, will follow or precede us into the other life as we expel them from this. The life that is in them may, however, be the same element that is manifest as life in us, both in body and soul, as it is only a simple and constituent part of any organization. We wait further demonstrations, not satisfied with testimony on subjects of this nature, and feel fully assured that time will determine whether the Indian's dog goes with him to the new hunting-grounds.

No amount of belief, faith, hope, sympathy or desire can settle any of these questions. Science alone can do it with well-defined facts, as it has the existence of spirit-life, or continued consciousness after death for mortals. Harvey's experiments settled the theory of blood circulation in the human organism, but thousands of men who thought they were wise, and Harvey a fool, ridiculed his theory for years, and then, in shame or disgrace, sunk away into oblivion, while his name stands out in bold relief in human history, with the truth he uttered universally admitted. Such is the position of scoffers and ridiculers of this newly demonstrated truth, which Christians believed, but could not prove, and who, relying on faith alone, still scout every scientific aid or evidence to establish the fact. Christians and infidels occupy common ground in opposing a scientific truth in this case, but with widely different arguments: Christians declaring they have evidence enough in faith, and that God, having given that as perfect, will not allow any other, especially any of human origin; while the infidel occupies the same position as those who scouted Harvey with a self-assurance that they *knew* all about it, and we *know* nothing, but are full of Christian superstition. It matters but little to us which of these positions an enemy of Spiritualism occupies, as both must fall before science, and facts prevail over both in due time.

BAD EFFECTS OF LABORERS' STRIKES.

Owing to a strike among the coal miners in the vicinity of St. Louis, the poor, who can buy but a few bushels of coal at a time, are compelled to pay from twenty-five to fifty cents per bushel for coal, when it should retail at from twelve to fifteen cents. As usual, it is the poor robbing the poor, and losing their time and money in doing it. The miners should own the mines, and quarry and sell their own coal, and not have to deal with a set of soulless corporations and speculators from whom they can get no advantages by strikes for wages. Organization is the first action required, and then consistent action in demanding legislation for their interests, and a stop to incorporating the speculators with only credit for capital to oppress laborers and rob consumers. The coal now being sold at fifty cents per bushel was bought for 10 and 11 cents, and the rich get the profits.

WHO COMES NEXT?

The Jesuits and Internationals are both coming to this country from Europe for homes and headquarters. From the latter we fear nothing, as they are mostly workingmen, and seeking the best interests of the workingmen and women by open, free and fair discussion and organization; and hence this is the country for them. The former we can see no use for in our country, as their lives are spent almost entirely in useless and ridiculous ceremonies and Latin mumblings of nonsense. They do nothing to add to the wealth of any country, but are usually engaged in sapping and mining the liberal and educational institutions which they cannot control, and have a notoriously bad reputation for intrigues and plots to destroy free religious thought and the enjoyment of natural religion. We can see the wisdom of Bismarck in driving them out of Prussia, and of Guatemala in expelling them, and hope they will behave in our country so that there shall be no need of expulsion, as it would be done here by riot or revolution, if at all. We are able to feed them even though their lives are as useless as a Hindoo Fakir executing a vow in a fixed posture; but they must not attempt to disturb our free school and free religious systems, that, in open competition with their religion, will soon enlighten the masses out of their superstitious follies. Our arms and institutions are open to the whole world, but we cannot afford to warm vipers into life to give us the fatal bite.

MEETINGS IN ST. LOUIS.

The Free Religious Society of St. Louis have rented Avenue Hall, south-east corner of Ninth street and Washington avenue, where we have held meetings for the last two winters, and commenced meetings for the ensuing winter, with good prospects of keeping them up regularly every Sunday morning and evening as we did for nine months, ending in July last. We were invited to address the Society at the opening meeting, Sept. 15th, and found a spirit of earnest and united effort equal or better than we have had to sustain our meetings the last two winters. It is in contemplation to hold a liberal religious convention in St. Louis soon after the November election, and try to awaken the slumbering energies of the *friends of religious freedom*, and effect a better and more practical organic union to defend religious liberty and the rights of conscience against *the concentrated action and increasing encroachments* of the churches, and especially the Roman Catholic church, which in this city has power to almost muzzle the press and elect or defeat candidates for office put up by either political party. Some of our liberal friends seem to be awake to the necessities of the times, and many others feel a security in our National and State Constitutions and laws, which they believe are invulnerable to the attacks of sectarians, either singly or combined.

Notes from California.

MRS. KATE DUNN.

Do the wicked find rest? A woman who was "once as pure as the beautiful snow" died in this city a month ago. She was a member of the "Lost Army." Her *last* name was Dunn. Her spirit still wanders about its old haunts. Some who were her companions in sin see her, hear her, and rush in affright from her presence. She was seen the other night in the warerooms where her coffin was made. The ringing of the door-bell roused a sleeper within. He made haste to reply to the call, when, lo! there stood the wandering spirit! Poor soul! I hope the Angel of Healing will take her home and bless her with rest and peace and health.

THE CHILDREN.

The Napa County Farmers' Club has a new subject for consideration: "How are we best to educate our children in order to make them useful members of the community?" The hope is that the Club will devise the way of educating *all* children not *mine* and *thine*, but the world's stepchildren—the street boys and town girls.

By-the-way, the San Francisco Lyceum is doing splendidly. The young orators and singers are bound to beat the boasted East.

DR. DUNN AND MR. PEEBLES

Have been with us healing and preaching. Both have blessed the people, and both been gladdened by the generous welcome given them. To-day they have turned toward Australia. May the winds and waves deal very tenderly with the pilgrims!

LAURA D. FAIR.

The second trial of Mrs. Fair, charged with the murder of Col. Crittenden, is now in court. That the woman is guilty, no one doubts—indeed, *she* thinks she is guilty, but avers that she has no remembrance of the matter. Sorrow, anger and deep mortification may, for a time, unbalance even the steady-minded. Of Mrs. Fair let the angels judge. I have visited her in prison. Had I met her under other circumstances I should have said, "What a charming little woman!" And she is charming. I am not surprised that Judge Crittenden saw in her much to admire, but I do wonder how a man of his years, position and circumstances could try by every means, fair and foul, to win the heart of a young widow, and then cast her aside for the jeers and scorn of the world. Will she be found guilty? Yes, of course. Will she be put to death? No; there is n't a man in the State who will execute the death-sentence. She is a woman; she has a fatherless child and a widowed mother in the city; she has been two years in jail. The human-heartedness in every man will say, "She has sinned and suffered; let her live!"

LILLIE LAURA.

Mrs. Fair's only child, was with her mother when I called. She has her mother's sweet face, blue eyes and sandy hair. She is ten years old, and as smart and bright as any ten years old child in the country. Mrs. Fair spoke of the lack of sun and fresh air—the death in prison life. Lillie turned to me and asked, "Would you like to see the cell where my mother spent a whole year?" I followed the child to a wretched seven-by-ten cage. "There! do you wonder that mother is so white after being shut in that box?" The child said a great rough looking fellow, who was at the grated window, said, "It is a burning shame to put a *lady* in this place, for it is all I can do to live here!"

The basest of men have faith in the divinity of woman. This man, who was only a thief, had great reverence for the murderess.

H. F. M. BROWN.

San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 11th, 1872.

The First Spiritualist Congregation of Baltimore

Have usually closed their doors during July and August, but this season, intensely hot as it has been, we have continued our regular services without intermission.

Our beautiful hall is being refurnished, and we are anticipating an increased interest during the coming winter. We have a Circle Room devoted exclusively to visiting mediums of good repute, and to the circles of the Congregation. It is large, finely lighted and ventilated, well furnished, and every way adapted to the purpose. We invite correspondence from mediums who can give unmistakable tests and communications.

WASH. A. DANSKIN,
President First Spiritualist Congregation.

A good story is told of a clergyman in a Massachusetts town who forgot his notes on a Sabbath morning, and as it was too late to send for them, he said to the audience, by way of apology, that this morning he should have to depend upon the Lord for what he might say, but that in the afternoon he would come better prepared.

A Campaign Lesson—Wonderful Phenomenon—Beautiful Scenery.

MESSRS. EDITORS—May I write a lesson for the campaign?—I mean this Presidential campaign, which we could not escape from if we would, and would not, I trust, if we could.

A good Baptist, rebuked by his neighbors for swearing at his cattle, said, "If I could go t meetin' all the time, I could be a saint; *but these cussed critters do try my patience.*" It is eas enough to do right when there are no trials, bu when, as in political campaigns, poor huma "critters" are especially aggravating, we ne patience, wisdom, self-control, and a spiritual cu ture that shall lift us above all needless heat an blind passion.

With issues at stake vital to our national we *being, one must be in earnest*; but all cannot s alike, and I am resolved to foster no ill-will, break no friendship, to give and take in good p fair and needed criticism or warning, all with t best personal feeling toward honest people whatever political opinions. As for the knav a little live lightning reveals the darkness in wh they stand, helps to warn others, and burns in their moral sense with quickening power; so a sharp flash now and then is all well?

Some one may ask, "Where are you?" It is no great moment, yet I do not want to *seem* shirk frankness, and therefore say that I stand Grant and Wilson, "with malice toward no and with charity for all;" and if faithful to own lesson, thus briefly given, I expect to be terms of mutual respect and good will with true men, stand for whom they may. It is that the noise and confusion, the senseless wi gling and frivolous dispute and pitiful detract of politics are decreasing, for this change po toward a time when men *and women* shall public life and public duties into a realm as and pure as that where the sweet and noble cerity and honor of our best private deeds sway. Let us never fall into that pitiful moo which so many thoughtlessly condemn politi growing worse, and as inevitably corrupt, rather let us help to a better political future our own sincere endeavor for a better spirit in duties. Thus ends this brief lesson; and let turn to another topic.

Last week, at the house of a friend in N Collins, just after the close of the Yearly Me of the Friends of Progress—where a large and excellent audience assembled—I witnessed a str and wondrous phenomenon. We were at front gate looking westward toward the se sun, when the air was suddenly filled with a swarm of small flies of a peculiar kind. miles south, and for miles in every direc these countless millions of insects, springing life for a brief space and as suddenly vanis were everywhere seen—a most wonderful manifestation of the action of the Soul of Thing the pulsing tide of life, the infinite design and intelligence, the spiritual element that shapes and permeates all things.

I remember that Tyndall or Huxley (whi the great scientists was it?) lately made r that he had sat in a "circle" for "spiritual manifestations," and nothing occurred, therefore it was a delusion or a fraud.

I might sit at my friend's gate in Coll a thousand times, and no myriads of insects would fill the air; and I, too, might report that it was a delusion or a fraud, but would that make it so?

A little patience, a little open-minded s for truth, would tell me that, on a few d of each year—when all conditions of earth and air, and magnetic currents, and of the life-germs waiting for their hour, were in happy conjunction—this swarm of insects sprang into being in the region; just as, with all delicate conditions in due conjunction, manifestations of spirit presence and power come to those who watch and wait and obey. Verily, "the pride of science"—inductive, external, dealing with husks as "first things," and blind to the central forces which evermore work out to form the husks of external phenomena—must learn a new lesson. All honor to the scientists for what they have done and are doing, but a higher honor and a larger and deeper enjoyment awaits them when their thought and method include *the within*, as well as the without—the spiritual and interior that shapes and ultimates, as well as the material and exterior, which is but as "clay in the hands of the potter."

For a fortnight I have been among the hills of Erie and Alleghany Counties, in Southwestern New York, and the varied scenery has been a source of much enjoyment; huge billowy hills, clad in green forests, rude and rocky mountains, sweet secluded valleys, swift clear streams, the great ranges of the Alleghanies lifting up against the sky in the blue distance, are worth going far to see; and the pure air of this elevated region is like an elixir of life in these days of early autumn.

The men and women, too, plain and simple in their external life, workers in field and home and dairy—a goodly number of them with their inner lives lighted by the spiritual ideas of our day, bright as their shining dawn over the hills, glorious as their glowing sunsets in green valleys—add to the attractions of Nature.

Man's place in Nature, indeed, is to interpret, to illustrate, to enrich. Ben Lomond's grandeur, and Loch Katrine's sweet seclusion, were sealed up from the outside world until the great "Wizard of the North," the immortal Scott, opened them in his glowing song and story.

Whittier says of New England, what might well be said of these hills and vales:

"Land of the forest and the rock,
Of dark blue lake and howling river,
Of mountains reared aloft to mock
The storm's career, the lightning's shock,
Mine own green land forever!
The nursery of noble men
Whose deeds have lighted with every glen,
And every hill and every stream,
The romance of some noble dream."

But I must close. Waiting amidst the hills, on the banks of the Alleghany, for some hours, at a railroad station, my epistle has helped to fill my time, if no more; and when said train comes I hope to be on my way toward home in Michigan.

Yours truly, G. B. STEBBINS.

Olean, N. Y., Sept. 20th, 1872.

Spiritualist Lectures and Lyceums.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.—*Music Hall.—Free admission.*—The Sixth Series of Lectures on the Spiritual Philosophy will commence in the above-named elegant and spacious Hall, *Sunday afternoon, Oct. 6th*, at 2½ precisely, and continue (except Dec. 15, Jan. 26 and Feb. 16) until the last of May. Speakers of known ability and eloquence have been engaged. Music by a quartette of artists. Cards securing reserved seats for the term, at $10 each, can be procured of Mr. Lewis B. Wilson, Chairman and Treasurer, 158 Washington street.

John A. Andrew Hall, corner Chauncy and Essex streets.—Lecture by Mrs. S. A. Floyd, at 2½ and 7½ P. M. The audience privileged to ask any proper questions on spirituality. Excellent quartette singing. Public invited.

Hampshire Hall, 538 Washington street.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum, which formerly met in Eliot Hall, will in the present hold its sessions in Hampshire Hall, corner Washington and Kneeland streets, at 10½ o'clock. M. T. Dole, Secretary.

Temple Hall, 18 Boylston street.—The Children's Lyceum meets every Sunday at 1 P. M.

BOSTON.—*Hampshire Hall.*—An interesting and well attended session of the Children's Progressive Lyceum convened at this hall Sunday morning, September 22d. The usual services were varied by remarks by C. Fannie Allyn and others. At the close, an election of officers for the ensuing year occurred.

Tract Society Meeting.—The regular quarterly meeting of the American Liberal Tract Society will be held at Hampshire Hall, 538 Washington street, on Tuesday evening, October 1st. Friends of the movement are invited to attend.

M. T. DOLE, *Secretary.*

John A. Andrew Hall.—A good attendance greeted the lectures of Mrs. S. A. Floyd at this place Sunday afternoon and evening, September 22d. Her remarks were well received, and the answers to questions given were pronounced highly satisfactory, as also was the music furnished by the choir.

Temple Hall.—Nellie Gray, Secretary, reports that "on Sunday morning, Sept. 22, the exercises at this place consisted of a circle, at which Miss F. Nickerson was medium. An instructive lecture and a number of tests (all of which were recognized by friends) were given through her organism.

In the afternoon a lecture by Mr. Burke. Subject, 'The Benefit of Doubting.' He showed the advantage of looking beneath the surface of things, and submitting them to the action of reason. Evening, conference free to all.

These free meetings are held every Sunday evening, and every speaker can give his or her own sentiments.

Our Lyceum met at 1 o'clock, Sunday, and was well attended. Speaking by various members. We have a young medium in our ranks who gives promise of being developed as a very fine speaker. Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn was with us, and addressed the Lyceum, her remarks being listened to with interest."

CHARLESTOWN.—*Evening Star Hall.*—Free Spiritualist Conferences continue at this hall on each Sunday evening—C. B. Marsh presiding—to which the public are respectfully invited.

Passed to Spirit-Life:

From Boston, Aug. 22, Mrs. Sarah M. Lang, aged 41 years.

Seldom has it happened that a soul, heavily burdened with the weakness and weariness of the flesh, has trod with such a cheerful confidence and unfaltering faith through "the valley of shadows." As the outward and external perished, her inward life seemed to be renewed from day to day. Though her earthly home was dear, and the faithful love which sustained her was most precious to her soul, she turned not back with vain repinings when the summons came. In her last moments she bore witness to the beautiful revelations from the higher life, and in the glow of that celestial light she passed onward to the land of peace.

Oh, as the sunshine leaves its warmth behind,
As fragrance lingers after scattered flowers,
So has she left a golden chain to bind
Her sweet remembrance to these hearts of ours;
With firmer faith we turn to things above,
When such have shared our labor and our love.

LIZZIE DOTEN.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

Annual Convention.

The Fifth Annual Convention of the Minnesota State Association of Spiritualists will meet in St. Paul, October 18th, 1872, continuing in session three days. E. V. Wilson will be there, and all who wish to know aught of Spiritualism, are cordially requested to attend. A cordial invitation to all liberal thinkers in Minnesota and adjoining States. Come one, come all.

HARRIET E. POPE, *Secretary.*

Morristown, Minn., Sept. 18th, 1872.

Iowa State Association of Spiritualists

Will hold their fourth Annual Convention at Des Moines, commencing Friday, October 4th, at 9½ o'clock A.M., and continue three days. E. V. Wilson, Warren Chase and others, will address the Convention. All are invited.

C. BENROW, *President, Midland, Hardin Co.*
EDWIN CATE, *Secretary, Anita, Cass Co., Iowa.*